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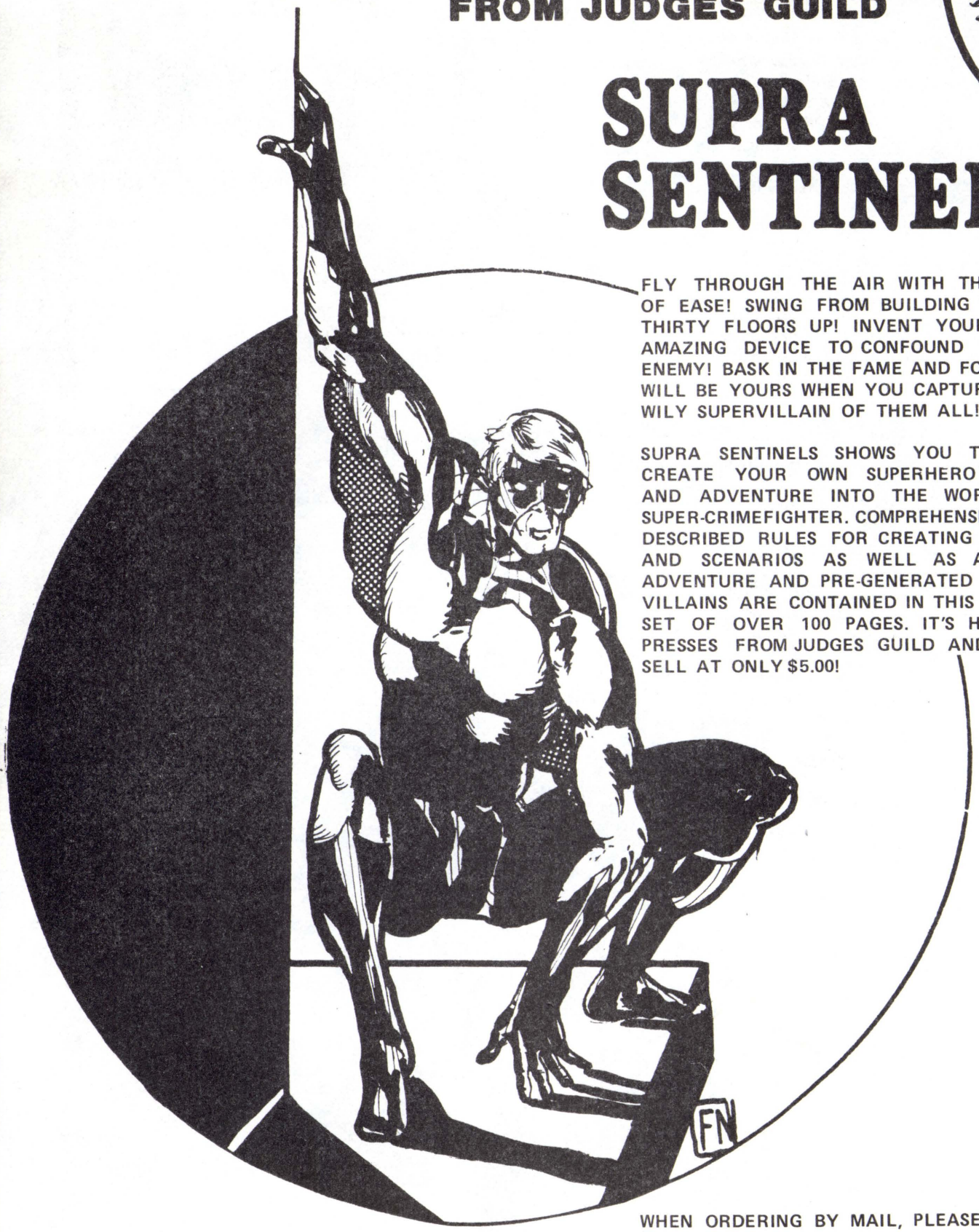

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ISSUE TWELVE

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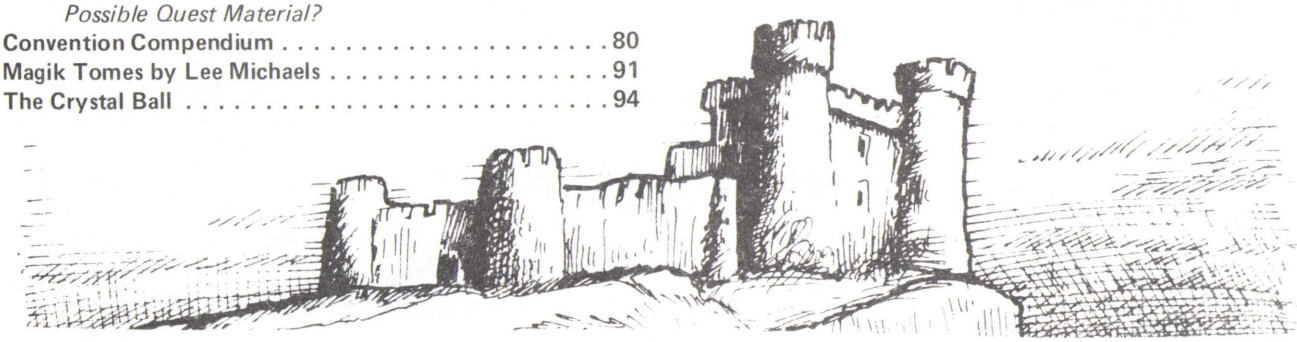

HORSE FEATHERS

Editorial

Something new has been added here at the Judges Guild - me. I am Mike Maddin, Managing Editor of **Pegasus**. I will be taking some of the load from Mark Holmer to give him more time to work on the many other projects the Judges Guild publishes.

My tasks will involve more of the day-to-day duties, such as answering letters, reading submissions, and, of course, editing articles. Because I also teach (in my spare time), responses to your letters and submissions may be a little slow from time to time (like, around the end of each semester). I am trying to get responses in the mail within a month after the Guild receives the correspondence, but, I'm sorry to say, I don't always make it. Still, credit me for whatever good intentions are worth. (I understand that you can pave roads with them.)

You will notice a few minor format changes in this issue. "From the Horse's Mouth" is now the inside word on Judges Guild projects, while "A Stroll Through the Marketplace" is just that: a stroll through the general marketplace, taking brief looks at the new offerings out there.

Also slightly different is our rate of payment for articles. We will be paying $.005 per word upon publication. The old pay scale is a holdover from the early days of the magazine when camera-ready copy was photo-copied and printed just the way the magazine received it. The various prices reflected the savings in time that such articles represented. Now, we type-set everything anyway, so the term "camera-ready" has no meaning in reference to articles. Of course, this change does not affect artwork reimbursement.

Pegasus relies heavily on articles from your, our reader. I hope to have an up-dated set of writers' guidelines in the next issue, but let me mention now that I am prejudiced in favor of double-spaced, type-written submissions (and, if you think I'm prejudiced, you should hear Debye, our typesetter, who has to decipher not only what you wrote, but my corrections as well).

I am looking forward to receiving articles and letters from you - it's the only way I have of knowing what you want and how we are doing at supplying it.

Sincerely,
Mike Maddin

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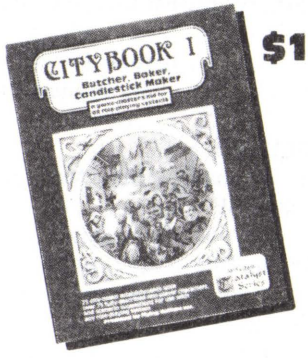

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DEATH WATCH

by Mike West

The hallway was dusty, and the air was stale. Light crept in through small, narrow windows that were set in a seemingly-random fashion along the outer wall. The light that did break through the crusted yellow panes cast a golden hue over everything, including the two men who were carefully picking their way among the debris that was scattered over the sandstone floor.

"I can taste and smell that this is an evil place," swore the smaller of the two, who was called ToPik.

"I have heard stories of a man, a great worker of magic, who had slaves carve him a house in a cliff . . ." mused the larger man known as Tonder.

"You've heard too many stories," snapped ToPik as he looked around. "What type of man listens to tales of old hags or to bent, gabbering men without teeth. . ."

Tonder started to speak but was cut off by his companion. "A fool, that's who! Or a damned bald-headed Priest who lives with other men," snapped the smaller venomously, as he glanced at Tonder.

"You and I are one of those tales. Men with the power of the constellation under which they were born and its shape. The Devil's shape-changers," calmly remarked the bigger.

"Bloody Priest."

ToPik shuffled down the corridor, irritated by the fount of wisdom that his companion seemed to be. A large man only in the size of his deep chest and thick limbs, he had a heavy, curved blade of a Scimitar extending from his fist and a War Dagger in the other hand. Oddly enough, he was bare-footed. His comrade was slight and a bit taller. His dress was better, but it fit him like he had stolen it from someone bigger. Both of his hands gripped the shaft of a short, heavy Spear which ended in a broad, leaf-like blade. He had a double-bladed Axe tucked into his belt, and the handle of a Knife could be seen above one of his tall, black riding boots.

They had been on the road for some time, wandering among the wilds. There, they felt a bit more akin than in the city. Cities themselves weren't bad; it was the folk that lived in them that festered them into boils. For the last three new moons, they had been slowly going south. Why, they did not know; perhaps on a whim, perhaps because it was the easiest path. None could say save the gods themselves, for they directed all. This southward drift had brought them into a dry, hilly plain; scrub brush, scant grasses, and twisted, stunted trees were all that covered the nakedness of the earth. Food was easy enough to hunt and gather; water was a bit short except for when the flash floods rolled across the land.

There had been some water in the dry wilderness, and it had crossed paths with Tonder and ToPik. The water was in the form of a river, and, over the eons, it had carved a gorge, an ugly scar in the terrain.

Never thinking of finding a way around, the two had skirted the rim, looking for a good place to cross. After a few hours of walking, they had become restless and decided to try a crossing.

There had been enough holds in the striped sandstone face to make the going steady, though the stone had been loose and crumbly at times. When they were about half way down, they found a ledge that turned out to be a landing in a hand-carved stairway that wound up from the river. They had followed it down; it made the going much easier, and its presence sparked their imaginations. The stairs wove across the cliff, slowly descending. ToPik and Tonder had padded along it until they came to a larger landing that was punctuated by an arched entrance artistically chisled from the sandstone. Into this doorway they had gone, not knowing if any lived there. They had stood in wary wonderment at the sight of the massive, sunlit hallway and then had continued, like children looking for amusement.

After walking only a few paces in his huff, ToPik noticed that the large hallway seemed to end just up ahead. It did end; a stone wall was all that stood before them. It was bare and smooth and contained only a narrow shaft cut in it on the left. The opening was only big enough to let one man through, and even that was a little tight. The pale light shone only a little way into the hole. Curiosity got the better of ToPik to the point that it suppressed his fears. He entered the small, dark passage.

As he did, a gruff voice echoed behind him, "Careful, mate."

He brushed away the warning with a wave of his hand. After a few paces, he had to stop to let his eyes adjust to the dim light. As he stood there, he heard the steady, heavy tread of Tonder behind him. They followed the winding passage a great many paces; it rose and fell, narrowed and widened.

The hallway suddenly widened and grew lighter with the same golden glow as before. Rounding a corner, ToPik stopped to let his eyes readjust and to take in what he saw. The corridor ran straight for two dozen paces and was square, about a man's height on each side. The yellow panes of glass ran horizontally in cryptic patterns along the wall.

Tapping his companion on the shoulder, Tonder said, "Come, let us move along."

"Where do you think this leads?" asked ToPik as he slowly began to move along the way.

"Forward."

The sound of something scraping, like metal on metal, rang out as ToPik tried to think up a good repartee. He brought his Spear up to guard and crouched low; his eyes sought the darkness at the other end of the hall. Tonder flattened himself against the wall; a yard of curved steel hovered in the air, held back by his gnarled fist. His small, dark eyes flickered as they darted to and fro, waiting for something to show itself. Both men waited, poised to deal death but fearing a shower of missiles at any moment. Their grips tightened on their weapons, but still nothing appeared. Slowly, the two advanced down the hallway, hearts pounding in their ears, and cold sweat beading up on their brows.

An arm appeared out of the darkness, then was gone again. That broke the little patience that ToPik possessed; with a screaming cry that should have cracked the glass panes, he leaped down the corridor, Spear lowered. Tonder stood his ground until a horrid, Wizard-born fiend slithered out of the darkness. It was a huge, snake-like being a foot or more in girth. Where the head should have been was only a gaping, fang-rimmed mouth flanked by a pair of muscled arms. The big man stormed forward with a battle cry of his own and battle-madness in his eyes.

The sudden appearance of the foe shocked ToPik. He stopped before the rearing snake and lunged. His blade seemed to barely move through the air. One powerful arm shot out, siezed the Spear haft, and jerked it out of ToPik's weakening grip. The other arm grabbed ToPik, but, as it struck, a Sword slashed through the forearm of the beast, causing it to withdraw. As he fell back, ToPik wrenched himself from his dream-like state. Tonder had moved in front of him, shielding him from the snake and holding it at bay.

Springing up, ToPik spied his Spear lying on the rough floor only a step away. In a heart beat, it was in his grasp again, and he was ready to deal death if Tonder didn't finish off that thing first. The snake thing reared up again, and the Scimitar arched back for another blow. Then something else flashed past the beast and hit Tonder on his forward knee. It was the brother of the snake thing. The big man reeled back; the thing was clamped around his knee, its maw grinding into his flesh. Fire raced through Tonder's body; then he went numb. He fell to the floor, unable to bring his Sword to bear on the snake. Wrenching out his War Dagger, he began to stab the writhing form. It seemed not to notice its wounds at all and kept on gnawing at his leg. Pain caused Tonder's sight to blur and tore at his very soul. Screaming in agony, he ripped at the beast bare-handed and even sank his teeth into its scalely flesh. He started to change into his natural form as he began to slip from consciousness.

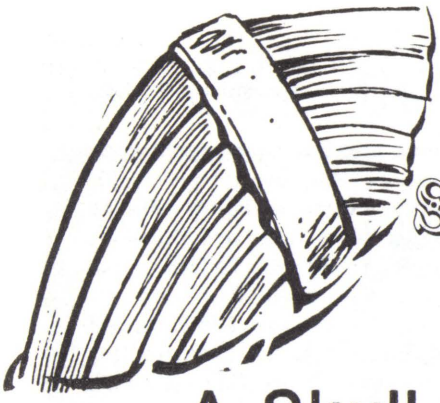
When Tonder went down, the other thing lunged for him also but was stopped by a Spear point in its underbelly. It bled but did not seem to notice. ToPik jumped in and was almost tripped by the flailing tail of the snake on the ground. He planted a kick to the striking snake that sent it in retreat, but before he could get set to attack, it came hissing back at him. Driving with all the strength he could muster, he sent his Spear lunging for the fiend. The force of the impact numbed his arms. The Spear came alive in his hands as the spitted monster thrashed about. Finally, it slid out of his grasp. The beast reared up before him, the Spear protruding from its maw and both hands gripping the shaft. It fell against the walls and smashed against the ceiling, but still it lived. Pulling out his Axe, ToPik continued his attack. While closing with the beast, he knew he had to finish it off quickly; by the sounds behind him he realized that Tonder was having a rough time. His first blow nearly severed one arm from the beast. It began to sink to the floor, and repeated blows from the Axe helped it down.

Suddenly, all was still and quiet except for the sound of Topik's labored breathing. He turned to his companion, but only he would have recognized Tonder now. His large, ursine form lay still. The top of the snake was wrapped around his knee. Tonder had cut, torn, and chewed it in two. His claws were soaked in blood, as was his snout. Life still pumped through his body, though, and ToPik set to work freeing the mutilated lump from the big man's knee.

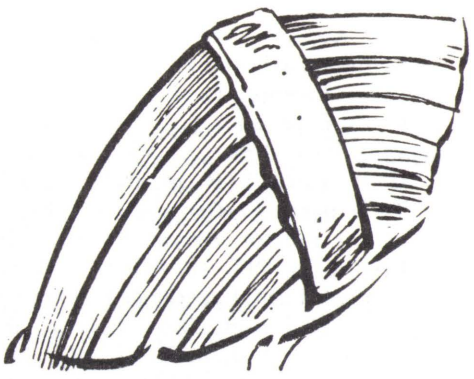
When he had dressed Tonder's wounds, ToPik realized that his companion was in man form again. No more of those reptiles had slithered out of hell as he worked to save the big man's life, but he wrenched his Spear from the twisted mass of scaly flesh, just in case. He couldn't move the sickened man, nor could he leave his only brother in life. Sorrow rose in ToPik's heart when he realized that he had only a simple charm and healing powder to help bring his friend back. He didn't have any of the makings needed for great magic. He folded up his cloak and placed it under Tonder's head.

The wound looked like a twisting steel trap had rended it, but there was more to it than that; it had torn his very soul. The mending would have to be more than physical. The light through the panes dimmed as the sun crossed over the rim.

ToPik sat on the floor across from his friend, Spear in hand, prepared to fight the Dark Lord, Asmat of the Other Side, himself if that one should come to claim his companion's weakened soul. He had done all he could. Now, he waited in the ever-thickening silence, and here he would sit in a timeless vigil until the other returned.



ADVENTURE OF THE SILVER HOOK



by Gerald Seypura

A Skull & Crossbones tm Scenario

The Captain of the **Philip's Curse**, Otto Harkaman, has called his crew to a meeting at the Old Salt Inn.

"Mates," he says, "I have a tale for ye. A mate of mine, Silver Hand Grogan, has been taken by the Dons. Ye know him. He were Captain of the Lively Kate. Well, the Kate be in Davy Jones' Locker now, and by now Grogan has like danced the Deever, but that's water under the keel. What interests me is his silver hook. Ye know, he were rare fortunate and took many a rich prize from the Spaniards before they had their way with him. He told me one night that the secret of his treasure is to be found in that hook. Mates, we have to get that hook before the Dons. Sure as fate, they took it off of him before they buried him, and we are goin' to get it. If ye are with me, lads, we leave on the tide."

Captain Grogan was taken by a Spanish Frigate near Cozumel Island, was tried by a local magistrate, and was hanged forthwith.

The village that Grogan was hanged in is a small fishing community that helps to supply the plate fleets, so there is a tiny garrison of twenty soldiers and a very small fort on the point of the harbor. The fort has four cannons with which to protect the harbor. The garrison lives in a barrack within the walls of the fort which are made of thick layers of cut coral.

The Alcalde is Don Francisco Perro, and he is a career civil servant. The guard Captain is Pedro Seville, slightly (read **very**) corruptible.

Grogan is buried in the church yard of the church of San Francisco in the outskirts of the village. The silver hook was taken by Sergeant Juan Esquillo, and no one knows he took it. He hides it in his trunk, which he has given into the keeping of his friend, Juan Carlo, owner of the Felipe Inn.

The cup of the hook has a hollow space in it with a tiny map concealed inside. It gives the location of Grogan's hoard in an inlet on the opposite side of the island. Grogan had just made another deposit when he was spotted by the Spaniards. The map is written cryptically.

From the eye of the Bull to the teeth in a line
200 to go to the buryin' place
Strike a line to the brow where the sun strikes at dawn;
The treasure's below at the base of the flow.

The eye referred to is the eye of Taurus, a constellation that may be lined up with a notch cut in the Teeth of the Bay, a line of sharply-pointed rocks in the center of the bay. The 200 is paces which bring you to the base of a hill where a tiny burial plot lies in a clearing. The brow is the top of the hill where the sun rises in the morning over a notch in the hill. On the opposite side is a waterfall that begins its drop at that point into a catch basin at the opposite side of the hill. The cave that conceals the treasure is behind the falls.

The treasure is 50,000 pieces of gold and plate.

The ship, **Philip's Curse**, is a Sloop captained by Otto Harkaman, last careened 1 month ago; Captain's Level: 6; Sailmaster's Level: 4; Damage/Hit Points: 100; Cost of Repair: 50 GP; Owning Power: Crew; Current Max. Speed: 4; Navigator's Level: 4; Damage Status of Hull: Nil; Damage Status of Sails: Nil; Damage Status of Rudder: Nil; No. of Guns on Port (left): 9; No. of Guns on Starboard (right): 9; Crewmen at Guns: 64; Crew on Deck to Board or Repel Boarders: 69; Letters of Margue: England.

Captain Otto Harkaman: Skills: Gunner; Level: 6; Level Bonus: Election Exempt plus 15% surrender; Hit Points: 37; Bonuses and Penalties: Hit: +2, HP: +2; STR: 19; INT: 15; AGL: 14; CON: 16; LCK: 13; LED: 17 (24); GAM: Even; Election Table: Exempt; To Hit: +16%; To Dodge: +16%; Damage: +2; Experience Points to Next Level: 60,000; Weapons: Cutlass, Pistol; Experience Points: 40,000.

First Officer Lucky Trask: Skills: Sail Master; Level: 5; Level Bonus: None; Hit Points: 29; Bonuses and Penalties: GAM: +30%; STR: 14; INT: 16; AGL: 17; CON: 15; LCK: 23; LED: 18; GAM: +30%; Election Table: Even; To Hit: +11; To Dodge: +11; Damage: Even; Experience Points to Next Level: 5,001; Weapons: Rapier, Pistol; Experience Points: 20,000.

Navigator, Alvynn Karffard: Skills: Navigator; Level: 4; Level Bonus: None; Hit Points: 26; Bonuses and Penalties: Even; STR; INT: 16; AGL: 17; CON: 12; LCK: 11; LED: 16; GAM: Even; Election Table: Even; To Hit: +3; To Dodge: +3; Damage: Even; Experience Points to Next Level: 1,001; Weapons: Rapier, Coach Gun; Experience Points: 7,000.

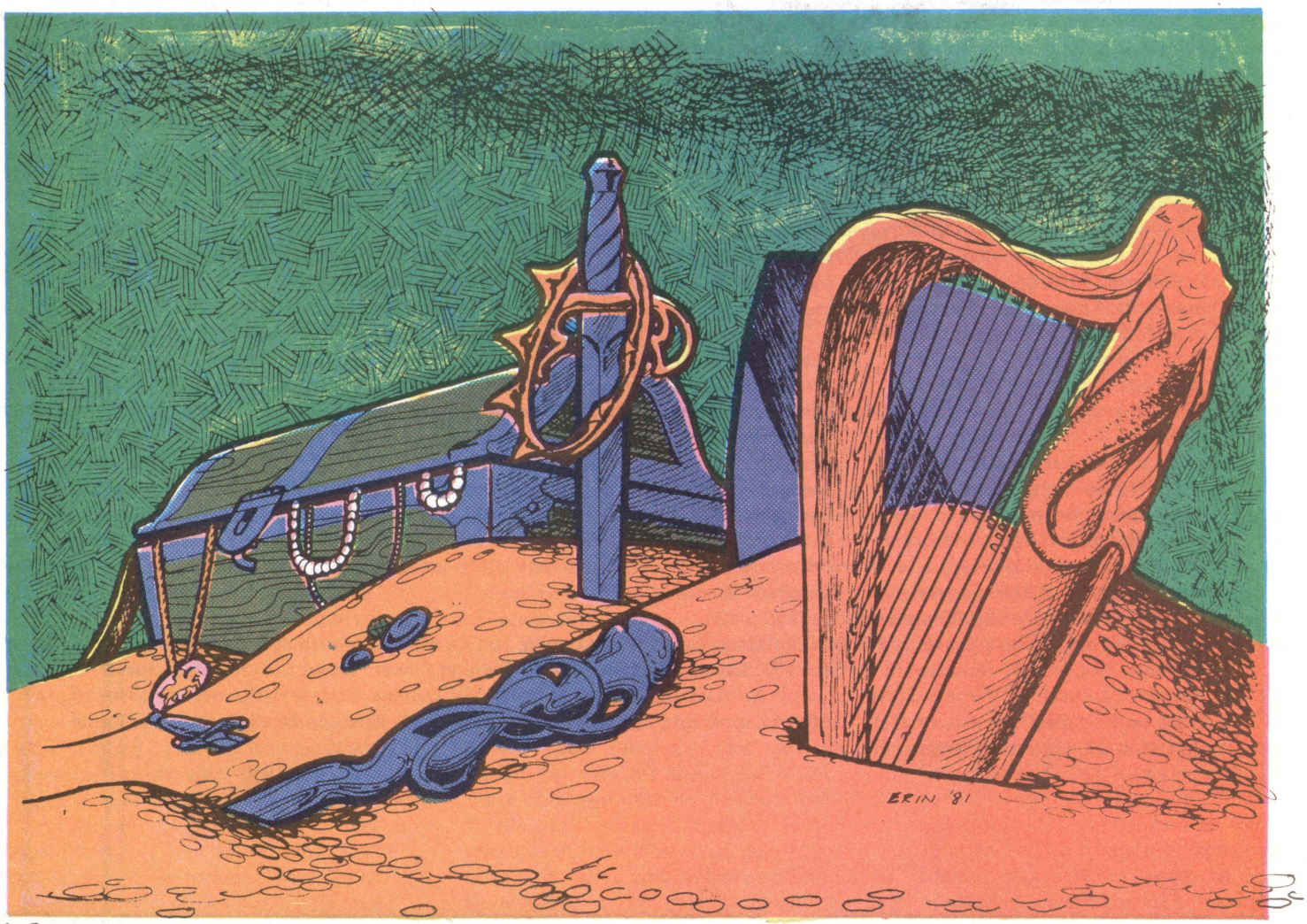
Sail Master, Sharrl Renner: Skills: Sail Master; Level: 4; Level Bonus: None; Hit Points: 32; Bonuses and Penalties: +10%H, +1% D; STR: 17; INT: 16; AGL: 22; CON: 15; LCK: 12; LED: 16; GAM: Even; Election Table: Even; To Hit: +17%; To Dodge: +17%; Damage: Even; Experience Points to Next Level: 1,001; Weapons: Rapier, Maine Gauche, Pistol; Experience Points: 7,000.

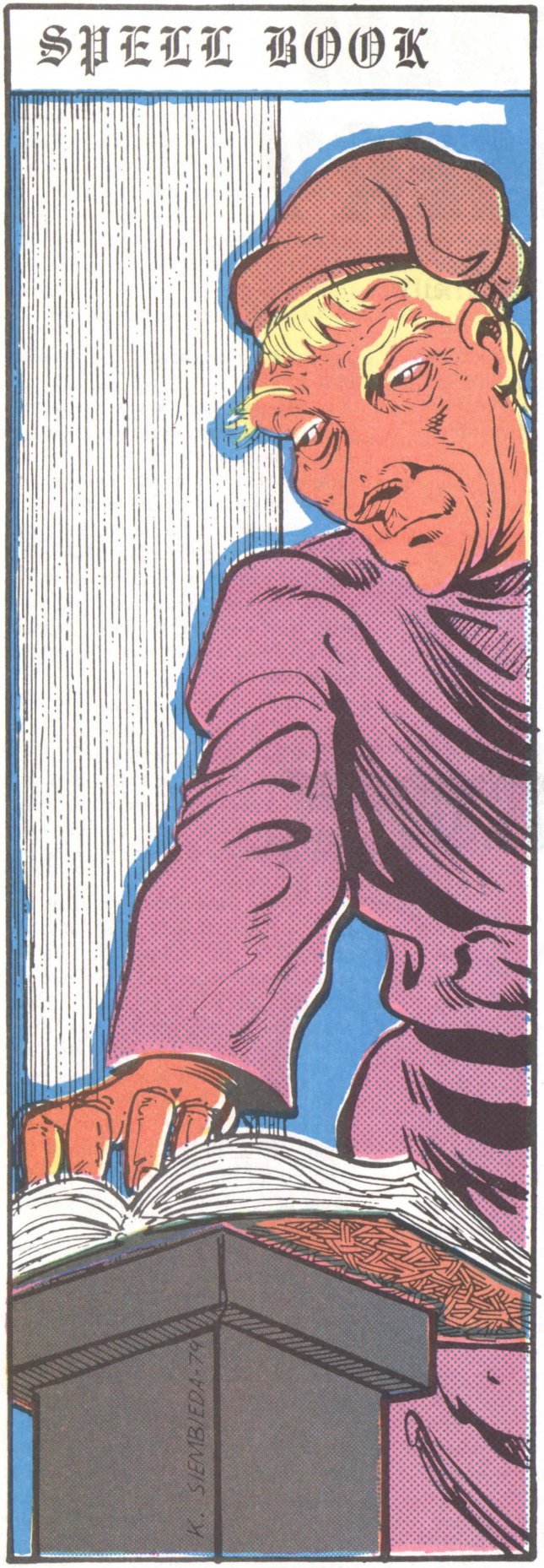
Master Gunner Vann Larch: Skills: Master Gunner; Level: 5; Level Bonus: Plus 8% Hit; Hit Points: 35; Bonuses and Penalties: None; STR: 18; INT: 16; AGL: 15; CON: 17; LCK: 15; LED: 18; GAM: Even; Election Table: Even; To Hit: +22%; To Dodge: +22%; Damage: Even; Experience Points to Next Level: 3,001; Weapons: Cutlass, Coach Gun; Experience Points: 22,000.

Master-at-Arms Paytrik Morland: Skills: Gunner, Level: 4; Level Bonus: +5% Musket, +10% Grapple; Hit Points: 46; Bonuses and Penalties: +5 D, +5 HP; STR: 24; INT: 15; AGL: 14; CON: 17; LCK: 10; LED: 17; GAM: Even; Election Table: Even; To Hit: +22; To Dodge: +22; Damage: +5; Experience Points to Next Level: 3,001; Weapons: Cutlass, Coach Gun; Experience Points Log: 22,000.

Gunner's Mate, Pog Log Davo: Skills: Gunner; Level: 3; Level Bonus: None; Hit Points: 24; Bonuses and Penalties: None; STR: 13; INT: 15; AGL: 16; CON: 11; LCK: 12; LED: 15; GAM: Even; Election Table: Even; To Hit: +6%; To Dodge: +6%; Damage: Even; Experience Points to Next Level: 501; Weapons: Cutlass; Experience Points: 1,500.

Gunner's Mate, Barbados Pete: Skills: Gunner; Level: 3; Level Bonus: None; Hit Points: 24; Bonuses and Penalties: None; STR: 12; INT: 14; AGL: 16; CON: 12; LCK: 17; LED: 18; GAM: Even; Election Table: Even; To Hit. +6%; To Dodge: +6%; Damage: Even; Experience Points to Next Level: 501; Weapons: Cutlass; Experience Points: 1,500.





Minor Waldo
(Conjuration)

Type of Caster: Magic User
Range: 10' + 10' per Level of caster beyond 5th
Duration: 10 Segments + 5 per level of caster beyond the 5th
Level of Spell: 2
Components: V, S, M
Casting Time: 5 Segments
Saving Throw: NA
Area of Effect: NA

This spell creates a force the exact size and shape of the Magic User's hand. It acts just as if it is his hand and, thus, can lift, turn, or do anything that the Magic User could do with one hand. This force is magically linked to his hand, and physical attacks will be transmitted in this fashion: 10 points of damage will dispel the force (treat as ACL 0 to hit) and do half damage to the Magic User. If the force were plunged into a vat of acid, for instance, the real hand might tickle a bit but would otherwise be unharmed. The waldo (force) can operate up to the maximum range of the spell away from the caster. Should the Magic User try to move it farther, it will simply dissipate. 5 segments are required after the spell is completely cast for the waldo to appear at a desired location. If the location is not in view, the relative distance in feet must be specified from the Magic User's hand to the point at which the waldo is to materialize. The waldo is not a visible force. If the waldo materializes within a solid object, the caster will have the sensation that his or her hand has "gone to sleep," and the spell is terminated. While the waldo exists, it moves to the right as the caster's hand moves to the right, rises as he raises his hand, makes a fist when he does, etc. The caster also receives tactile sensory impressions from the waldo. Should the caster wish to have the waldo move to a new location without moving his hand, he may cause the waldo to disappear and reappear somewhere else 5 segments later. The material component is a salve spread upon the caster's bare hand. It is made from the boiled brains of Displacer Beast mixed with tallow from a Blink Dog. The brains must be boiled within **one hour** of the death of the beast. They are boiled down for 5 hours, and then the tallow is immediately added. This procedure makes 1D10 salves.

Disbelieve Reality
(Enchantment/Charm)

Type of Caster: Illusionist or Magic User
Range: Touch
Duration: Special
Area of Effect: NA
Level of Spell: 3 (ILL)/5 (MU)
Components: V, S, M
Casting Time: 1 Round
Saving Throw: Special/Negates

The material component for this spell is anything that will produce at least 10 cubic feet of smoke or cloudy gas. A spell may even be used. If the recipient misses his Save vs. Magic, the caster is able to convince him of the illusionary nature of any one real item. This will allow the victim to walk through walls, over pits, etc. Only one thing may be disbelieved. It must be a well-defined item but may be as complex as "the attacking army." The spell lasts as long as the disbelieved item remains in visual contact. In addition, the victim must roll his Intelligence or more on a 1D20 each round that he is passing through (or being passed through by) the chosen object. If he misses this roll, the spell will end. If the caster casts the spell upon himself, he must roll his level or less on 1D10 (1D12 for Magic Users) instead.

Part 2

THIS REALM OF SAVAGERY

by Jan Bee Landman

Firmin groped for his scanner. It was gone. Damn! He must have lost it during one of his many falls. He shivered. Without a scanner, he was worse than blind. The gun beneath him was just beginning to hurt when he smelled it, the faint but unmistakable odor of garlic. In an impossible posture, he stiffened. That odor meant that they were less than 15 yards away.

The tentacle came sliding among the trunks like a snake. Whenever the spikes touched, they made a noise as of antlers clattering. Horrified, Firmin followed every movement and considered the risk of drawing the gun from under him, but he did not dare. However weak the Droons' senses were, they might hear him, and, even if he had his gun, what good would a single shot be? God only knew how many of those spooks lurked in the gloom. He could do nothing but hope and pray that the tentacle would not find him. Slowly, it slid nearer with spasmodic, loathsome convulsions. The stench it emitted became stronger and stronger and made Firmin's eyes smart. He breathed deeply, tensing his worn-out body for one, last, frantic dash to safety, when something stirred in some hole in front of his. The tentacle shot out at once, followed almost simultaneously by a second and a third that seemed to materialize out of nothing. Thuloc's body was pulled from the hole and dragged off through the thorn bushes, struggling feebly.

Firmin closed his eyes. Not for a moment did it occur to him to help the other. He pressed his face into the dirt and lay motionless, only twitching a little when, muted by the distance, he heard the liquid slurping of a Droon's trunk gobbling up a victim.

Passively, he remained where he was, but he felt something break inside. It could not have been expressed in words, but something cracked inside his chest like the spine of a small rodent. It was a single fiber that had been too tightly strung, a single thread but one which kept the whole fabric of his being together so that, now, the entire pattern seemed to fall apart.

With cold certainty, he suddenly knew that he would never see Emmy-Lou smile again. Her he might see, if he ever got out of this hell hole, and her smile, too, that languid revelation of her fine, glossy teeth, but it would never be the same.

He kept still until Sylvane came and helped him to his feet. The other man did not speak, and his strange eyes were as inscrutable as ever. Firmin wondered what he was thinking.

Sylvane grinned as if reading his mind.

"That it was a good thing that you didn't shoot," he said.

Firmin gave him a suspicious look.

"How come?"

"There were more. We would all have been killed."

Firmin laughed a bit hysterically because he knew that his failure to shoot stemmed from no reason other than his cowardice.

The base lay in a big, treeless hollow of a valley enclosed by a barrier of sharp, outward-pointing stakes. Here, the soil consisted of fine, rust-colored sand that lifted in clouds whenever there was a breeze and clung to everything tenaciously, even to the domed tents of the army base, making them resemble natural rises from a distance, like reddish dunes.

In the wake of Sylvane, who was walking about ten yards in front of him, Firmin trudged along. His feet were red hot again, but that meant little. Worse, infinitely, was the agony of fear that racked him, the stifling apprehension of the doom he felt closing in all about him, lurking in the many ditches cutting through the landscape and hovering overhead like an invisible bird of prey.

As he approached the camp, everything seemed to become more and more ominous. He simply could not imagine that, in a few minutes, he would be safe. It would be too much of a miracle to be believed. No, there was no doubt in his mind; here, in the very last yards, they would catch it. His knees wobbled again. Any moment now, any moment, it would happen. All suffering would end in one final blast of horror.

His entire life seemed to have consisted of this one, unending day, this limping endlessly through tunnels of fear and pain, and crawling again and again in a panic into bushes and thorns to wait like a sick rabbit, trembling and lame, for spiked tentacles to come and drag him away.

There were just fifty yards left to go. Sylvane already waved at someone inside the compound. Firmin's walk became more and more labored. The pain ate at the soles of his feet. Nervously, he fingered the trigger of his gun. Could miracles happen, after all?

Abruptly, the woman arose from the ditch just beside him. For a split second, he faltered. Droon or no? Then, in a fit of indifference, he crooked his finger before the question could be answered. Anything was better than being gobbled.

The fireball hit her in the belly.

Firmin gave a shout of glee. At last, at long last, he had acted in time. This Droon would wreak no havoc again. He looked in triumph at Sylvane. Then he saw the bafflement on the other's face.

His glance swept back to the Droon; the woman had remained as she was, but, covered in dripping jelly that enveloped her in flames from the waist down, she screamed horribly, finally falling mercifully silent as she lost consciousness.

With the smile fixed on his lips, Firmin stared in disbelief at the horrible sight of the flesh-eating fire. She hadn't been a Droon at all, just an ordinary, native girl. He had been wrong. His grin melted away, and a deathly feeling rose inside him, cold and immovable as a column of ice.

"Oh, god," he moaned. "Oh, my god!"

Sylvane came trotting back.

"Shee-it, Firmin. What the hell's this about?"

Firmin had not moved since the shot.

"I thought she was a Droon," he whispered hoarsely.

"How could you think that? They never come this far. You know that."

Firmin's face sagged with grief, but, in his heart, there was just the cold, cadaverous sensation. He had killed an innocent girl. He, Firmin, who, before yesterday, had never even harmed a fly, he, who was ridiculed on Orlan because he was too soft to go hunting, had now, without any cause whatever, killed a human being. It was beyond comprehending. Again, it was to him as though someone else had done it. In silence, he stared at the unharmed face, still very beautiful in spite of its frozen grimace of pain.

Sylvane slapped him on the shoulder.

"Oh, well, can't be helped. A typical instance of sorry. These things happen. Anyway, she had no damned business being here."

Firmin knew of nothing to reply and let himself be escorted to the camp, trying to regain his composure and succeeding by the time they reached the gate. As usual, a few soldiers came up to meet them, but, this time, they were not of their own company, eager for news; they were a group of sour-mouthed officers and two MPs.

Sylvane saluted nonchalantly and addressed the highest in rank, a colonel.

"Blue Squad, Delta Company, back from patrol, sir."

"Names?" barked the man, speaking through a big, blonde moustache.

"Sylvane Rip and Firmin Lollo, sir."

"Who shot that woman?"

"I did, sir," said Firmin.

"Why?"

"Because I thought she was a Droon, sir."

"Bull!" The moustache turned to the MPs. "Take him away."

"But, colonel . . . ." began Sylvane.

"Shut up, soldier."

With blank faces, the two MPs marched Firmin to the stockade, a filthy, underground hole putrified by the pungent odor of excrements.

"They dropped the bucket this morning," grinned a red-haired soldier who was standing guard.

Without answering him, Firmin stepped into the hole. The door was locked behind him, and he was alone, suddenly aware, again, of his tortured feet. Looking about in the darkness, he discovered a small stool in the corner and sat down on it.

His confusion was like drunkenness. Why this treatment? It was an accident. They don't jail people for accidents, do they? He did not understand. He hadn't done it on purpose. That stupid woman should not have jumped him so. A reflex, that was all it had been. A dumb reflex as of a wild animal that strikes out at anything that threatens it. That was exactly what he had been trained for, wasn't it?

He fumbled in the pockets of his torn climate suit for a cigarette but found none. He rose, limped to the door, and banged on it. After a short while, a small hatch opened. The grinning, gum-chewing face of the guard appeared; it was covered with freckles.

"Whaddaya want?"

"You got a cigarette for me?"

"Sure."

The face disappeared, and, a few seconds later, a burning cigarette was tossed inside.

"Thanks," said Firmin, and he sucked the smoke in greedily. He had not smoked for days, and now it made him a little giddy. After a while, he noticed that the hatch was still open. The guard stood looking inside.

"Anything wrong?" asked Firmin.

"What did ya do?"

"Shot a woman by accident."

The guard whistled between his teeth.

"Well, you sure picked yourself a darned bad time."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"There's a federal inspector in camp. A real mean bastard, I hear."

"It was an accident."

"That won't suit him. He's looking for abuses. Things to report. You'd better start saying your prayers. Not that I want to frighten ya, mind, but I'm sure glad I'm not in your shoes. Here."

A hand appeared between the bars and handed over a full pack of cigarettes and a lighter. Firmin took it and thanked the guard in as friendly a manner as he could manage. The hatch closed.

Trembling slightly, Firmin sat down again on the stool. An inspector. So what? He hadn't done it on purpose, had he? He sucked at his cigarette so hard that he singed his throat. An accident, a stupid accident, but nothing worse than that. As by inspiration, he remembered his moment's hesitation. It had not really been a reflex. He had wavered before shooting. A hot feeling of discomfort flowed through him. He had shot because, in a way, he had no longer cared. Savagely, he began to chew on the nail of his right hand. It was true. In that one, wild moment, he had not given a damn. His body was becoming hotter and hotter and more uncomfortable, so much so that he broke out in a sweat. He had hesitated, but what did it prove? It could easily be explained to his advantage as proof that he had not become a robot yet, which was true enough.

The inspector reclined lazily in his chair, feet on the desk, and filed his nails. He was an old man with a small, aggressive head and reminded Firmin of a fledgling hawk, with white, downy hair, thick, wrinkled eyelids, a hooked nose, and a broad, lipless mouth. He wore a spotless uniform of scarlet silk bordered with gold brocade and reeked of perfume, strawberry sweet.

Firmin stood on the other side of the desk between two stony MPs. He had been there for some minutes, and the inspector had not spoken a word to him. The man only looked at him occasionally with an odd mixture of distaste and forced friendliness.

At last, he spoke.

"You say," he drawled, "that you thought you were shooting a Droon, but Droons never come so close. You did know that, didn't you?"

"I knew, but . . . ."

"Nevertheless, you fired that shot."

"Yes, but . . . ."

"Be quiet, soldier. Just answer my questions. There's a good boy. You don't seem to have much remorse."

"I do!" Firmin exclaimed. "But it was an accident."

The inspector shook his little head slowly and ponderously.

"No, soldier, it was not. I saw it happen. You were so stupid as to commit your deed before my very eyes, so let's skip the fables, shall we? I saw you take aim in a very cool and purposeful manner. That was no panicky reaction, soldier. That was premeditated murder."

Firmin staggered. The infamous word slammed in his face like a door.

"But I **really** thought she was a Droon."

"That, soldier, is not true," said the inspector with a sad, little, knowing smile. "You knew very well that it was not a Droon. You just wanted to quaff your bloodthirst, satisfy the beast within. That's always the way it goes in wars like this. The primordial venom bubbles up from the mire and sickens the heart. Lust for murder wanders about like the plague. I read here in your file that you weren't such a bad sort before the fever got at you, but now you've become a monster. I am sorry, soldier, but I'm going to make an example out of you."

Firmin swallowed.

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Public execution."

For a moment, Firmin thought he was reeling over backwards, toppling like a stone, but it was just his imagination. Thousands of objections milled through his head like a flock of birds, but he was unable to grasp a single one.

"I was scared," he brought out at last.

"That's easy to say, now, but you know it's a lie. You're a despicable dreg of humanity, soldier: cowardly, unfeeling, and murderous. A curse on the galaxy. A dirty fart." He beckoned to the MPs. "Take him away."

"I was scared," Firmin shouted. "Just scared, that was all."

"So what?" said the old man while the MPs took hold of Firmin; they waited for the inspector to finish. "What kind of excuse is that for beastly behavior. A soldier must always keep his nerve. That's what he is for."

Firmin's legs went so limp that he had to be dragged back to his hole.

Slumped against a clammy wall, he sat in utter darkness, sinking deeper and deeper into desperation. It wasn't fair. Sure, he had made a mistake, horrible and tragic, unforgivable even, but it was not murder. Battered into indifference by fear, pain, and exhaustion, he had failed but not murdered. It couldn't be, it simply couldn't. Anywhere else, he would never have dreamed of doing anything like it, but here, in this realm of savagery, he wasn't himself. Here ruled the evil spirits of war, so easy to call up but so impossible to control, certainly not by little human animals scurrying about in fright to save their skins and least of all by sanctimonious parlor saints laying down their fine rules of bravery from the safety of their distant pulpits.

He had not really shot at that woman but at something else, something nameless and vague, though very real, Droon or otherwise. Was that really so hard to understand?

"I'm not a murderer," he mumbled into the silent darkness. "I'm not a murderer. I'm not . . . ."

A curse on the galaxy was what the inspector had called him. A dirty fart. To Firmin, it was as though he were falling down a steep incline. Sometimes, he would stop for a moment as if caught by a bush or a crumbling ledge whenever his mind was diverted for a moment, but, as soon as he recalled the inspector's words, he would tumble down again.

Physically, public execution was much better than the tentacles of a Droon, but the shame of it was stupendous. It would be televised throughout the galaxy. His father would not be able to bear it. Firmin could picture him distinctly, that old, taciturn, unyielding farmer. When angered, he always blushed crimson and clenched his mighty hands until the knuckles turned white. God only knew what he would do if his favorite son dishonored him so. Involuntarily, Firmin thought of the ancient tree behind the farmhouse. Some great, great grandfather had once hanged himself from its branches because he had gambled away an inheritance. Firmin shuddered, jabbed a thumb into his mouth and chewed on the already-ingrown nail until the tepid taste of blood made him nauseous.

In the dead of night, Firmin was again taken from his cell for an interview with the inspector.

The old man sat behind his desk in the same pose as before, now wearing a lilac uniform ornamented with silver thread. When Firmin entered, the man gave him a saccharine smile and beckoned the guards to leave.

"Surprised?" he asked as soon as the door was closed.

Firmin shrugged his shoulders. What was it to him?

The inspector maintained his smile.

"I have given a lot of thought to your case, and I believe I can help you. Do you really believe in the existence of those great big creepies?"

In spite of everything, Firmin could not suppress a scornful smile.

"Of course I do."

"Well, then, you'll be surprised to hear that I have my doubts about their existence. I suspect that they spring from the mind of some general who wants to play war at the expense of the taxpayer. I've been here for five days, and I haven't seen one of those monsters. Isn't that a coincidence?"

"The place is crawling with them."

"That's what you think, but are you sure it's not your imagination?"

Firmin could scarcely believe his ears. This guy was stark raving mad. He had to force himself not to say so.

"I haven't even seen corpses of Droons," continued the inspector, "Just dead natives like that victim of yours."

"That figures," Firmin said, growing suddenly weary. "Droons can only be destroyed by fire, and they burn all up."

"So the military says."

"I saw it myself."

"You think you did."

"Who else killed my friends?"

"The natives, maybe? Who could blame them? You've disrupted their whole community."

Dumbfounded, Firmin gazed into the grinning face across the desk.

"I understand your confusion," said the inspector, "but look at it from my side. The Federal army has wide powers. If one of the outer planets has life forms that are hostile to the Federation, the military can take independent action. It needs no political approval. A general is free to throw two complete divisions into action against enemies of the Federation. Nobody checks up on him before inspectors like me come along, so abuse is easy. Here, on Malheur, we are dealing with these so-called Droons, strange creatures with inexplicable, hallucinatory powers, the existence of which cannot be proven. They are alleged to burn up completely, and they cannot be filmed, so all we have are military reports, high body counts, and frightful losses among the civilian population."

"Because the Droons gobble them," Firmin said.

"Or because nervous soldiers shoot them," smiled the inspector.

Firmin lowered his head. How to reason with a lunatic?

The inspector sat up with a start.

"Listen to me, soldier, and listen well. It **is** a matter of hallucination. That much, I do believe, but what makes you so sure that it comes from the outside and not from within?"

"I don't understand."

"What if you guys were given drugs that make you believe that you see Droons that don't really exist?"

"There's no such drug."

"What if I prove otherwise?"

Firmin began to feel uncomfortable. The old man's voice had gained a shrill edge.

"There's no such drug," Firmin repeated.

"It would be a good thing for you if there was. Why, you'd go scot-free because it would mean that you weren't responsible for what you've done. Unanaswerable for your deeds and all that, you know. It would save you an awful lot of trouble."

A shock of hope jolted Firmin from his sullenness.

"Are you serious?"

The inspector chuckled.

"You know that the powers of a Federal inspector are very great. If I report that the army's presence is unnecessary here, the army goes, but I would like to give my report an extra dose of credibility. You can give it to me."

Firmin trembled a little. The chance of salvation had come so suddenly that he felt stunned, blinded by its radiance.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Only confirm that those Droons are mere figments of the imagination."

Firmin's heart sagged.

"But that's not true at all."

"I can prove it."

"I'll want to see that, first."

"Am I a Droon?"

"No."

"How can you tell?"

"Droons can't keep up their hallucinations inside ten yards."

"Correct." The inspector took a pack of cigarettes from a drawer of his desk. "But, if you take a puff of this cigarette, I warrant you, you'll think I'm a Droon."

"I won't believe it until I see it," Firmin sneered.

The inspector chuckled again, gave him one of the cigarettes, and held out a light. Firmin deeply inhaled the smoke, which had an unusually strong flavor to it. Scornfully, he looked at the inspector. Then, as in a flash of lightning, the form of the old man blurred, swelled, and became transparent and fearsome until a monstrous Droon bulged over chair and desk. A split second later, the apparition had disappeared.

The inspector roared at the sight of Firmin's astonished face.

"What did I tell you?" he crowed.

Firmin was bewildered. He could not deny what he had seen, and, for one, rapturous moment, there seemed nothing to stop him from grabbing the inspector's offer with both hands. This was the hole in the wall. Then he recalled with razorlike sharpness the images of Hill 24 and his fallen buddies: Thuloc **had** been dragged off; P'nBur **was** digested. The thing he had just witnessed was impressive but not quite enough. It smacked of cheap magic.

While he mused about this, he saw the inspector's face change. The sweet smile turned ugly, and a bitter expression warped his mouth.

"You're not going to tell me you're not convinced?"

"I don't know what to think," said Firmin softly.

The inspector's face became a malevolent mask.

"You're wringing your own neck, soldier. I'm offering you a way out. Confirm my report, and no one will touch you. Otherwise, you'll end on the scaffold. Think it over."

The man rose and pressed a button on his desk; the two MPs reentered.

This time, Firmin walked to his cell upright.

The small space shuttle taking the inspector and his prisoner back to the interstellar rocket that waited outside the atmosphere floated through the mists of the swamp like a fish through muddy water. In a miserable mood, Firmin gazed out through the large windows and remembered himself a week back, trudging along somewhere down there through the warm water. If only he could return.

He had not made up his mind yet, and his endless brooding about his options had given him a sizzling headache. What to do? It was betrayal either way. His friends or his kin. What choice was this? He glowered at the inspector, who sat a few seats away, smoking a cigarette in a holder as lazily as always.

"Useless, colonel," the man said for the umpteenth time to the heavily-whiskered officer beside him. "Al-

together useless. My decision has been made. We are withdrawing the army, and I cannot imagine that anything will happen to make me change my mind."

"We'll see," the officer said.

The shuttle entered a gap in the mist, revealing on either side the high mountain slopes, the western one still partly blended with the slowly receding darkness of night, the eastern flank sharply outlined against the pale glow of the sky. Then, the mists closed again, and, in blindness, the flight continued.

A little later, the first sliver of the sun rose above the eastern ridge. Instantly, the fog seemed to catch fire, blinding and forcing Firmin to bat his eyelids against its painful brilliance.

About ten minutes later, the fog had largely dissolved, and the shuttle descended gently to Hill 24, the small island on which the Blue Squad had put up such a costly fight. Firmin smiled sadly at the sight of the well-known, blackened, and pock-marked hill.

The shuttle dropped to about 4 feet, extended three supports, and settled itself on those with a last, sickening wobble. Everyone except the pilot went outside, six men in all. The colonel ordered Firmin to relate what had happened, which he did without much relish but very accurately. The inspector listened in obtrusive boredom; all the while, the colonel scanned the surroundings with his eyes. When Firmin had finished, the inspector shrugged his shoulders.

"As always," he said. "A wishy-washy tale of fire and thunder without a shred of evidence. It's quite likely that they were only natives. Perhaps they were dressed up. Anyhow, even if there were two or three of those bogusmen, I don't see how this justifies Federal funds or human lives."

"Inspector," said the colonel, turning very pale and speaking in a low, angered voice, "can't you see what's going to happen to this world if we let these devils have their way? They'll gobble up the whole native population. And what if they spread to other planets?"

"You exaggerate."

"But the place is **swarming** with them!"

"Show me."

The colonel swept the scenery with his eyes once again and broke into a guffaw.

"Your wish is my command, inspector," he laughed as he motioned with his head towards the lake. On its surface, a small, amphibian craft in the colors of the Federation had appeared, traveling as fast as it could, chased by dozens of Droons. Owing to a trick of the light, they seemed snowy white, like the billowing sails of ancient sailing ships. Stately, but very fast and jostling one another, they came in the wake of the little amphcraft.

The inspector stood speechless with eyes bulging. Firmin saw his Adam's apple bob up and down several times.

The colonel beamed.

"Those, inspector, are the Droons you don't believe in."

One of the soldiers came forward.

"They're catching up on him, sir," he said.

"I see. He's not going at full speed. Some engine trouble, I guess. Damn it all."

Anxiously, the colonel looked at his men. There were only three soldiers armed with napalm guns and a few weapons in reserve.

The inspector stood watching the rapidly approaching horde as if in a trance. The foaming amphcraft was perhaps thirty yards ahead of the Droons, whose loathsome forms rapidly became more distinct.

Firmin stood watching the inspector and was highly amused to see him become nervous, taking a few, unconscious steps backward.

"He's not going to make it, colonel," said the same soldier as before. "Or only just, but then we'll be swamped by the whole mob."

"We can't run out on him."

"I didn't say so, but we'll have a damned good chance of being gobbled ourselves."

Firmin watched with a detached smile. His head ached, and he was sick and tired of thinking. His choice between betraying his friends and dying in shame seemed to be supplemented by another option.

Meanwhile, the craft and the horde of Droons came closer and closer. The red, glowing eyes sparkled in the flabby, pulsating bodies. Their tentacles whipped up the water in a boiling frenzy. There were at least thirty Droons. Firmin had never seen so many at the same time.

The inspector's behavior became weird. His popping eyes seemed to glaze over. Sweat glistened on his forehead. Suddenly, he walked up to the colonel.

"I'm convinced!" he cried, a note of panic in his voice. "My report goes down the drain. You've won, so let's get the hell out of here."

The colonel looked at the old man with rabid distaste.

"Are you suggesting that I leave that man behind to die?"

"He's a soldier, isn't he?"

"He's a human being, too, inspector."

The old man tried to say something else, but he only produced some gurgling sounds. Then, he swiveled on his heel and ran, surprisingly fast for someone of his age, back to the shuttle. Like a monkey, he swung himself inside and disappeared.

Despite the danger they were in, the remaining men on the island screamed with laughter. Firmin laughed so hard that it hurt his sides. Then, the jet engine of the shuttle erupted, the three supports popped inside, and the vehicle shot into the sky like a lark.

Dumbfounded, some with their mouths still open in silenced laughter, the men watched it go.

The colonel was the first to speak.

"Now that it has happened, I'm not surprised at all."

"Fat lot of good that'll do us," said a soldier.

The two other soldiers said nothing and calmly disengaged the safeties on their guns.

"What do we do now, sir?" asked the first soldier.

"What the hell do you think? Fight, of course. That's what we're here for. Give **him** a gun, too."

Firman looked up in surprise.

"But I'm a prisoner, sir."

"Not that I know of," said the colonel, coolly.

Without thinking of anything in particular, Firmin took the gun. Its steel felt pleasantly cool.

Slowly, the men walked to the edge of the lake and knelt down, guns ready, in identical postures like tin soldiers from the same mold. The amphcraft was only about ten yards away. The rushing of the bow water became audible. Behind the splattered windshield of the craft, the pale yellow face of Sylvane could be made out, his eyes glistening, and his carnivorous fangs bared in a defiant grin. About fifteen yards behind the boat, the horde of Droons rose like a broad, glassy wave seven feet high, one hell of an ocean roller running toward the shore.

Firmin took a deep breath and waited for the order to shoot.

Operation: Psychopath

CHAMPIONS MINIADVENTURE

By Gary Watkins

Introduction

The newspapers have been reporting a series of brutal knife slayings that, for two weeks, have stumped police and superheroes until now. Minutes ago, the superhero, Quickbolt, a mind-scanning martial artist, reported that he had located the killer in a local warehouse and was going in after him.

That was eight minutes ago. Now, as you, the heroes, stand with the police around the building waiting for the killer to be led out, a gruesome thought comes to mind; what if Quickbolt loses? Your question is soon answered as the horribly mutilated body of Quickbolt is dropped from a second story window. The police captain readies his men reluctantly for an assault, and you suddenly realize how many men will be lost in apprehending the villain. With your usual flair, you aptly suggest, "Why not let my friends and me see what we can do?" So, you and your superhero partners enter the warehouse to bring an end to the killing. . . .

* * * * * * *

The Villain

Paul Striker is an aspiring writer. He is also a mutant with an ability to teleport. He has toyed with the idea of becoming a superhero and has even come to the point of designing a suit, but he feels that he needs more skills. Paul is also colorblind and used to see an opthalmologist regularly. He didn't know, however, that Dr. Harrell, the opthalmologist, was actually an operative for Viper. Over a period of years, Dr. Harrell repeatedly used drugs, hypnotism, and other brainwashing techniques in an attempt to turn Paul into a psychopathic killer under his control. Paul's will power was great, however, and, even though he couldn't remember his sessions with Dr. Harrell, he subconsciously resisted Harrell's efforts to subvert him. In a final attempt to establish control, Dr. Harrell resorted to shock treatments as a means of breaking Paul's will. He succeeded, but Paul went berserk and killed Dr. Harrell.

As a result of Harrell's deep-seated suggestions, Paul's conditioning has developed into a bad case of paranoid schizophrenia. He is psychotic and is likely to change into his malign alter-ego whenever he is under great stress. When in this condition, Striker dons his suit and goes on a killing spree. Afterwards, he returns home, changes clothes, and sleeps, forgetting the night's events. To date, he has murdered 17 people.

His abilities are as follows:

VAL	CHAR	COST	PTS	POWERS
25	STR	15	45	Teleport (30") 2 x Distance, 2 x Mass
20	DEX	30	11	½ Endurance -- Teleport
20	CON	20	16	(6) Danger Sense on 13 or less*
15	BP	10	10	(4) Ego Defense -- 14 points*
20	INT	10	30	(12) 2D6 HTK Killing Attack*
15	EGO	10	9	(4) +3 levels with HTH Killing Attack*
20	PRE	10	20	Regeneration -- 2 Body
10	COM	0	11	(4) Stealth on 16 or less*
5	PD	0	60	(40) OIF Armor, +15 PD, +15 ED
4	ED	0	212	(146) pts = Cost of Powers
4	SPD	10		
10	REC	2		
40	END	0		ECV 5
40	STUN	2		CV 7

*Condition exists only when schizoid.
Characteristic Cost = 119

PTS	DISADVANTAGES
15	Secret Identity
15	Psychological Limitation: Paranoid Schizophrenic
15	Color Blind
25	Berserk when outnumbered or injured on a 14 or less; recover on an 11 or less.
35	Hunted by superhero group on an 11 or less.
25	Hunted by police on a 14 or less.
20	Irrational killer when schizoid.
15	(30) Hunted by special FBI task force on a 14 or less.

Disadvantage Total = 165 points.

* * * * * * *

Ideas for Expanding the Scenario

1. Let the characters continue their investigation into Viper. Who knows how many Dr. Harrells there might be or how many time bombs like Striker are just waiting to explode?

2. Suppose Striker, or another like him, is out to kill superheroes. Let the players feel what it is like to be the hunted. This would be a good beginning for a campaign against PSI.

3. The characters have intercepted a message. A key diplomat, scientist, etc. is going to be assassinated at a public presentation, and it is up to the characters to save him. This one works well with a time limit for the players.

* * * * * * *

Whatever scenario you decide to run, the use of a superhero terrorist, assassin, psychopath, etc. will add a challenging dimension to your **Champions** campaign.

The Building

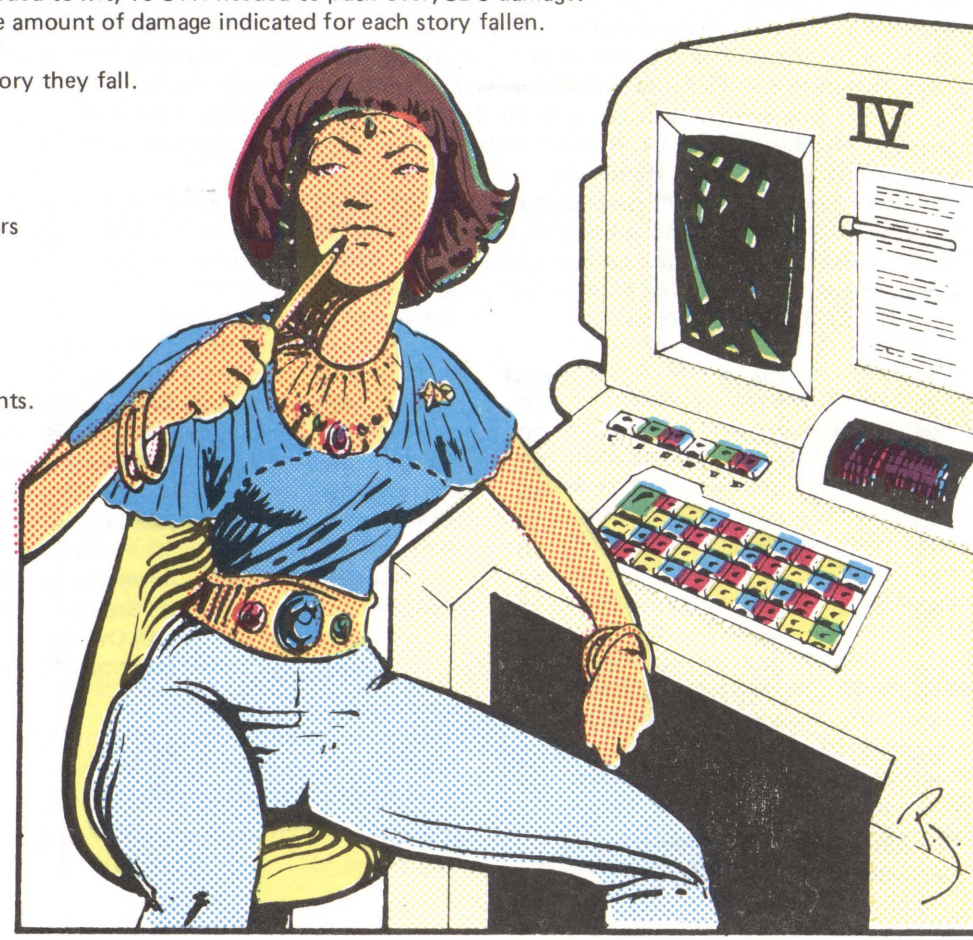
Crates: 75% full - 25 STR needed to lift, 15 STR needed to push over, 9D6 damage.
25% empty - 15 STR needed to lift, 10 STR needed to push over, 3D6 damage.
Crates do three times the amount of damage indicated for each story fallen.

Characters take 15D6 damage for each story they fall.

Body Pips of Building Items

BP	Item
6	Steel Loading Dock Doors
4	Crate
6	Toilet and Sink
11*	Forklift
12*	Freight Elevator

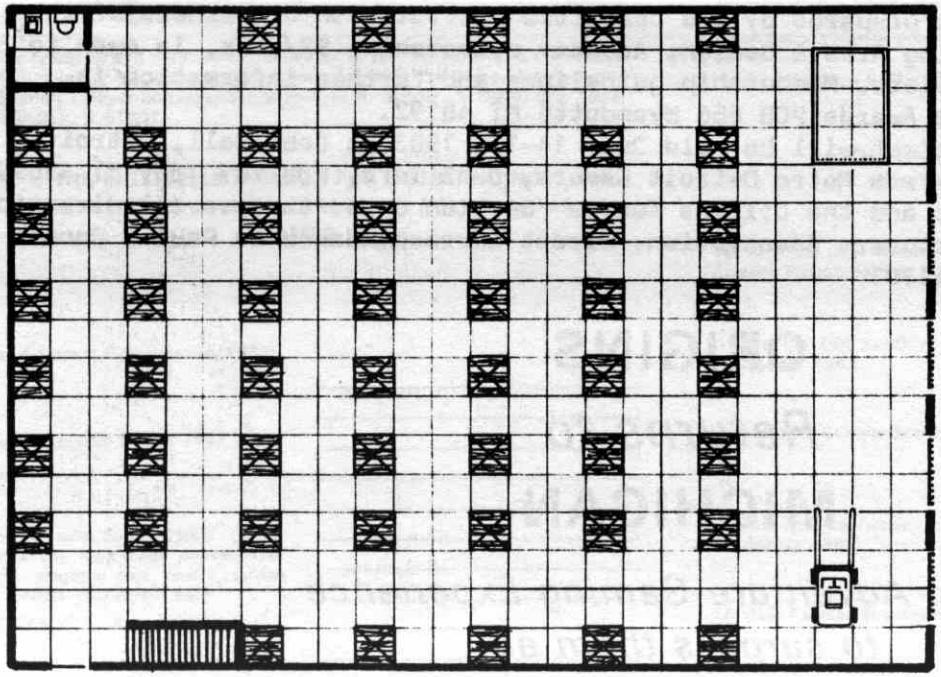
*Item non-functional after 6 damage points.

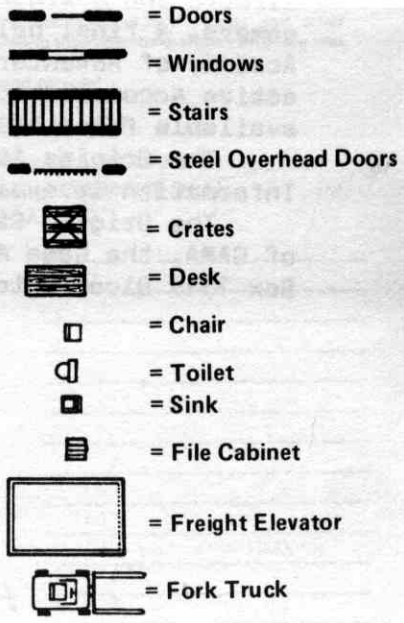


Operation: Psychopath

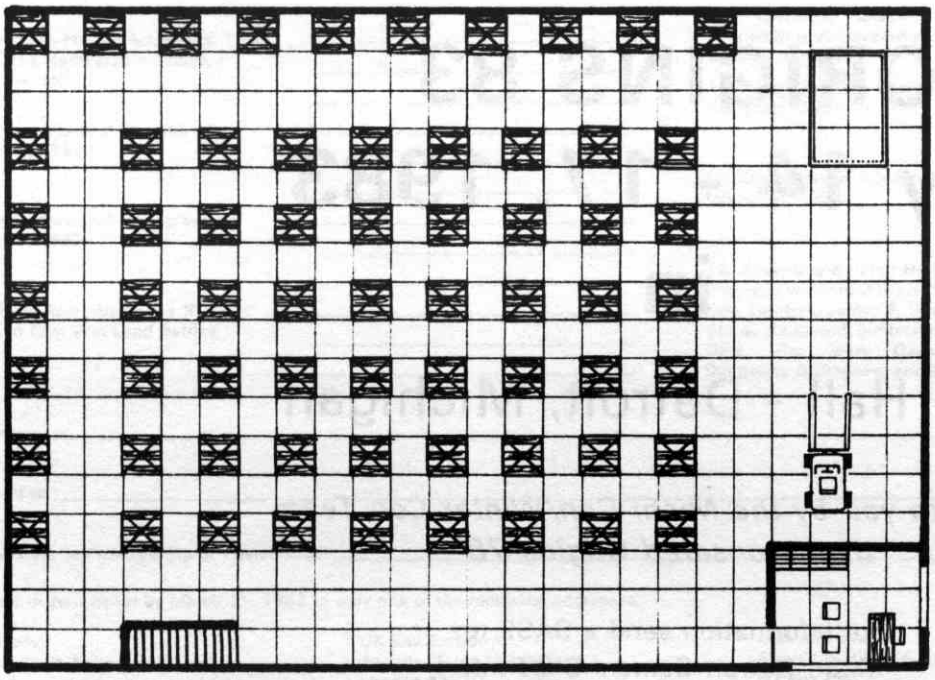
The Building

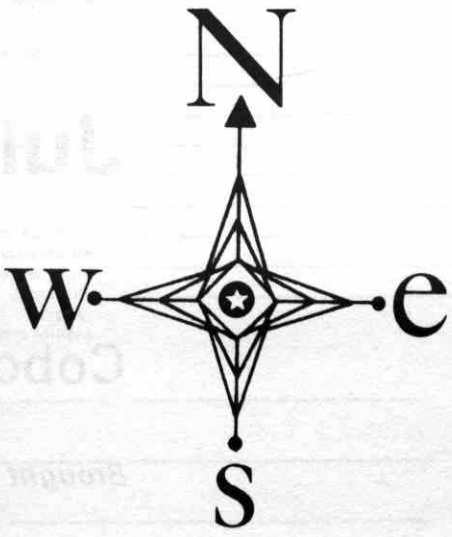
First Floor





1 Square = 5 Feet





Second Floor

ACADEMY OF ADVENTURE GAMING ARTS & DESIGN

PRESS RELEASE

OFFICIAL ORIGINS AWARDS

for the year 1981

presented at ORIGINS '82, July 23, 24, 25, 1982, in Baltimore, Maryland

The Origins Awards, presented at Origins each year, are an international, popular series of awards aimed at recognizing outstanding achievements in Adventure Gaming. They comprise the Charles Roberts Awards for Boardgaming and the H G Wells Awards for Miniatures and Role-Playing Games. Aninternational Awards Committee of 25 Hobbyists directs and administers this awards system. Nominations are open to all interested gamers. A final ballot is prepared by the committee and voted on by members of the Academy of Adventure Gaming Arts & Design. Academy membership, $2/year, is open to active accomplished hobbyists. Membership guidelines and further information is available for a SASE from Awards POB 656 Wyandotte MI 48192.

The Origins '83 Gamefest will be held July 14-17, 1983 at Cobo Hall, Detroit. Information is available from Metro Detroit Gamers, O-83 Info, POB 787 Troy MI 48099

The Origins Gamefest and the Origins Awards function under the overall direction of GAMA, the Game Manufacturers Association. Direct correspondance to Paul R Banner Box 1646 Bloomington IL 61701

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ACADEMY OF ADVENTURE GAMING ARTS & DESIGN
OFFICIAL ORIGINS AWARDS NOMINATION BALLOT

for the year 1982, to be presented at ORIGINS '83, July 14-17, 1983, in Detroit, Michigan
(for information about Origins '83, write P.O. Box 787, Troy, Michigan 48099

The Origins Awards, presented at Origins each year, are an international, popular series of awards aimed at recognizing outstanding achievements in Adventure Gaming. They comprise the Charles Roberts Awards for Boardgaming, and the H.G. Wells Awards for Miniatures and Role-Playing Games. An international Awards Committee of 25 hobbyists (some professionals, but primarily independents) directs and administers the awards system. The nomination ballot is open to all interested gamers. YOUR VOTE can make a real difference! A final ballot is prepared by the committee and voted on by members of the Academy of Adventure Gaming Arts & Design. Academy membership, $2/year, is open to active, accomplished hobbyists, both pro and amateur. Membership guidelines are available for a SASE from the addresses given below. Correspondence should be sent to the USA address. Present members may renew by sending their check with this ballot. Canadians may send $2 Canadian, payable to Mike Girard. UK and European members may send 1 pound sterling payable to Ian Livingstone. US and all others may send US $2 payable to Bill Somers.

The Academy and the Awards Committee as well as the Origins convention itself, function under the overall direction of GAMA, the Game Manufacturers Association. Direct correspondence to Paul R. Banner, % GDW, Box 1646, Bloomington, IL 61701.

Instructions. Read Carefully: Print legibly or type your nominations. Ballots that are messy, not filled out correctly, or show attempts at stuffing will not be counted. You may list three nominees per category. It does not matter in what order you list them. To keep the voting as meaningful as possible, do not make selections in unfamiliar categories. YOU MUST SIGN THE BALLOT! And include your address. You may vote only once.

Nominations should be for products produced during the calendar year 1982. Exceptions are permitted for older products which gain significant exposure and acclaim during 1982. Miniature figure series nominations should be for product lines which are either new or have been substantially expanded in 1982. All Time Best nominations are not restricted to 1982, of course.

This ballot may be reproduced and circulated by any means available, provided its contents are faithfully copied. Magazine editors and publishers should plan to include the ballot in an issue of their publications due to come out during the interval from late 1982 to mid-March 1983. Clubs and other organizations should circulate copies among their members shortly after the first of the year.

All Adventure Gamers are encouraged to vote!

Deadline--March 31, 1983

THE H.G. WELLS AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN MINIATURES AND ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

1. Best Historical Figure Series, 1982: _____
2. Best Fantasy/SF Series, 1982: _____
3. Best Vehicular Series, 1982: (includes any man-made conveyance, chariots, wagons, cars, trucks, tanks, ships, aircraft, spacecraft, etc.) _____
4. Best Miniatures Rules, 1982: _____
5. Best Role-Playing Rules, 1982: _____
6. Best Role-Playing Adventure, 1982: (dungeons, campaign modules, scenarios, etc.) _____
7. Best Professional Miniatures Magazine, 1982: _____
8. Best Professional Role-playing Magazine, 1982: _____
9. All Time Best Miniatures Rules for American Civil War Land Battles _____

THE CHARLES ROBERTS AWARDS FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT IN BOARDGAMING

10. All Time Best Miniatures Rules for Science Fiction Battles: _____
11. Best Pre-20th Century Boardgame, 1982: _____
12. Best 20th Century Boardgame 1982: _____
13. Best Science-Fiction Boardgame, 1982: _____
14. Best Fantasy Boardgame, 1982: _____
15. Best Professional Boardgaming Magazine, 1982: _____

The following categories recognize outstanding achievement in adventure Gaming in general.

16. Best Adventure Game for Home Computer, 1982: _____
17. Best Amateur Adventure Gaming Magazine, 1982: _____
18. Adventure Gaming Hall of Fame: (Previous winners of the Hall of Fame are Don Turnbull, James F. Dunnigan, Tom Shaw, Redmond Simonsen, John Hill, Dave Isby, Gary Gygax, Empire, Dungeons & Dragons, and Marc Miller.) _____

Name: _____

Address: _____

City/State or Province/Zip or Postal Code: _____

Send in your ballot by March 31, 1983 to only one of the following addresses:

Canada:
Awards, % Mike Girard
RR 1
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Breakout Magazine
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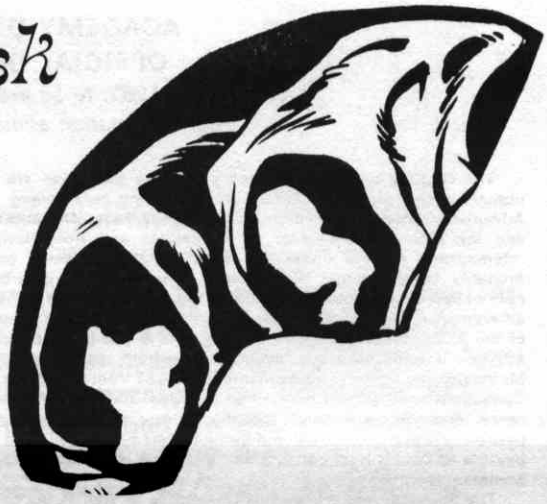
Australia 3138

The Mask of the Faceless Sorcerer



A Stormbringer Scenario

By Paul O'Connor

Introduction

"The Mask of the Faceless Sorcerer" is a short scenario intended for use with five or six beginning **Stormbringer** characters. While the emphasis of this scenario is upon fighting, a good mix of both combat and non-combat skills will be required if a character is to do well.

To begin this scenario, it is necessary that the characters acquire a certain grimoire, **The Tome of Crystal Happenstance.** The procurement of this volume can be the subject of a seperate adventure if wished, but I have found it more convenient to simply have the characters stumble across the **Tome** while investigating some dusty, out-of-the-way second-hand shop. **The Tome of Crystal Happenstance** is a rather common grimoire, so this is not an unreasonable thing to have occur.

The Grimoire

The Tome of Crystal Happenstance is a rambling text concerned primarily with the handling of slaves in the now-dead city of Myrill, the ancient magical college on the north coast of the Sorcerer's Isle. The grimoire is written in Low Melnibonean and is largely uninteresting except for the following passages:

> *". . .three hundred slaves are held by the Faceless One, he who inhabits the citadel above Myrill. A good portion of the Faceless One's slave population has been sacrificed to Zhortra of late. . ."*
>
> *". . .the slave was sent before his master to pay for his crime. Upon entering the master's chamber, the slave flew into a berserk rage, leaping for the Faceless One, vainly attempting to remove his Mask in hopes that its Power would save him. . . .the slave died slowly. . ."*
>
> *". . .none knew the practices of his slaves better than the Faceless Sorcerer, who had the True Vision."*

The **Tome** says nothing further regarding either the Faceless One or the Faceless Sorcerer (who appear to be one and the same) or of his or her mask. It would seem that the mask is possessed of some great power. No specific description of the mask itself is provided, although it must be a very strange mask indeed to fit one who is described as having no face.

On the inside back cover of the grimoire, scrawled in blood, is a very rough map of Myrill and surrounding regions (see **Map A**). Clearly identified on the map is the location of the Citadel of the Faceless Sorcerer.

It is assumed that, at this point, the characters will resolve to retrieve the mask of the Faceless One for themselves; if they do not, there can be no adventure! The first step, then, is to find transportation to the Sorcerer's Isle, which brings us to. . .

Finding a Ship

Unless the characters have a means of ready transportation available (such as a ship of their own or a Demon of Travel), they will have to find someone to take them to the Sorcerer's Isle.

Doing so will not be easy. Word has spread among the sea captains of the Young Kingdoms that sorcery has been felt alive again on the already-feared Sorcerer's Isle (due to the residual effects of the recent battle there between Elric and Grrodd Ybene Eenr -- see Michael Moorcock's **Elric At the End of Time** for details). Captains everywhere are giving the Isle a wide berth, braving even the horrors of the Pirates of Pan Tang and the Boiling Sea to avoid the place.

There is but one captain the characters will find who will consider undertaking the journey. His name is Knoz-Ang-Skorm. Knoz-Ang-Skorm is a dark, heavy-set man in his mid-thirties, but his clean-shaven head and pegleg make him appear much older. Knoz-Ang-Skorm is captain of the **Derabeth**, a triple-masted Tarkeshite roundship trader.

Knoz-Ang-Skorm is down on his luck, so he'll consider making the journey to the Sorcerer's Isle if the price is right. As an opening offer, Knoz-Ang-Skorm will demand the payment of 200 large bronze pieces per character in advance for transportation to and from the island. Knoz-Ang-Skorm can be bartered down on this price, provided the final sum isn't reduced to below one-half of his original offer and the characters doing the bargaining can make their PERSUADE rolls. Offering Knoz-Ang-Skorm a piece of whatever loot might be recovered from the Citadel of the Faceless One might bring his price down even more. Under no conditions will Knoz-Ang-Skorm accept any form of credit for this journey; it must be cash on the barrelhead only.

If an agreement is reached, Knoz-Ang-Skorm will inform the characters that he'll detour by the Sorcerer's Isle when he next puts to sea for a regular voyage. The **Derabeth** will leave port in half a week's time. The characters may spend the days remaining provisioning themselves for the trip. The **Derabeth** will put to sea on schedule, whether or not the character are on board.

The Journey

The journey to the Sorcerer's Isle takes three days. You may choose to spring some excitement on the characters in the form of a Pirate raid, a storm, or an attack by a Sea Serpent to spice things up if you wish. In light of the horrors awaiting the characters on the Sorcerer's Isle, I suggest you give your characters a break and let the journey be an uneventful one.

When the shores of the Sorcerer's Isle come into view, Knoz-Ang-Skorm will announce to the characters that he'll put the **Derabeth** to within a few hundred yards of the coast and then allow the characters to traverse the remaining distance in the ship's dinghy. Under no conditions will Knoz-Ang-Skorm or his ship come any closer to shore.

The **Derabeth** will give the Bay of Serpents a wide berth while approaching the Sorcerer's Isle. The **Derabeth**'s lookouts will declare that they can see great, serpentine shapes rolling in the surf in the Bay. A peculiar blackness can also be seen hovering over the area of the Isle where the ruins of Myrill lie. This information will make Knoz-Ang-Skorm quite uneasy.

When the **Derabeth** finally drops anchor and the characters are preparing to take to the shore, Knoz-Ang-Skorm will say that he'll wait only until sundown before leaving. Sundown is about three hours away. Knoz-Ang-Skorm will ignore anything the characters may have to say about his sense of timing. Knoz-Ang-Skorm is the captain of the ship; the characters have no choice but to accept his decisions.

The Ruins

The Isle will be silent and appear deserted as the characters approach. It seems almost as if the land has died. The ruins of the Citadel can be seen overlooking the ocean. Some details of the area will become clear as the party approaches (see **Map B**). The characters should be able to beach their craft and scramble up the slope to the Citadel without difficulty.

If the characters are truly foolish, they may wish to sail into the Bay of Serpents. If this is the case, feel free to spring the Sea Serpent upon them. Likewise, if the characters decide that they want to investigate the ruins of Myrill itself, despite the aura of tangible Chaos which hangs over it, then you are perfectly within your rights to spring truly horrible things on the characters. Additionally, if the characters detour into either one of these scenarios, they almost certainly will never make it back to the **Derabeth** before sunset. . . .

The ruins of the Citadel itself will be quite scattered and are in the neighborhood of five hundred years old. Jungle has reclaimed much of the site (see **Map C**). Still, there is an inexplicable sense of life and vitality to the place in stark contrast to the rest of the Isle.

When the characters enter the ruins, they will get the eerie feeling that they are being watched. At this point, all the characters should attempt to make their SEE roll. If the roll is made, the characters should be told that they can see several bulky, winged shapes flapping lazily towards their position from the direction of Myrill.

Clakars

Throw as many of these beasties as you think is fair at the characters. Remember that superior numbers are frequently telling in **Stormbringer** combat!

If the characters can defeat the Clakars, they can set about trying to find an entrance to the ruins. If a character can make his SEARCH roll, a loose slab of stone will be spotted in the heap of rubble near the center of the ruins. The slab can be moved if the characters can "beat" it in a Strength vs. Strength roll on the resistance table. The slab has a "Strength" of 15 for this purpose. Beneath the slab will be found an irregular hole dropping into the earth. A weird, pulsing light flows upward from this hole. The presence of Chaos will be strongly felt (agents of the Law should be scorched by their amulets!!!)

The hole is a gateway to a dimension of pure Chaos. Here, light registers as sound; the noise is literally deafening. The characters will suffer a tremendous amount of disorientation until they can learn to "see with their ears" by interpreting the sound as a sort of radar. Some of the denser characters may never catch on to this. Fortunately for the characters, time flows very slowly here; they can spend centuries, subjectively, perfecting this ability, and only a few seconds will actually pass.

The sole inhabitant of this dimension is Skalaairsaadard, a Demon of Combat. Skalaairsaadard guards both the mask of the Faceless Sorcerer and the exit from this dimension. The only way the characters can secure the mask and escape to the Young Kingdoms is to defeat Skalaairsaadard.

Skalaairsaadard looks like a huge, purple potatoe. Its skin flows like rippling yogurt. Its head is surmounted by an ever-changing face; the face will imitate those of the characters once Skalaairsaadard encounters them. Three ropy tentacles of living phlegm sprout from the lower extremity of Skalaairsaadard's body. Its mouth is a maw of pure energy and floats freely above the Demon, about four feet in the air. (How you choose to describe this horror to your players in "sound-sight" will prove your worth as a **Stormbringer** Judge. . . .)

Skalaairsaadard is unable to communicate with the characters other than to whisperingly mouth his own name over and over. Skalaairsaadard was summoned to this dimension by Zhortra himself ages ago to protect the mask of one of his most faithful servants, the Faceless Sorcerer. After all, the Faceless Sorcerer no longer had need for a mask after receiving the Ultimate Gift of Chaos, that of becoming One with Chaos itself.

If the characters can somehow defeat Skalaairsaadard, they may take the mask. The mask is an oval, greenish metal affair with the symbol of Chaos inscribed upon it. The mask has no eye, nose, or mouth holes; it was designed to fit a Sorcerer without a face.

The inside lining of the mask is of a swirling red color. Its appearance continually changes. The mask is obviously an artifact of Chaos. If a character places the mask upon his or her face, he or she must make his or INT x 2 or less on 1D100. If this roll is failed, the mask adheres to the character's face and smothers him or her to death. If the roll is made, the mask still adheres to the character's face but with different effects.

"What do you wish to know, Faceless One?" the mask will mentally ask of the character wearing it. The mask is a bound Demon of Knowledge with an INT of 89, a POW of 56, and a CON of 4. The mask will be bound to the service of the character until the character's death. The mask will also be bound to the face of the character until the same.

While wearing this mask, a character is provided with all the nutrients required for life. Although the character's face may be completely obscured, the mask will still allow him or her to see by feeding the character information about how the world around him or her appears. Using this mask, it is also possible to see through illusions and into alternate planes of existence in a like fashion.

The characters may attempt to sell the mask if they wish. It should be worth at least 5,000 large bronze pieces to agents of Law (who would wish to see the thing destroyed) or considerably more to those in league with Chaos. Bargaining with Chaos, however, is not without risks. . . .

When the characters have defeated the Demon and secured the mask, they will be flung out of Chaos and back into the Young Kingdoms. You, as the Judge, can decide where in the world the characters reappear (Hwamgaarl might be an interesting place. . . .).

If the characters manage to avoid Knoz-Ang-Skorm in this manner, file his character sheet away. Tarkeshites have long memories, and it might be interesting to see how he and the characters react if they ever meet each other again, especially if the characters still owe Knoz-Ang-Skorm a share of the loot. . . .

Characters

Character Description:

Name: Knoz-Ang-Skorm, Sex: M, Age: 42, Nationality: Tarkesh, Class: Captain, STR: 16, CON: 20, SIZ: 9, INT: 15, POW: 10, DEX: 11, CHA: 18, Armor: None, Major Wound Level: 10, Hit Points: 20, Weapon: Sea Axe - Attack 69 (Bonus +7) Damage 2D6 + 2 (Bonus +1D6/+1D4) Parry 72 (Bonus +4). **Agility:** Bonus +4, Climb 60, Swim 88, Climb Rigging 96. **Manip:** Bonus +7, Tie Knot 87. **Percept:** Bonus +3, Balance 77, Search 62. **Commun:** Bonus +8, Orate 90, Persuade 62. **Stealth:** Bonus +3. **Know:** Bonus +6, Navigate 92, Speak, R/W Common Tongue 100/60.

Minor Character Description:

Description: Clakar 1, STR: 12, CON: 10, SIZ: 11, INT: 8, POW: 12, DEX: 16, Skill/Ability: Climb/44; Track/21; Search/24; Scent/25; Listen/23. Armor: None, Major Wound Level: 3, Hit Points: 6, Weapons: Bite - Attack 45 - Damage 1D8 + 2; Claw - Attack 60 - Damage 2D6 - Parry 30; Wing Buffet - Attack 92 - Damage 1D4-1 - Parry 26.

Description: Clakar 2, STR: 14, CON: 11, SIZ: 10, INT: 7, POW: 14, DEX: 20, Skill/Ability: Climb/46; Track/22; Search/21; Scent/26; Listen/29, Armor: None, Major Wound Level: 5, Hit Points: 9, Weapons: Bite - Attack 47 - Damage 1D8 + 2; Claw - Attack 63 - Damage 2D6 - Parry 39; Wing Buffet - Attack 91 - Damage 1D4-1 - Parry 22.

Description: Clakar 3, STR: 13, CON: 11, SIZ: 12, INT: 9, POW: 11, DEX: 15, Skill/Ability: Climb/49; Track/24; Search/27; Scent/21; Listen/21, Armor: None, Major Wound Level: 6, Hit Points: 11, Weapons: Bite - Attack 40 - Damage 1D8 + 2; Claw - Attack 60 - Damage 2D6 - Parry 30; Wing Buffet - Attack 90 - Damage 1D4-1 - Parry 25.

Description: Clakar 4, STR: 12, CON: 10, SIZ: 11, INT: 8, POW: 10, DEX: 21, Skill/Ability: Climb/48; Track/29; Search/30; Scent/26; Listen/21, Armor: None, Major Wound Level 5, Hit Points: 9, Weapons: Bite - Attack 50 - Damage 1D8 + 2; Claw - Attack 65 - Damage 2D6 - Parry 40; Wing Buffet - Attack 90 - Damage 1D4-1 - Parry 27.

Description: Clakar 5, STR: 21, CON: 20, SIZ: 18, INT: 7, POW: 20, DEX: 22, Skill/Ability: Climb/49; Track/23; Search/23; Scent/26; Listen/21, Armor: None, Major Wound Level: 13, Hit Points 26, Weapons: Bite - Attack 42 - Damage 1D8 + 2; Claw - Attack 72 - Damage 2D6 - Parry 60; Wing Buffet - Attack 100 - Damage 1D4-1 - Parry 15.

Description: Clakar 6, STR: 16, CON: 6, SIZ: 12, INT: 12, POW: 12, DEX: 15, Skill/Ability: Climb/44; Track/29; Search/32; Scent/30; Listen/24, Armor: None, Major Wound Level: 3, Hit Points: 6, Weapons: Bite - Attack 45 - Damage 1D8 + 2; Claw - Attack 65 - Damage 2D6 - Parry 30; Wing Buffet - Attack 91 - Damage 1D4 -1 - Parry 27.

Description: Clakar 7, STR: 16, CON: 15, SIZ: 10, INT: 12, POW: 10, DEX: 14, Skill/Ability: Climb/40; Track/20; Search/21; Scent/26; Listen/29, Armor: None, Major Wound Level: 7, Hit Points: 13, Weapons: Bite - Attack 48 - Damage 1D8 + 2; Claw - Attack 62 - Damage 2D6 - Parry 40; Wing Buffet - Attack 93 - Damage 1D4-1 - Parry 23.

Description: Clakar 8, STR: 15, CON: 10, SIZ: 11, INT: 12, POW: 13, DEX: 22, Skill/Ability: Climb/50, Track/20; Search/20; Scent/21; Listen/23, Armor: None, Major Wound Level: 5, Hit Points: 9, Weapons: Bite - Attack 48 - Damage 1D8 + 2; Claw - Attack 62 - Damage 2D6 - Parry 35; Wing Buffet - Attack 99 - Damage 1D4-1 - Parry 33.

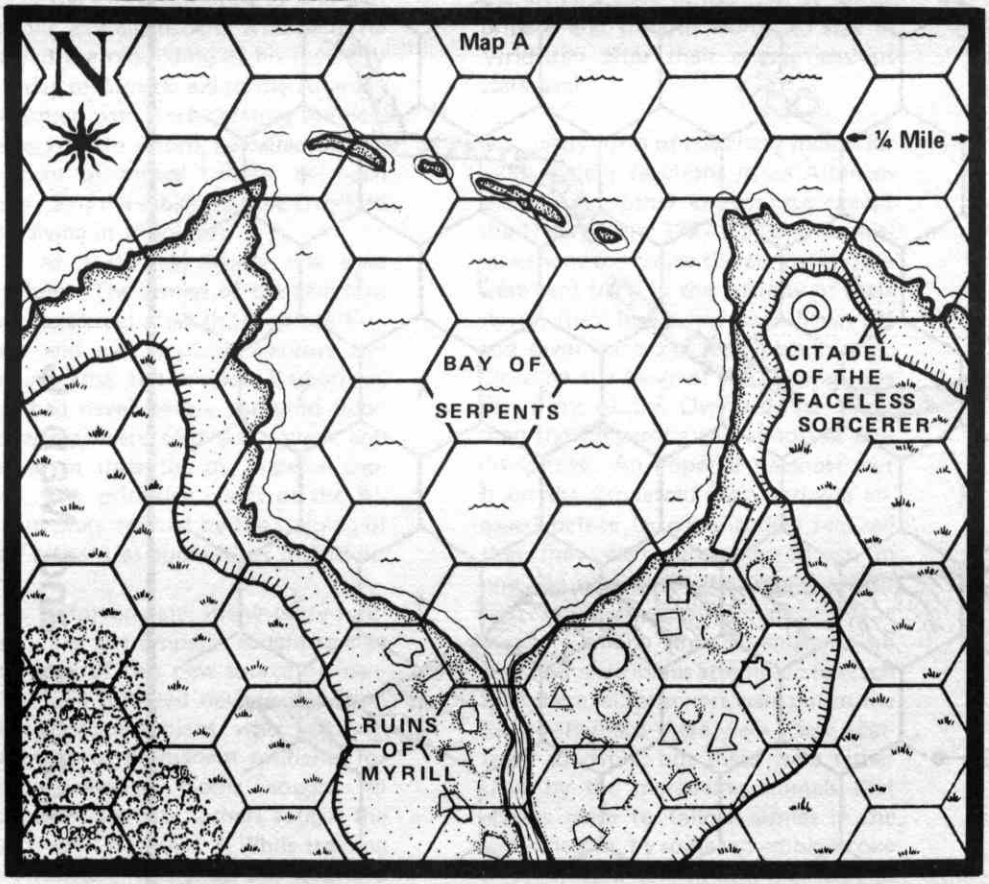
Description: Sea Serpent, STR: 52, CON: 25, SIZ: 71, INT: 14, POW: 16, DEX: 12, Skill/Ability: Swim/100; Ambush/86, Armor: 10 Point Skin, Major Wound Level: 42, Hit Points: 84, Weapons: Teeth - Attack 35 - Damage 4D8 + 4; Claw - Attack 65 - Damage 3D8 + 3; Tail - Attack 41 - Damage 8D8; Ram - Attack 3 (Destroys Ship).

Demon Description:

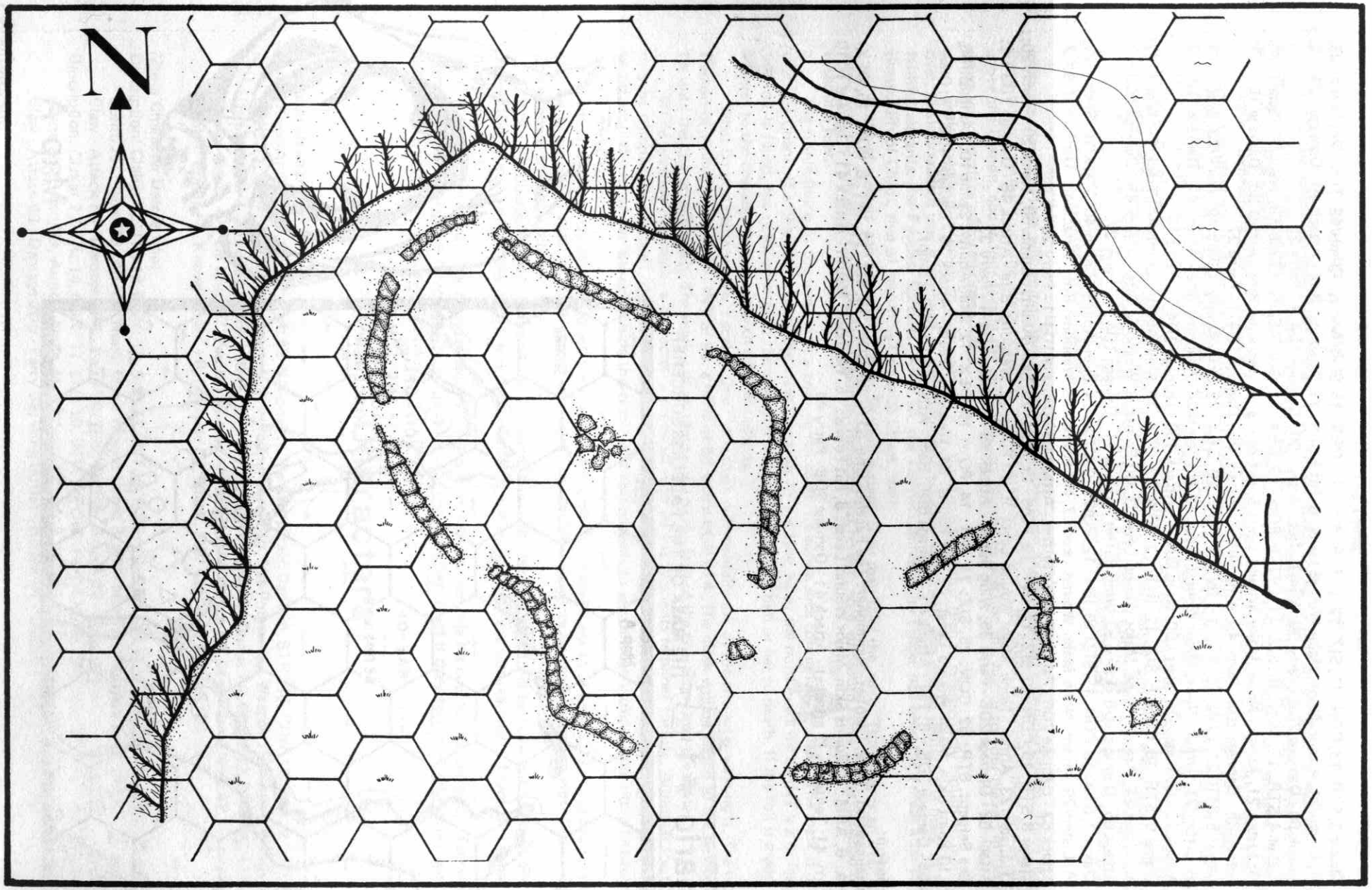
Demon: Skalaairsaadard, Type: Combat, Summoner: The Faceless One, STR: 25, CON: 15, SIZ: 12, INT: 6, POW: 15, DEX: 10, CHA: 6, ARM: 12 Points Skin, Major Wound Level: 8, Hit Points: 15, Weapons: Mouth - Attack 41 - Damage 1D10 + 8 - Parry 41; Tentacles (3 attacks) - Attack 41 - Damage 2D8 - Parry 41.

Scenario #1

"THE MASK OF THE FACELESS SORCERER"



Map A



Map B and Map C

Each Hex Equal To Fifty Feet

HANGING OUT IN THE CITY STATE

by Brian Hinnen

PART THREE

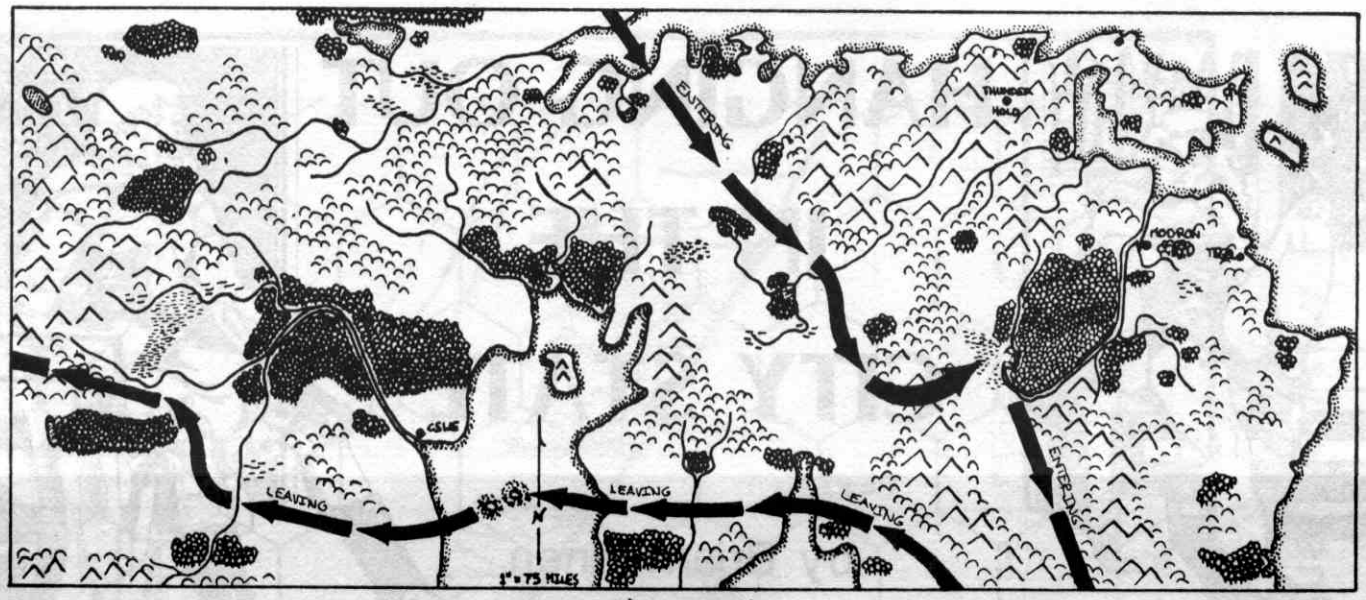
When the City State of the Invincible Overlord was founded in 3075 BCCC, the Emperor hoped to find in it a strong ally against the Wild Men. He delayed the rebuilding of his own city in order to provide aid to the Altanian Tribesmen who were creating the new metropolis. In return, he called for the payment of annual tribute, as much money as if the subjects of the Overlord were living in Viridistan.

At first, the tribute was paid faithfully. The armies of the Overlord were patterned after those of the Emperor and had Imperial advisors and training; the red-skinned Barbarians, who had never before ventured upon the water, were sold war galleys and trained in their use by Imperial captains. The primitive crafts of the Altanians were refined by the training of their artisans as apprentices in Viridistan.

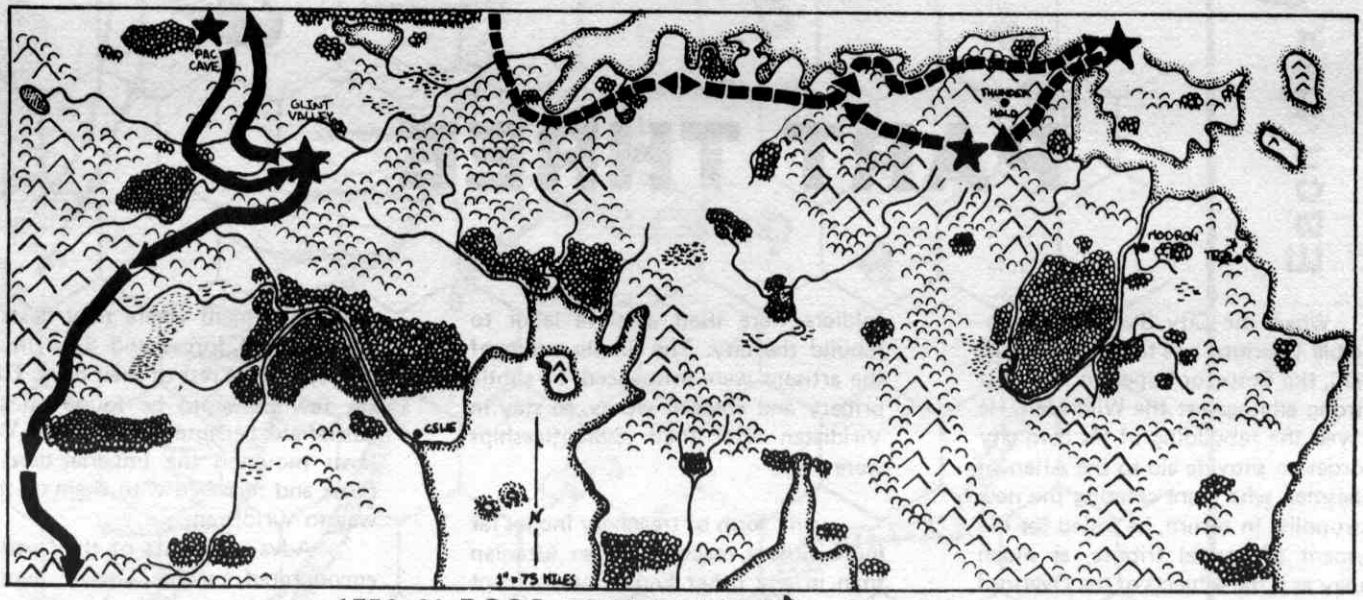
Unfortunately, many petty lordlings under the Emperor sought to take advantage of this new source of manpower and initiated devious means to keep those Altanians who were in Viridistan as permanent residents for various reasons. Some sought to repopulate the city; others sought the manpower to rebuild it. While training at Viridistan, many of the Overlord soldiers were used as slave labor to rebuild the city. The simple minds of the artisans were influenced, by subtle bribery and smooth words, to stay in Viridistan after their apprenticeships were over.

Any form of treachery incites far more violent reactions in an Altanian than in any other known race except the Dwarves. In 3227 BCCC, the emissaries sent to receive the annual tribute were sent back in the custody of their slaves; their heads had been hewn off and sewn on again, facing backwards. Close on the heels of this caravan was the army of the Overlord, far larger than the Emperor's and almost as well disciplined. An Imperial Vasthost met it on the Stonefold Plain and was engaged before its commanders realized that they were outnumbered ten to one. No survivor of the Imperial Vasthost was ever seen; as had been the custom among the Altanians even before the Viridians attempted to teach it to them, all prisoners were put to the Sword. Perhaps there were a few, scattered survivors, but these were either slain by the marauding animals that always seem to follow armies in the wilderness or, by some incredible stroke of luck, were able to find their way to some settlement where they deserted the Imperial forces and lived in obscurity for the rest of their days. There are few bones to be found on that battlefield because the Overlord Vasthosts mounted the Imperial dead on poles and marched with them on their way to Viridistan.

Advance scouts of the Overlord encountered scouts from another Tharbrian horde, but, this time, the former Altanians and the Tharbrians had a common goal: the destruction of the City State of the World Emperor. A bargain was reached between the emissaries from the two armies. After the Battle of Havocia, the fire, and the purge in 2817, the World Emperor was at his most vulnerable; had the Tharbrians chosen at that time to turn south and march upon his city, the dominion of the line of Emperors would probably have ended. Now, he had had a chance to regain some of his power, but he was faced by a foe which was three times as nurmorous and just as skillful because many of the attacking troops had been trained in his own camps and equipped by his own armories. Moreover, an Imperially-equipped Overlord fleet was rounding the tip of the many-fingered continent of Altanis to block any supply or escape by the sea.

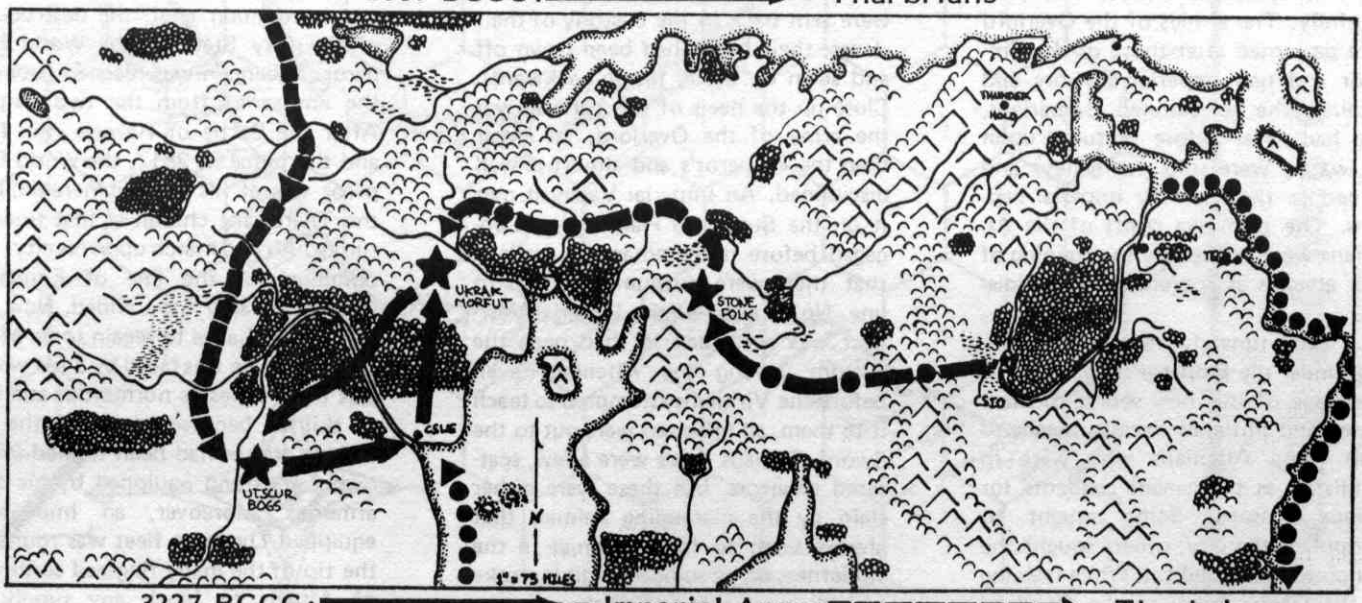


971 BCCC: = Winged Apes



1759-60 BCCC: = Tharbrians

2097 BCCC: = Tharbrians



3227 BCCC: = Imperial Army; = Tharbrians;
= Overlord Army; = Overlord Fleet

The Emperor, with a fury born of desperation, united all the Vasthosts that remained to him at the Holy Mounds twenty miles north of the city. The great Elsenwood Forest blocked any direct approach from the north by an army; the Overlord Vasthosts were then passing through the Brigand Hills south of the Gigabolt range and would probably skirt Elsenwood to the east by following the coast of the Trident Gulf, and the Wild Men, at last report, were crossing the Kendhras River and would most likely go west of Elsenwood, seeking to approach Viridistan through the old battlefield of Freeman Fields. The Emperor marched north with his entire army to meet the Vasthosts of the Overlord.

This army differed from all others known up to that time; it relied heavily upon the works of spell-casters who worked both at long range and on the battle line to protect the troops and wreak havoc among the enemy ranks. Moreover, the Imperial archers were stocked with special carbellium Arrows made of a red metal which cuts through iron as if it were butter, and, to provide a major strategic advantage, the Emperor's forces knew of many trails that led through the heart of Elsenwood which would provide quick passage through the forest.

The two armies met near the village of Ukrak Morfut some eighty miles north of Viridistan. There, though outnumbered three to one, the Imperial forces fought the Overlord's to a standstill. The Wizard's especially-researched spells caused great disarray among the throngs of the Overlord, the baggage train, and other rear echelons. The Emperor left a crack Vasthost to delay the advance of the foe and sped south with his main army through the depths of Elsenwood to the Uiscur Bogs where the Tharbrians had forded the River Leander. The Tharbrians, too, became entangled in the web of sorcery woven by the Imperial Wizards, even though they were stronger than the Overlord's Vasthosts. The Emperor then fell back to Viridistan, having shown himself to be a master of strategy by staving off forces that totaled seven times his own.

He had given a second coven of Wizards, working day and night in Viridistan, the time they needed. When at last his many enemies converged upon his Immortal City, the World Emperor had gained command of some reinforcements; sources disagree as to exactly how many there were, but all agree that they were Demons led by Demogorgon.

The battle was long and furious; the Overlord's generals had brought enough magical aid to combat any magical creature encountered in the wilderness and so were not entirely unprepared. However, the powers of the Demons and their awful Prince were great, and they proved to be greater than those of mortal men. The siege was broken, and the two armies fled in disorder to their homelands. Many speculations have been made as to the exact nature of the bargain struck with Demogorgon and what had been given him to persuade him to summon such power.

The City State of the Invincible Overlord resumed payment of tribute, though at a decreased rate, and the Tharbrians were apparently so filled with awe and terror that they decided upon other lands as their goals, for the great invasions ceased; only the more common, less warlike, grazing tribes have passed through the lands since, with the same frequency as before.

Until 3309 BCCC, the almost universal practice among the Human races concerning prisoners of war was immediate execution. This had always been considered the noble and just thing to do because the alternative was a life of slavery for the once brave and proud soldier. However, in that year, a commoner in charge of an Overlord equithrong out on patrol and known to be of indifferent morals, broke this long-standing tradition. His troops were ambushed by Amazons, but the lady-warriors had erred and had underestimated their foes. Following a practice that has long since been abandoned, the men of the Overlord had been carrying nets for hunting, and these were used to capture the Amazons, almost without bloodshed. The man in charge, Olgauf One-Eye, was preparing to order their execution when the men, stirred by the comeliness of the prisoners, requested that the order be stayed for a few hours. Olgauf's remaining eye had been distracted by one of the captives as well, and he agreed. The execution was held off again and again; eventually, Olgauf and his men returned to the City State with the prisoners. Olgauf had repeatedly displayed a disdain for tradition and authority and demanded that the Amazons be kept as the slaves of the equithrong. Luckily for him, the reigning Overlord was less conservative than his predecessors and stopped to consider this possible new source of slaves; he finally decided to issue a decree to all military units stating that all prisoners of war became the property of the Overlord and were to be taken to the City State alive.

The new practice was first followed on a large scale in 3494 BCCC when the town of Warwik launched a campaign to crush the Overlord. The ruling faction of Warwik had been an allied group of noble families in the upper crust of the City State's society and possessed great power. When a coalition of these families sought to gain partial control of the City State through manipulation of the Senate, the Overlord reacted in a most violent manner and sent Assassins among these families to weaken them while tightening the economic stranglehold through the various Guilds and mercantile shipping companies. Eventually, the Overlord crushed his opposition through public humiliation and then banished them. They traveled north with their several hundred still-faithful followers, found the ruins of the port that the Tharbrians had razed, and built there the Town of Warwik, vowing one day to wreak vengeance upon the Overlord. The power struggle began in 3220 BCCC and culminated in the mass banishment in 3227 BCCC, the same year as the great campaign against the City State of the World Emperor. The inner dissent in the Overlord's power structure seriously weakened his war efforts; though a unified Overlord army may not have made a difference in the Demon Siege, it might have resulted in the destruction of the World Emperor at an earlier opportunity, on the field of Ukrak Morfut.

To Be Continued Next Issue

A FANTASIST APOLOGETIC

by Joseph R. Ravitts

Regular readers of **Pegasus** will know me as an evangelical Christian who plays **D&Dtm**. Unfortunately, a great many people in church circles would call my self-description a contradiction in terms. How can a believer in only one God have anything to do with so blatantly pagan a form of recreation, one which devours people's time and attention and (allegedly) encourages occultism?

The angle of simple time-consuming obsessiveness is so petty as to be disposed of at a stroke. **Any** form of entertainment can be pursued beyond all moderation. People were getting absorbed in TV football, model trains, pinball machines, etc. long before fantasy role-playing games were devised, and, if FRP games were abolished from the world tomorrow, irresponsible persons would find other ways to dodge real-world obligations. Let us, therefore, move at once to the complaint which is specific to **D&Dtm** and kindred games: the supposed encouragement to occultism and rejection of God.

Since FRP games differ from fantasy **stories** chiefly in that the players make up their own plotline instead of finding it ready-made, it seems to me that one cannot infer a Satanic taint in the games without inferring the same taint in fantasy *per se*. Hence, a look at literary evidence is in order.

In a certain, well-known novel, the heroine, in the midst of terrible distress, receives the following words of solace from one of the heroes (a man whose ideas the author definitely wishes the reader to respect).

"It may be that you may have to bear that mark till God Himself sees fit, as He most surely shall, on the Judgement Day, to redress all wrongs of the earth and of His children. . . . For so surely as we live, that scar shall pass away when God sees right to lift the burden that is hard upon us. Till then we bear our Cross, as His Son did in obedience to His Will. It may be that we are chosen instruments of His good pleasure. . ."

These words were written in 1897. Was the book a piously conservative, make-no-waves product of some religious publishing house? Hardly. That quote is from Bram Stoker's **Dracula**. However much present-day books and films about vampires have degenerated into sexual sadism and mockery of God, Stoker's foundational work was shaped by, and friendly to, Biblical Christian thought.

The fact that anti-Christian rhetoric has grown stronger and bolder in the overall fantasy field (thus causing fundamentalists to **equate** fantasy with apostasy) has been **a symptom, not a cause**, of the twentieth century's gradual courtship of atheism. Misapplied scientific ideas and misguided political theories long ago allowed Western civilization to deceive itself that it had outgrown God. Today's anti-Christian fantasies are largely written by persons whose own childhood education was "realistic" and "logical" to the point of spiritual sterility.

As early as 1908, G. K. Chesterton, a magnificent Christian essayist, clearly saw where the danger did and didn't lie. In his book, **Orthodoxy** (a treatise that uses "Elfland" as a metaphore **for Christendom**), he said,

"Imagination does not breed insanity. Exactly what does breed insanity is reason. Poets do not go mad; but chess-players do. . . . I am not, as will be seen, in any sense attacking logic; I only say that this danger does lie in logic, not in imagination. . . . (Edgar Allen) Poe, for instance, really was morbid; not because he was poetical, but because he was specially analytical. Even chess was too poetical for him; he disliked chess because it was full of knights and castles, like a poem. . . . Critics are much madder than poets. Homer is complete and calm enough; it is his critics who tear him into extravagant tatters. Shakespeare is quite himself; it is only some of his critics who have discovered that he was somebody else. And though St. John the Evangelist saw many strange monsters in his vision, he saw no creature so wild as one of his own commentators."

C. S. Lewis, whom I cited in my "Monotheism" article (**Pegasus** No. 4), was a young man in the generation following Chesterton's. At the start of his Oxford career, Lewis was a fashionable atheist, but **precisely** through the reading of **fantasies** - including pagan ones! - he took a new interest in religion. His autobiography, **Surprised by Joy**, describes how, from there, he went on to examine the historical and philosophical evidence in favor of Christianity and became a follower of Jesus.

We see, then, that fantasy is not inevitably hostile, nor ultrarationalism particularly favorable, to Christianity. Now, I cannot and do not deny that serious occultism - the pursuit of magical power in violation of God's laws - is flourishing nowadays. Nor do I deny that the "occultist" label would be fitting for anyone who tried in real life to achieve some way of doing what Magic Users can do in **D&Dtm**. But I **do** deny that everyone who **plays** Magic Users in games necessarily wishes to **become** a spell-caster in fact. After all, how many actors playing Othello have actually strangled their wives? How many actors playing Macbeth have moved from role-playing to genuine assassination of heads of state? John Milton, Puritan Bard of the 17th century, said, in **Paradise Lost** (a work, incidentally, rich in fantasy):

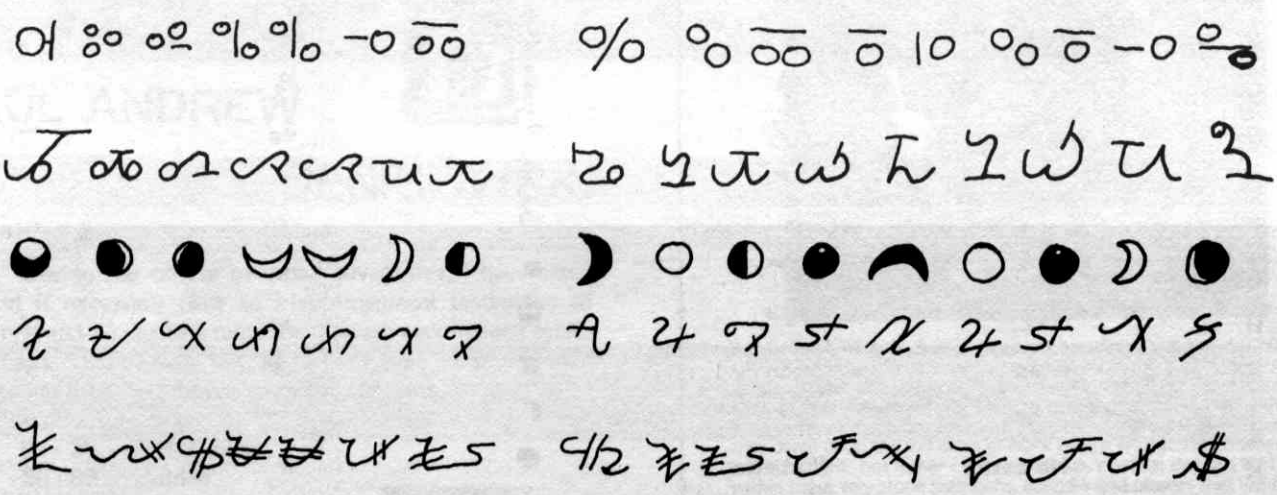
"Evil into the mind of god or man
May come and go, so unapproved, and leave
No spot or blame behind. . . ."

As a DM, I may operate NPC's who are more cruel than Hitler, more devil-devoted than Faust, but nothing of their wickedness becomes any part of **me**.

Still, I have not yet fully answered the Christian objection. Whereas no actor playing Macbeth or Othello expects the audience to approve of the murders committed by those characters, FRP gamers take it for granted that their spell-casting characters are **not** automatically sinful for practicing magic. Thus, doesn't the playing of Magic Users go beyond role-playing to an **endorsement** of the occult?

(Continued on p. 79)

WRITTEN LANGUAGES



by Mike Horn

In a simple dungeon, when a character comes across a Scroll or other writing, a dice roll is made to determine the success or failure of the character's efforts to read it. However, it adds to the enjoyment of a game for the player to be handed a piece of paper and then take his own chances of reading it!

Obviously, several written languages are a requirement for this to succeed. Therefore, the Judge must create a separate alphabet for each language known and used in his campaign. If a character discovers a Scroll in, say, Dragon, which he cannot read, hand that player the Scroll previously prepared in that language. The player can then puzzle over it, hire some other player or NPC to read it for him, or do something else with it. If Scrolls are all handed to the players while folded, this can also add interest with *Cursed* spells, as "Cursed" can be written on it. If the player opens the paper, then the character receives the effect of the curse. This is particularly effective if "Cursed" is written in some other language. It still takes effect, and it makes sure that the player tries to read the Scroll. The player can be informed of the effects of the curse then or at a later date, depending upon what the curse is, or the player can be left under the delusion that it is something else. Once used, all Scrolls are returned to the Judge, since they are only used once. It is also stipulated that, even though a character may learn that a Scroll he possesses has a strong magic spell written on it, if he can't read it, he can't use it. To use a Scroll, the Judge may use only the title of the spell or may, in fact, write a procedure to use the spell as well. Books may also be used this way, and useless Books and Scrolls can be inserted into the game to add more interest... and frustration for the character who carries them out.

Of course, a *Read Magic* spell would disclose the nature of any magic writing, compliments of the Judge, but, if the Scroll did not possess magical writing, then the spell would be wasted even though the Scroll might be worth some money for something else.

Learning languages is possible in some games and can be used here, also. Upon each advancement in learning (each 5% ability gain in **Runequest tm**, for instance), the player can be provided with one letter of the Judge's choice. These can be selected at random by a dice roll or by any other means. Upon completion of 75% of his learning, two letters may be given with each advancement so that he may have all of them upon achieving 100% ability. This learning can be expensive and can require hunting a teacher in the desired language. Non-human characters might already know another language, and, if they do, they will have to provide a copy of their language to the Judge. Remember to give Experience Points to the player who manages to figure out a letter on his own.

Needless to say, a single game cannot allow a player to learn to read a different language, but it will, indeed, stir up interest in even a single game. It helps even more in a campaign. If the Scrolls are shuffled prior to a game, even the Judge can be surprised at what turns up.

In the following table are a few sample languages. These can be used or changed or may give the Judge ideas for other languages of his own. Good luck!

LANGUAGE TABLE

Human	Elf	Dwarf	Lunar	Beast	Dragonic*
A					
B					
C					
D					
E					
F					
G					
H					
I					
J					
K	No Letter	No Letter			
L					
M					
N					
O					
P					
Q		No Letter			No Letter
R					
S					
T					
U					
V					
W					
X					
Y					
Z		No Letter	No Letter		

*Addition to Table: Note Dragonic has several additional letters that represent sounds. These are as follows:

QU	SH	PH	CH	TH	ING	ED	IN

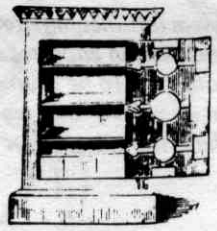
THE CASH BOX

by

PAUL ANDREW DENISOWSKI

During the course of urban adventures, I have often found it necessary (due to kleptomaniacal tendencies of my players) to devise a table for the cash box in each establishment. This became far too tedious, so I simply divided the tables into the amount from the contents.

01 - 35	Not Hidden
36 - 86	Hidden
87 - 00	Magically Hidden



01 - 80	Locked
81 - 00	Unlocked

Lock Type

01 - 60	Normal
61 - 75	-10% on picking
76 - 80	-25% on picking
81 - 95	Wizard Locked (1 - 8th level)
96 - 00	Wizard Locked (4 - 16th level)

Contents

01 - 10	Empty
11 - 35	Small
36 - 58	Medium
59 - 80	Large
81 - 95	Full Day
96 - 00	Special; roll again on this table also

	Small	Medium	Large	Full Day
PP	40% 1 - 4	80% 1 - 6	2 - 12	3 - 24
GP	80% 1 - 10	1 - 12	3 - 30	4 - 40
EP	2 - 8	2 - 20	6 - 60	8 - 80
SP	2 - 20	3 - 30	8 - 80	10 - 100
CP	3 - 30	5 - 50	10 - 100	20 - 200
Gems	30% 1 - 3	70% 1 - 4	1 - 6	1 - 8
Jewelry	20% 1	50% 1 -2	1 - 3	1 - 4

Special

01 - 76	Rare Goods
77 - 99	1 - 4 Magic Items
00	Judge's Choice

These tables can easily be adjusted according to the value of money in your campaign. These tables are very helpful in filling up empty gaps in the shop descriptions, especially in the Judges Guild's **City State of the World Emperor.** Optionally, 15% of all cashboxes are trapped, 80% with poison, and 20% magically.

It is summer, 41 A.D. Your journey has been long and arduous but at last you and the rest of your party camp within the great stone ring of Salisbury plain and spend an anxious night waiting for the golden glow of the midsummer day's dawn. Your thought's are not of the mad emperor, Caligula, who sent you on this maniacal quest, nor do they dwell upon the evil clans of Black Druids who stood between you and this night; but rather of the unknown, mystical dangers that lurk within these very stone megaliths, dangers and powers that will be unleashed as sure as the sun will rise. Obsessed with this premonition of danger you have not the slightest inkling that when that same sun rises you will be irresistibly pulled into a series of events of such magnitude that they not only dwarf Caligula and Rome itself; but form the greatest adventure in human history. You have not the slightest suspicion that tomorrow's dawn will throw you into danger and intrigue that will lead you to discover . . . **The riddle of Stonehenge! . . . The secrets of the pyramids! . . . The mysteries of the ancient world!** as you play **Man, Myth & Magic.**

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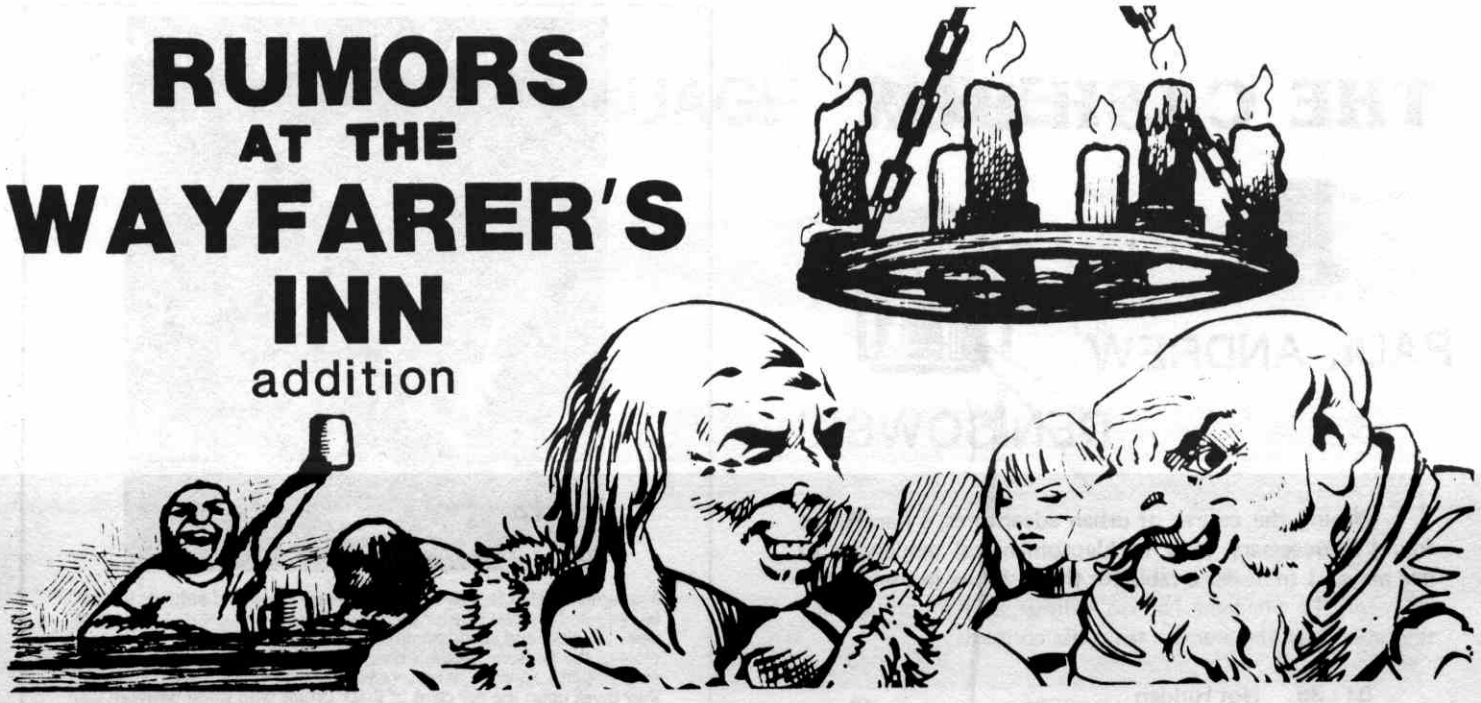
Yaquinto Publications

RUMORS AT THE WAYFARER'S INN addition



OOPS!!! The scenario, "The Hall of Velus," in issue 11 of the **Pegasus** *was left incomplete due to the typist's oversight. At the end of the hall, in the area marked "T", a Demon is indicated, but no Demon appears, and, indeed, the area is not even described. Also, a Staff, spoken of in the beginning of the adventure, is nowhere to be found in the description. Thanks to Kelly Braun, of Virden, Manitoba, Canada, for bringing this to our attention so quickly that we can get the correction into the next issue. To all the frustrated dungeon-delvers out there lurking in the hall, worrying about what's at the end of it, my sincerest apologies.*

The Elven Typist

Addition to the Hall of Velus

Corridor's End: As the party passes the doorways to Rooms 9 and 11, the corridor becomes dark, as if a black fog has descended. The party must progress to within 20' of the north wall before they can distinguish a large, Humanoid figure seated in a chair facing the east wall. The occupant seems to be making a lot of regular arm motions, as if throwing something. Closer examination reveals that the chair is the carved Ivory ceremonial seat of Velus. The occupant is a large Humanoid of somewhat lumpish appearance. The creature has a very handsome face with darkly glowing yellow eyes atop a massively-muscled, seven-foot tall body covered with reddish skin flecked in black. His pate is bald with a pair of Ram-like horns appearing to be made of glittering red crystal upon his forehead. His left hand rests on a tall, ornately carved ivory staff, and, with his right arm, he is casually plucking Javelins from a tall wicker basket by the chair and tossing them at the corpses of a trio of Fighters now suspended upon the east wall and used as a dartboard. The wicker basket seems to never empy; there is always a full complement of Javelins in it. The Demon will turn with a cat-like, fluid grace to the party and greet them in a deep, bass voice with the words, "How very nice to see you. I hope you enjoyed entertaining my pets. The last group was soooo boring!!!" The Demon is not nearly as powerful as the impression he gives would imply. He is a relatively minor Demon which was bound by the Archmage Krasin to be subservient to the Crown of Velus. He cannot move more than 100 yards from the Crown of his own free will. The wearer of the Crown is immune to any of the Demon's powers, and the Demon must obey the commands of the wearer of the Crown. Although the wearer may banish the Demon to his own plane, this act breaks the spell of submission. The Demon has some minor *Charm* spells with which he forced some Orcs and a few others to guard the Crown to prevent anyone from becoming his master. His major physical weapon is the Basket of Javelins, which will supply one Javelin per round indefinitely. The Demon's talons do 8 points of damage per hand each hit. Each of the horns on his head can throw a 10 point *Firebolt* once per hour. The Demon will be extremely arrogant and overbearing. Winning a physical combat with the party doesn't excite him very much unless they attack him. If any of the party is wearing the Crown, he will try to trick the wearer into sending him back to his own plane, thus freeing him from the domination of the Crown. The Staff in his hand belongs to Velus, but the Demon does not know how to use its powers. With it, one can create a pool of water 10' x 10' x 1' every hour. Placing the tip of the Staff in a body of water will cause a like amount to vanish every round.

Trevar the Demon: HD: 10, HTK 52, SPD: 30', SIZ: 7', ALN: CEX, ARM: 065, INT: 174, MRT: 075, SPA: Spells, WPN: Javelin, 2 Claws 8 points of damage each.

IGNOBLE INNS by J.G.Staff

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Written by the Judges Guild Staff
Maps by Ron Ellrick
Composing by Debye Pruitt
Layout by Roger Harvey

IGNOBLE INNS

Judge's Information

The four Inns described in this installment may be used in several ways. The simplest is to use them to create rest stops for adventurers traveling in the areas in which the Inns are located. A more interesting way would be to include them in a quest such as the one described below.

An ancient Priest (or Sage) wishes to hire a party of adventurers to complete for him a quest which has consumed nearly all his adult life. He has searched forty years throughout the known world for certain artifacts stolen a century ago from the Temple of his god. Of the thirty items he sought, only five remain unclaimed, and, although he is aware of their approximate location, he is no longer strong enough to make the journey himself. Therefore, he proposes to pay a reward (sum is the selection of the Judge, according to the tone of the campaign he or she moderates) for the reclaimation and return of the items he seeks. The five items are a jewelled Amulet of Truth which, the Priest says, is in the possesssion of the mother of Jeribalu, owner of the Merry Mugs Inn near Byrny (Hex Number 2312, Judges Guild **City State Campaign Map One**), an Amulet of Luck currently held by an aged seeress living near the Anaconda Inn (Hex 3819 **Desert Lands Campaign Map Seven**), a Bracelet of Desert Wind now owned by a shepherdess whose family occasionally stops at the Desert Cave Inn (Hex 3312 **Desert Lands Campaign Map Seven**), a Shaman's Staff of Light thought to be in the regions below a former temple now used as an Inn by Pirates, called the Raging Mane Inn (Hex 4322, **Isles of the Blest Campaign Map Twelve**), and a +2 Broadsword called the "Deck Sweeper" (its current name; formerly it was "Khrunak-ra"), now in the hands of Ella the Red-Hand, an Amazonian Pirate plying the waters south of the City State of the Invincible Overlord but known to stop occasionally at the Raging Mane Inn. Should the characters return with the items, the Priest promises to ask his god to grant each one Wish.

If the players decide to take on the quest, the distances between the far-flung Inns can provide a lot of wilderness adventure in addition to the adventure of the quest.

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The Raging Mane Inn

The Raging Mane Inn, better known by its nickname, "the Temple," is located in hex 4322 of Campaign Map 12, **Isles of the Blest**. It is not a well-known tavern among the polite, non-criminal segments of the population at large. The Raging Mane is the hideout and inn for half of the Pirates, Corsairs, and Privateers in the ocean. Built in the ruins of an abondoned Temple that is so old that no one living knows what god was worshiped in it, the Inn serves as a place of refuge and recreation for Pirates and other free-booters. The bay near the Temple serves as safe refuge for the Pirate ships and is used for careening in order to remove the sea growths from the underside of a ship that might slow the ship at a critical time. The harbor is never visited by the warships of any navy because the Raging Mane lies on an abandoned, little-traveled coast, and the reef at the entrance to the cove is especially tricky. Anyone foolish enough to try to maneuver through the passage into the cove without already knowing the channel would be almost certain to end up wrecked upon the reef. To make matters worse, the sole good passage into the cove is right below the cliff, by the ruined Temple that the Pirates have turned into their own private refuge. A small wooden tower stands on the cliff, and a dozen Pirates stand guard (draw them from the staff of the Inn and from the crews of any ships in the harbor) ready to toss blazing oil down upon any ship that tries to enter the cove if it is not recognized as belonging to some known Pirate (usually identified by the standard of the Pirate that flies at the masthead and by knowledge of the proper passwords). Six Pirates: CLS FTR, LVL 021, HTK 013 - 016 - 016 - 015 - 014 - 014, ARM 038, AGL 112, WPN DSC. Three Pirates: CLS FTR, LVL 011, HTK 008 - 009 - 010, ARM 039, AGL 122, WPN DSP. Three Pirates: CLS FTR, LVL 041, HTK 031 - 030 - 029, ARM 045, AGL 143, WPN DBS. The wooden watchtower contains a small keg of ale, a lit brazier, numerous firebrands and skins filled with oil, a small chest that holds 10 GP, 114 SP, and 14 CP, and a silver signaling horn worth 10 GP whose blast would bring the Pirates from the Raging Mane to the tower prepared for battle. The harbor currently holds three ships, two Pirate vessels (low, long sailing ships) and a captured coaster. The first Pirate ship, the **Westwind**, belongs to Ella the Red-Hand (see Room 2 of the First Floor of the Raging Mane Inn) and is guarded by five Pirates (Pirates 1 - 5) who got stuck with standing watch aboard the ship. Pirates: CLS FTR, LVL 041, HTK 023 - 022 - 025 - 031 - 030, ARM 045, AGL 143, WPN DSC. The ship mounts two Ballistas and holds 10,000 GP worth of spices and silks that were recently removed from a captured merchant vessel. The second ship is the **Seablade**, owned by Sprigg the Black-Hearted; it is guarded by two Pirates (Pirates 6 and 7). Pirates: CLS FTR, LVL 031, HTK 025 - 029, ARM 045, AGL 143, WPN DSC. The **Seablade** mounts a single Ballista and contains 8,000 GP worth of rare woods and finely woven cloth. The final ship, a small coaster, is for sale by Aleris for 500 GP. The coaster is in good shape, but, because it is portly and slow, few Pirates are interested in such a craft, so Aleris is selling it cheap.

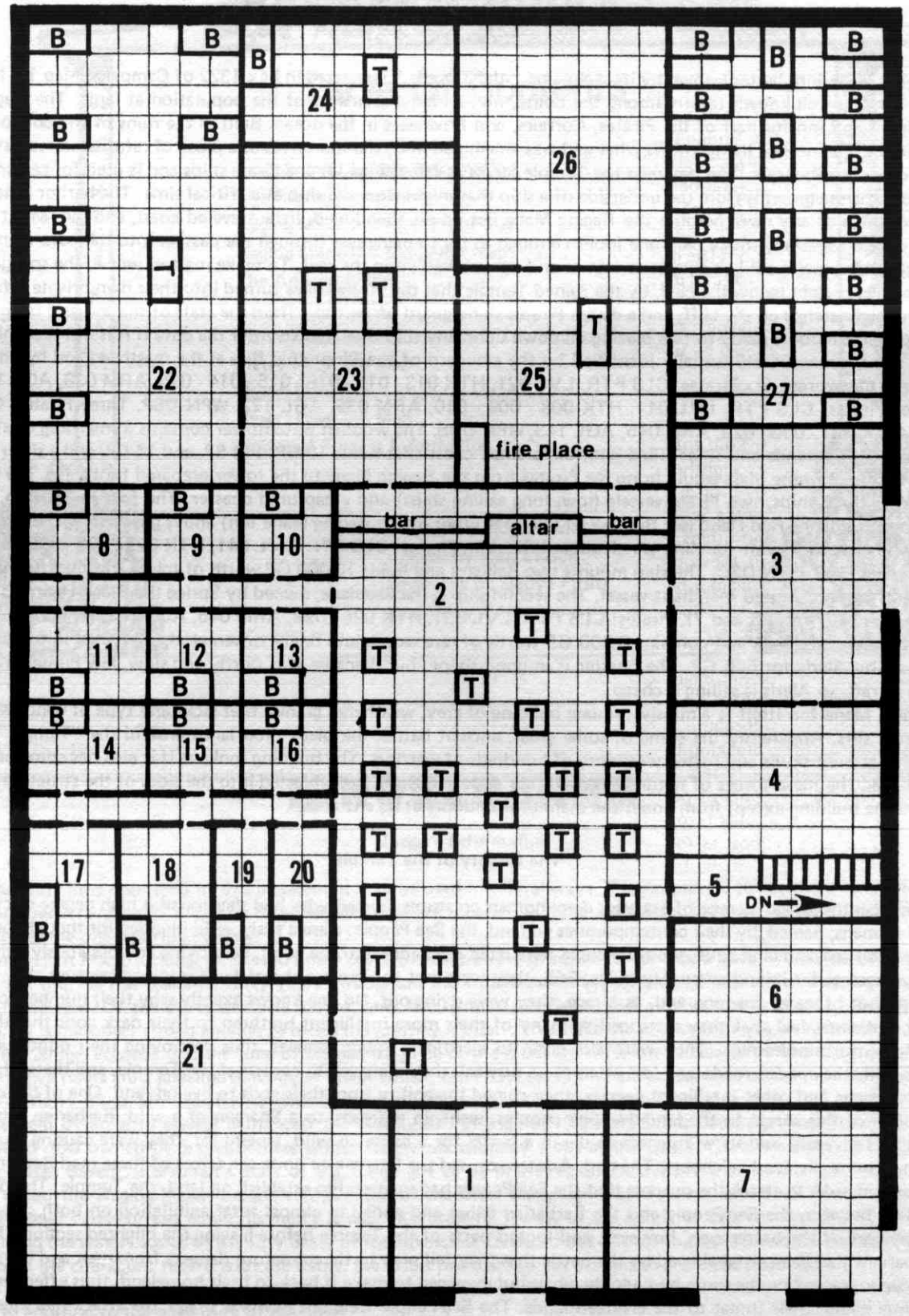
The Raging Mane Inn itself is a massive, square building of grey, weathered granite that lacks any type of window, including any Arrow slits. Apparently the scene of some great, ancient battle, the bleak moorlands around the "Temple" are strewn with the shattered skulls and rusted weaponry of hundreds of warriors. The building looks as if it also has come under attack by more than the mere forces of nature; several holes appear to have been blasted into the sides of the structure. No light shines from the building except from under the main bronze doors at its entrance.

The History of the Temple

Once, centuries ago, a race of aquatic, demi-human creatures existed who had developed a high degree of civilization. The demi-humans, named, by their contemporaries on land, the Sea People, were a scaly, cold-blooded lot that almost radiated evil. Raiders of sea and land alike, the Sea-People populated this section of the coast, destroying any previously existing hamlets and villages as far inland as twenty miles. Still, they were not too great a threat farther inland because they could not stand to be out of water for long and, as a race, they were dying out. No one knows exactly why their numbers continually dwindled, but some feel that they sacrificed so many of their more intelligent brethren to their dark gods that they slowly degenerated into mindlessness. They were also given to sacrificing young females, thus destroying their opportunity to repopulate. Still, the species made one last attempt at survival; they managed to construct the Temple, and there, through sacrifices of humans and other intelligent species, they gained the ability from their gods to live on land. One of the other gods, taking notice of this threat to the land-dwelling peoples, went, in a dream, to a Shaman of a wild, Barbarian tribe that was known for its savagery and its willingness to die in a battle for a cause. A wild, violent lot, they were causing much trouble among their more civilized neighbors. The god, Aslotan, caused the Shaman to unite the tribes of these mad Barbarians into a unified force in order to attack the outpost that the Sea-People had managed to establish on land, the Temple. The battle raged for ten days between the Sea-People and the Barbarian tribes and ended in almost total anihilation on both sides. The Barbarian survivors of the battle won, however, and looted parts of the Temple before leaving the blighted section of the coast. The Barbarians had been so weakened by the battle that they fell prey to the numerous dangers from men and from monsters that they encountered on the route home; only a handful managed to make it back to their homeland, thus effectively ending, for the time being, their threat to the civilized lands. The Sea-People were left in worse shape; the attack had killed the best and most intelligent of their degenerate race. The species fell back into barbarianism, abandoning most of their Temple outpost on the surface.

A few hundred years later, after merchant and war ships discovered that the coast was once again safe for travel, a badly-damaged Pirate ship found the cove and the Temple. After repairing their ship, the Pirates carried the news of the abandoned Temple (and of the fact that something lived beneath the Temple) around the Pirate fleet. Several ships made an attempt to enter the cove after that, but only an occasional one survived the dangerous reefs to reach the safe harbor. Knowledge of the safe passage slowly spread, however, with each new attempt. About fifty years ago, a minor, aging Pirate Captain,

THE RAGING MANE INN



Key:

(1st Floor)

T Table

Stairs

Doors

1 Square = 5 Feet

B Bed

N

Quan the Red-Hand sailed into the cove and found another Pirate ship already anchored there. The pair of ships careened while the crews guarded the entrance, explored the Temple (losing a couple of overly-inquisitive Pirates to the things that lurked in the basement), and generally partied and had a good time. Quan decided that he was getting too old to sail and command, so he unloaded a large quantity of supplies from his ship which they had obtained from a couple of rum-runners and set himself up in the Temple, which he named the Raging Mane, as an Innkeeper for the Pirates. The news of the Inn at the cove of refuge spread like wild-fire among the Pirate brotherhood. Since then, any Pirate ship in the area almost always stops at the Inn in order to allow the crew to relax and make any needed repairs to the ship. Several times, some brave but foolish naval captain of one of the coastal nations hase tried to force the passage into the harbor, but a few well-placed bags of oil and several firebrands sent their hopes of destroying the Pirates' ships safely anchored in the harbor up in flames. Because of the lack of other safe harbors in the area, the half-hearted attempts to blockade the harbor failed, as did the sole attempt at landing with an assault inland. (The government troops who attempted the assault had the bad luck to arrive at the Inn when five large Pirate ships were anchored in the cove at the same time.)

After Quan's death, Aleris, his son, took over the Inn and has been running it since. The Inn has gained the reputation in the disreputable circles of being a safe refuge for any seafarer who turns his hand to freebooting and as a place where stolen goods may be cheaply purchased by unscrupulous merchants.

Main Floor of the Raging Mane Inn

Room 1: (35' x 30') Room 1 was the old entryway to the Temple proper. The massive outside door is made of bronze and is covered with numerous, slightly obscene vignettes molded into the metal. The outer door is not locked; neither is the inner door. The bronze inner door, similar to the outer door, leads to what was once the main hall of worship and sacrifice for the Sea-People. The floor of the room is caked with grime and dirt from the boots of the Pirates, freebooters, and others who have passed this way to get to the bar. Broken bottles and discarded bits of food lie scattered about the room. Piled in a corner are two stripped bodies. They are the bodies of two Pirates who foolishly challenged a better or luckier Fighter and received their just reward. Their crewmates will haul their bodies out to their ship later for burial at sea. Sounds of battle coming from the next room fill the air, mingled with the unmistakable sounds of music, carousing, and general rowdiness.

Room 2: (55' x 100') Room 2 is the old main hall of worship for the Sea-People; it has been turned into the Public Room of the Inn. The room is full of tables; they are all occupied by singing, swearing, shouting Pirates, disreputable merchants, and ladies of ill-repute (members of Madame Zelda's dance troupe). The body of a totally inebriated Pirate lies on the floor, blocking the entrance from Room 1. When the party enters the room, a parrot will hang upside-down from the rafters, spread its wings, and giggle insanely at anyone entering the room. The parrot is one of many descendants of parrots that have been brought to this area by Pirates over the years. The room is lit by three large, wrought-iron candle chandeliers, all of which have their fair share of screaming parrots who will yell obscenities almost as loudly as the Pirates at the tables scattered about the room do. A flute player will begin playing at one of the tables, and a near-naked woman will climb upon another table to dance, kicking mugs of wine and ale out of her way to do so. The Pirates greatly appreciate her dancing; a dozen silver coins will be tossed at her, as well as several crackers that seem to come from the parrots hanging from the chandeliers. A fight between a pair of Scimitar-wielding Pirates will break out in the bar, to the delight of other Pirates who will immediately begin wagering money on the outcome. At the bar at the far end of the room, the current proprietor of the Inn, Aleris, watches as his three harried bartenders (Bartenders 1 - 3) serve up mugs of wine, ale, and other spirits to the thirsty Pirates. Aleris is a tall man with a scar on his cheek. He got the scar in the battle with government troops when they tried to take over his Inn. A quiet man, he will talk to few people, preferring to give all but his closest friends a brief nod of the head in acknowledgement of their presence. The reason for this is that he has an embarrassingly high, squeaky voice for such a large, powerfully-built man, and he feels that talking will ruin his rough, tough image. Three bartenders: CLS FTR, LVL 021, HTK 018 - 013 - 014, ARM 045, AGL 111, WPN WCL & DSS. Behind the bar is a large, open cash box that holds 145 GP, 345 SP, and 145 CP; this represents the receipts for the night.

Sitting at a table near the door are two people who appear decidedly out of place. One is a little old man dressed in conservative clothing and with a quill pen in his hand. The other is an equally old lady who is quietly sewing. The pair seem oblivious to the minor riot going on about them, and the rioters scrupulously avoid bothering them. The man is Woart the Scribner who is busily turning out a well-forged Letter of Marque. One of the Pirate Captains wishes to to take advantage of some trouble between a couple of the major states in this part of the world by preying on the shipping of both countries with Letters of Marque. Woart can turn out masterful copies of legal documents and Letters of Marque for a fee of 500 GP each. These copies are so perfect that they will fool people who rarely see such documents 90% of the time and will fool experts such as Captains of Government ships, naval legal experts, and the like 50% of the time. Woart is a mild-mannered man, but he will not allow himself to be bullied or talked down in price because he knows that few have his forging skills and that he can depend upon Aleris to protect him. The little old lady is the mother of Aleris, Irina the Nimble. She specializes in making personal Pirate flags as well as fake national flags which the Pirates fly to fool their prey and their enemies. Irina is a kindly old lady, but she can swear so strongly that it would make a Pirate bosun blush.

Prices at the bar are simple to remember: 1 GP for a mug of beer, wine or ale. More potent beverages, such as brandy, sell for 5 GP each. The prices are high, but Pirates are known spendthrifts when it comes to partying after a successful voyage, so Aleris gets plenty of business from the hard-drinking Pirates and Buccaneers. The ladies of ill-repute in the hall, five of which are already spoken for, charge 20 GP for their services. The women, who are members of Madame Zelda's dance troupe (although there is no Madame Zelda, and few of the women can dance well at all) are fairly pretty and reasonably skilled in the amorous arts. They are not Houris, but, after several weeks at sea, the Pirates for whom they perform rarely care). The Ladies: CLS FTR, LVL 011, HTK 001 - 003 - 003 - 003 - 003 - 002 - 002 - 002 - 002 - 002, ARM 001, AGL 135, CHA 147 - 145 - 154 - 143 - 154 - 065 - 165 - 176 - 175 - 176, WPN DDG.

The bar is currently being used by the crews of the two Pirate ships that are at anchor in the harbor, the **Westwind** and the **Seablade**. The Captain of the **Westwind** is Ella the Red-Hand, an Amazon who prefers to do her fighting from the deck of a ship rather than upon land. A legal Privateer, she is a fairly honorable person who preys only upon those vessels that her Letter of Marque, which is real and not a forgery, will allow. Her skill and honesty are well-known throughout the Pirate brotherhood and even among the seagoing population of the nearby nations. Her ship has been hired as a treasure vessel by governments who rely on her integrity with complete and justifiable faith. She is here with twenty-five of her crewmembers (CLS FTR, LVL 011 - 061, HTK 028 - 039, ARM 045, AGL 113, WPN DSP & DBS, carrying 1D8 x 10 GP) who are carousing and generally carrying on as any good crew of cut-throats and Pirates ever would. The +2 Two-Handed Sword that she carries is called "The Deck Sweeper," and she has slain as many as four men with it in a single blow.

The Captain of the **Seablade** is Sprigg the Black-Heart, the greatest cut-throat that ever sailed the seas (at least, that is what he says). Fairly new to the art of Pirating, he has only recently taken to the sea in an attempt to escape from a nagging wife and five bratty children. He is a wishy-washy, timid-looking man who backs down when stared at and will yelp for help if attacked, even if the attack is in a fair fight. The motley crew of cut-throats that he has assembled to serve aboard the ship he bought would slit his throat and toss him overboard were it not for his luck. He has managed to seize a dozen ships; he seems to know beforehand where these ships would be, when, and even what cargo the ships would be carrying. This seemingly supernatural ability which he possesses and his skill in avoiding difficult, unprofitable victims has caused his crew to be in awe of him despite his pathetic appearance and cowardly actions. Note: This ability is supernatural; he dreams every night of all the ships in his area and knows what they are carrying and where they are bound. Because of this ability over which he has no control, he has little interest in the comings and goings of ships, and he studiously avoids the normal Pirate contacts of information regarding merchant ships. His main wish in life is to find out how he is able to dream of the nearby ships because he fears that, if he loses his ability, his crew will turn on him. At some time during the evening, one of the crewmen from the **Seablade** will begin playing the bagpipes. Unfortunately, he plays badly and, after several minutes of insults from the crew of the **Westwind**, the twenty members of the crew of the **Seablade** will find themselves under attack from the **Westwind** crew, who will start a general brawl. Crew members: CLS FTR, LVL 011, HTK 006 - 035, ARM 035, AGL 113, WPN DSC & DSP, each carrying 1D6 x 10 GP. The basic rule of such a brawl is that no blades are allowed to be used; only bottles, Clubs, chairs, etc may be employed. Aleris will calmly watch the brawl and will not try to stop it in any way. He will be busily toting up the damage that the brawlers are doing, planning the charge for the fixtures and equipment that are broken and damaged from the fight (he may add in the price of a few things that were damaged at some other time but for which he could not exact restitution). After the brawl ends, he will present the Captains of both ships with a bill which they will pay if they ever want to use his Inn again.

There are currently three merchants at the Inn who are attempting to make a bit of money from the spendthrift Pirates. Two are buying small, easily transportable items to be shipped overland to their shops. The third is a Dwarven Smith who is selling his finely-made weapons to the Pirates and Privateers at the Inn and is doing a booming business. The first merchant, Agax the Fair (which, of course, probably isn't his real name), is buying gems and jewelry for half their value (fairly generous since, at best, a Pirate could only get 60% of the worth of an item). Agax the Fair has two, hard-bitten fighting men employed as guards (Guards 1 - 2), and he carries 4,000 GP worth of gems, 500 GP, 128 SP, and 54 CP. Guards: CLS FTR, LVL 041, HTK 031 - 036, ARM 075, AGL 165, WPN DBS. The second disreputable merchant, who is looking for any goods of great value and small size, is Rutland the Haggler. Rutland the Haggler is a small, wizened old man whose main joy in life is to argue and haggle over goods and their prices. Therefore, he'll always start with a price that is totally out of line (20%) with the worth of the goods that he is trying to buy, but he always says that such things as price are negotiable. Because of his love for dealing and haggling, a person selling goods to him will get 40 + 1D10 % of the actual worth of the item. Rutland is guarded by his sister-in-law, Ivy of the Red Hair, a tall powerfully-built woman with a reputation for fighting among the Pirates. It seems that one time, when she was guarding Rutland, a brawl broke out, and, after putting Rutland in a place of safety, she was drawn into the battle. Once in the battle, she managed to fell, with her fists alone, half of the entire crew of one Pirate ship. Since then, she has been able to keep Rutland and herself out of fights because no one wants to tangle with her. Rutland has 2,456 GP worth of spices, 527 GP worth of silks, and 40 GP worth of jewelry that he has purchased from Pirates

and freebooters in need of some fast cash in order to get drunk at the Raging Mane. Rutland also has 500 GP, 56 SP, and 32 CP left with which to make additional purchases. The last merchant at the Inn is the Dwarven smith, Ulric the Strong (some of the Pirates claim that this name is in reference to how he smells rather than to physical strength) who is selling his finely-made weaponry to the Pirates. For double the ordinary price (and, considering the fine quality of the weaponry, what he sells is worth double the ordinary price), he is selling 15 Damascus Steel Broadswords, 10 Damascus Steel Scimitars, 4 Damascus Steel Battle Axes, 2 Damascus Steel Foot Maces, and 1 Damascus Steel Two-Handed Sword. Ulric the Strong is a quiet, solemn Dwarf who will not haggle over prices but who is susceptible to flattery about the quality of his weaponr. He will reduce his price by 10% for those who "appreciate the fine quality of his goods." Ulric carries 200 GP, 150 SP, and 45 CP earned from his earlier sales to the Pirates. He also has a magical Dwarven Hammer that does +3 damage.

While the players are in the Public Room, the following strange events will occur. First, there is a 20% chance that a player who gets drunk will be hit with a cracker which seems to come from the ceiling. There is a 20% chance that the cracker will fall in the drunken player's drink. Players who look for the tosser of the cracker will see, among the numerous, multi-colored parrots hanging from the chandeliers, what appears to be a feathered monkey. It seems that, now and then, a parrot will fly down to the bar to steal some crackers from a bowl on the bar. The feathered monkey, much to the parrot's displeasure, will steal the crackers from the parrot and then will proceed to toss the crackers down upon the heads of the patrons in the bar. Secondly, at some time during the night, an horrendous, Barbarian war yell will be heard. A couple of the Pirates will start at the sound, but most will ignore the war call. A Barbarian man will appear at the door to the Temple and will then proceed to charge through the room, passing through people and furniture. The Ghost will then charge through a closed, heavily barred, bolted, and locked door at the side of the room (the doorway to Room 5). Finally, at some time during the night, mad pounding and scratching will be heard at the door to Room 5. Everybody in the Public Room will fall quiet to stare at the door that shivers under the repeated blows landing on it from the other side. After several minutes of pounding, all will fall quiet behind the door, and the carousing in the Public Room will begin again. If the players ask around about what is taking place, they will find out that, under the "Temple" lies a series of underground rooms full of monsters and that the door is sealed to prevent these monsters from over-running the Inn. A few foolhardy adventurers have gone through the sealed door, and fewer still have returned. All who do return claim that the underground area is full of monsters and contains very little real treasure, only some old books. Pirates aren't overly interested in books, and no one wants to annoy the creatures under the Raging Mane.

Rumors for the Public Room

1 *The creatures beneath the Raging Mane are actually the dreaded Sea-People, a race of aquatic humanoids that emptied the coast around the Temple hundreds of years ago of all other intelligent life forms.*

2 *A haunted ship manned by Skeletons was seen passing up the coast a few miles out from the Inn.*

3 *The underground chambers beneath the Inn are inhabited by a group of demons with scaly hides and red, glowing eyes.*

4 *The underground is inhabited by Ghosts and other Undead.*

5 *A king has put a bounty of 50 GP on the head of each and every Pirate killed.*

6 *A king has gathered a fleet of warships to destroy all Pirates and smash every Pirate stronghold and has placed a bounty of 50 GP on the head of each and every Pirate killed.*

7 *The King of the Pirates, Ras the Red, has been captured and killed, and one hundred Pirate ships are heading toward the Raging Mane to elect a new King.* (F)

8 *Ras the Red, King of the Pirates, has gathered a fleet together to hit one of the biggest cities in the area. So far, he hasn't told anyone which city that will be, but, keeping in mind Ras the Red's reputation for doing the impossible, the City State of the Invincible Overlord or the City State of the World Emperor would be likely targets.*

9 *The entire crew of a Pirate ship that ravaged a ship belonging to an eastern merchant has died at the hands of Assassins.* (False: Only the Captain and four of the five Pirates that killed the merchant's son who was aboard the ship have been killed.)

10 *A Wizard is looking to buy all of the Rubies in the world, and those that are not sold to him are stolen.* (F)

11 *A ship loaded with spices wrecked thirty miles down the coast. Watertight chests full of valuable spices have drifted ashore; some still remain in the hold of the wrecked merchant ship.*

12 *At Tarantis, a huge convoy of twenty merchant ships is being put together to head towards the City State of the Invincible Overlord; Ras the Red is assembling a fleet to capture this convoy.*

13 *A shipload of bright blue men has begun taking ships off the coast, and its bright blue female Captain has applied to join the Brotherhood.*

14 *There is a large treasure 200 miles down the coast to which one of the Pirates has a map.* (True, but the map is a fake.)

15 *One of the Pirates is selling a map to a treasure of 2,000 GP worth of pearls. The treasure is supposed to be hidden in a chest in a cave and guarded by twenty armed Zombies, but the map is a fake.* (False: The map is real, but the Pirate doesn't know it.)

16 *A fortune in jewelry is going to be sent by a noble in Tarantis to his prospective bride in the City State of the Invincible Overlord, but no one knows what ship will carry it.*

17 *Some rich noble in Tarantis has just purchased a small, fast sailing ship in order to take messages and items of value to and from Tarantis to the City State of the World Emperor.*

18 *A War Galley belonging to the World Emperor was lost at sea recently. The galley was rumored to be carrying a huge sum, the proceeds from the collection of taxes of the maritime provinces under the control of the World Emperor.*

19 *A War-Galley belonging to the World Emperor and carrying a large sum of money which was the proceeds from the collection of taxes of the maritime provinces under the control of the World Emperor has been reported to be lost at sea, but someone saw it sailing south, away from the domain of the World Emperor, at a fast clip.*

20 *More than half of the coastal boats captured on the way to the City State of the Invincible Overlord have been loaded with wine which, due to a recent fire, is in short supply in the City State and brings double the normal price there.*

Room 3: (35' x 45') Room 3 is the stables for the animals that have been brought to the Inn by the disreputable merchants who are dealing with the Pirates and Privateers in Room 2. The room contains 10 Light Riding Horses, five pack Mules, a Pony cart bearing the symbol of Ulric the Strong, and the strangest-looking creature the players have probably ever seen. The animal, at first glance, could be mistaken for a Pony, but closer examination shows that it definitely is not. First of all, it displays a set of fangs that would look more at home on a Wolf than on a Horse. Secondly, its forefeet are not hoofed but, rather, have clawed feet, and its back feet resemble those of a camel. If anyone but Ulric approaches the animal or the Pony cart, the beast will give a low, menacing, warning growl. If anyone tries to touch the animal or the cart, the animal will attack. Ulric's "Pony": HTK 056, ARM-045, AGL 134, hits on 1 - 6 on 1D20 with each of its two forefeet for 8 HTK of damage, and hits on a 1 - 8 on 1D20 with its bite for 10 HTK of damage. Ulric's cart contains various odds and ends of traveling gear, rations, a cloak, and an empty water skin.

Room 4: (35' x 25') Room 4 is the storage room for the feed and fodder for the animals in Room 3. The stabling of animals is free, but feed costs 10 SP per night. The room contains barrels of oats, blocks of salt, and several piles of hay. On a peg by the door hangs a single extra saddle that is for sale by Aleris, and under one of the barrels is a secret compartment that holds 400 GP and 150 SP.

Room 5: (35' x 10') The entrance to Room 5 is heavily bolted and barred. Aleris will be unwilling to allow people to enter this room, but he will do so if pressured. However, he will tell those fools who wish to dare the underground that he will shut the door and lock it behind them and will only open the door again if they ask him to do so. As the players enter this room, just before the door is shut and locked, they will hear one of the Pirates in the Public Room offer 10 to 1 odds against them coming out alive. There will be no takers. The room, unlike the other relatively dry though not overly clean rooms of the rest of the Raging Mane Inn, is very wet; moss and slime cover the walls. The slime on the walls glows with an eery blue light that negates the need for torches. Leading to the basement is a set of stairs at the top of which is the rotting corpse of a Pirate who almost managed to make it back to the door. The body has been badly mauled and partially eaten, and the weapons that one would normally expect to find are missing. However, in a belt pouch are ten green Emerald-like gems worth 50 GP apiece. The gems, known to occur only at great depths beneath the sea, are uncommon but not rare because Mermen often bring them to the surface for use in trade.

Room 6: (35' x 30') Room 6, because of its proximity to the stairs to the underground room, is presently not used except as a place to store trash until Aleris gets enough time to haul it out and dump it into the ocean. It is littered with broken bottles, ruined tables and chairs, bits of glass, and a few scraps of food.

Room 7: (45' x 30') Room 7 is not used because of the large hole in the wall opening to the outdoors. Two Pirates have sneaked into this room to discuss a treasure map which one of them found aboard a ransacked ship. The Pirate who found it, Jak the Red-Eye, is trying to convince the other Pirate to join him on an expedition to the isle where a treasure is supposed to be hidden under the ruins of a Wizard's tower. The other Pirate, Sethe Black-Hand, is willing, but they need some more people to fill out the crew. Jak the Red-Eye: CLS FTR, LVL 041, HTK 029, ARM 045, AGL 113, WPN DSC. Sethe Black-Hand: CLS FTR, LVL 031, HTK 024, ARM 046, AGL 112, WPN DSP.

Room 8: (20' x 15') Unoccupied.

Room 9: (15' x 15') Unoccupied.

Room 10: (15' x 15') Room 10 is totally dark; yelling and screaming can be heard coming from each corner. If the room is entered, the yelling and screaming will be directed at those who enter the room. The screaming consists of numerous swear-words, 70% of which are obscene, in over twenty different languages. A light in the room will reveal a pair of parrots perched on a bird stand in each corner of the room. They are responsible for all the commotion.

Room 11: (20' x 15') Unoccupied.

Room 12: (15' x 15') Occupied by a Pirate and a brace of ladies of ill-repute. Anyone entering the room will receive several curses directed at them by the Pirate, but the ladies will encourage all comers to join them. Joining them, however, at this particular moment, is taking one's life in one's hands because the Pirate does not wish to share his pleasures with anyone else. Pirate: CLS FTR, LVL 021, HTK 015, ARM 001, AGL 136, WPN DDG. His purse, containing 150 GP, and his Damascus Steel Scimitar lie on the floor. Ladies of ill-repute: CLS FTR, LVL 011, HTK 003 - 009, ARM 001, AGL 064, WPN DDG.

Room 13: (15' x 15') Unoccupied.

Room 14: (15' x 20') Room 14 is occupied by a single Pirate and a lady of the evening who are so busily engaged that they will not notice anyone entering the room. Pirate: CLS FTR, LVL 021, HTK 014, ARM 001, AGL 123, WPN DSC (his weapon, his purse containing 45 GP, and his clothing lie on the floor). Lady of the evening: CLS FTR, LVL 011, HTK 007, ARM 000, AGL 121, WPN None.

Room 15: (15' x 15') Unoccupied.

Room 16: (15' x 15') This room is occupied by a single Pirate and a lady of ill-repute who are oblivious to anyone entering the room. Pirate: CLS FTR, LVL 021, HTK 017, ARM 001, AGL 103, WPN SDG & DSP. His Damascus Steel Spear, his purse containing 45 GP, and his clothing lie on the floor. Lady of ill-repute: CLS FTR, LVL 011, HTK 002, ARM, 000, AGL 114, WPN None.

Room 17: (25' x 15') This room is occupied by a single Pirate and a lady of ill-repute. He is in the process of getting dressed, and they will both notice any intruders. Pirate: CLS FTR, LVL 041, HTK 036, ARM 001, AGL 131, WPN DBS. He has a purse containing 20 GP. Lady of ill-repute: CLS FTR, LVL 011, HTK 007, ARM 000, AGL 143, WPN None.

Room 18: (25' x 15') Unoccupied.

Room 19: (25' x 10') Unoccupied.

Room 20: (25' x 10') This room is occupied by a single Pirate and lady of ill-repute. She is dancing for him; he lies on the bed. They will not notice anyone entering the room. Pirate: CLS FTR, LVL 021, HTK 019, ARM 001, AGL 155, WPN DSC. His purse contains 37 GP. Lady of ill-repute: CLS FTR, LVL 011, HTK 005, ARM 000, AGL 132, WPN None.

Room 21: (L-shaped) (Approx. 60' x 50') Room 21 is used as a warehouse for items that have been left at the Inn by various Pirates to be picked up at a later date. The room is full of crates, boxes, and barrels that hold everything from bolts of silk to iron spikes. The room contains the following items of great value: 2,000 GP worth of silk, 1,500 GP worth of other fine cloth, 2,000 SP in a chest, 7,000 GP worth of spices, 400 GP worth of rare and valuable wines, 100 Damascus Steel Broadswords, 50 Damascus Steel Spears, 50 Iron Truncheons, 47 Damascus Steel Scimitars, and 5,000 GP worth of perfumes and incense. The room is unguarded because the Pirates of the Brotherhood respect the neutrality of the Raging Mane Inn, and any theft from this room would bring their great displeasure down upon the Thieves. They will know who has stolen from the room because, if Aleris does not announce within the room what is being removed from the room, the name of the person removing something from the room will appear on a small, bronze plaque hung above the door, and the Pirates will forthwith track down and kill the offender. Note: The plaque is small and inconspicuous; it must be searched for to be noticed.

Room 22: (35' x 75') Room 22 is used as the sleeping quarters for the bartenders and cooks who work at the Raging Mane Inn. The room contains seven single beds and a table. Under each bed is a simple, locked chest. Each of the male servants of the Inn carries the only key to his individual chest. The chests contain clothing, 1D6 x 10 GP each, and 1D8 x 10 SP each. Additionally, at each bed hangs a DSC which is to be used by the male servants in case they have to fight some sort of intruders.

Room 23: (35' x 20') Room 23 serves as the dining hall for the servants and the women of the Inn. The room contains two large tables, each with several wooden chairs by them.

Room 24: (35' x 20') Room 24 belongs to Aleris, and the door is always locked; Aleris has the only key. The room contains a large, four-poster bed and a table covered with sheets of paper, bills of lading, and writing utensils. The papers on the table are records of the Inn, mainly concerned with the items that Aleris stores for Captains of Pirate and Privateer ships. He stores these items so that the ships will be lighter and better able to chase down further booty. Under the bed are a trio of locked chests that open only with the keys that Aleris keeps on his person at all times. The first two chests contain clothing, but the third hold the moneys recently earned by the Inn. The chest contains 150 GP, 1,044 SP, and gems worth 400 GP. Also, at the bottom of the chest, in a secret compartment, is a map to Aleris' buried treasure. The treasure lies in a chest within a cave near the Inn. It consists of 2,000 GP, 3,567 SP, and gems and jewelry worth 3,450 GP. However, the chest is guarded; it also contains five poisonous Snakes: HTK 010, ARM 020, AGL 175, do 10D6 points of damage from poison at the rate of 2D6 points of damage per round for five rounds. These Snakes are trained not to bite Aleris.

Room 25: (35' x 35') Room 25 is used as the kitchen for the Inn. The room contains a fireplace in which a pot of stew is cooking and a table that is covered with partially prepared food. On the walls of the room are shelves that hold numerous pots, pans, and cooking utensils. 20 GP worth of spices are held in a rack near the door. The kitchen is run by a crusty old peg-legged Sailor, Old Hari One-Leg, who took over the cooking job after he lost his leg to a sea serpent ten years ago. Hari One-Leg: CLS FTR, LVL 041, HTK 031, ARM 017, AGL 104, WPN DDG. Hari is assisted by Bor the Axe who, after losing both hands to a Sword blow, settled at the Inn to live out the rest of his life. Bor the Axe: CLS FTR, LVL 031, HTK 015, ARM 015, AGL 111, WPN Hooks instead of hands; they each do damage as a Dagger.

Room 26: (40' x 35') Room 26 is the storage room for the Inn. The room contains numerous barrels and kegs of food-stuffs (flour, salted beef and fish, pickled vegetables, etc.), boxes of candles, boxes of drinking mugs (made of cheap metal), twenty 40-gallon kegs of beer and twenty of ale, forty 50-gallon barrels of cheap wine, and various odds and ends of furniture to replace that which regularly gets broken in the Public Room by brawling Pirates and freebooters.

Room 27: (65' x 35') Room 27 serves as the sleeping quarters for the members of Madame Zelda's dance troupe, the ladies of ill-repute who ply their trade at this Inn. Under each bed is a locked chest; each woman has the only key to her individual chest. Each chest holds various silk and fine cloth garments worn by the ladies of the evening, 1D6 x 10 GP worth of cheap but gaudy jewelry, 1D10 x 10 GP, and 1D10 SP. Most of the money they earn goes to their boss, Aleris. Several of the chests also contain various items of makeup used to disguise the advancing years of some of the members of the troupe. Additionally, one of the chests holds a small, wooden box that was given to its owner by a customer. The customer never returned to reclaim the box, which she has yet to open. It is locked, and it holds 20 GP and a map to a buried treasure that lies in an old, ruined mansion 500 miles up the coast.

Underground Level of Raging Mane Inn

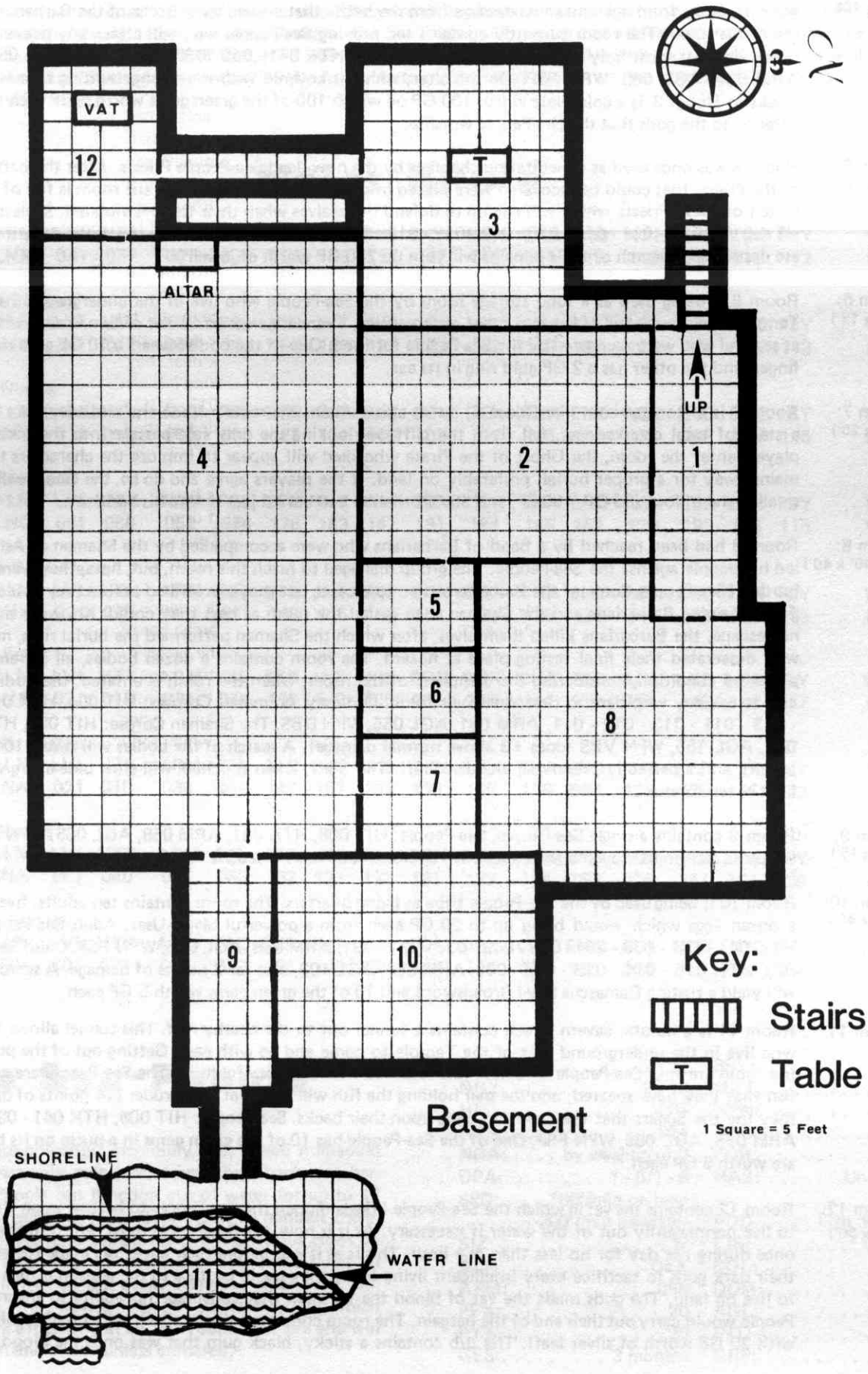
All of the rooms on this level are lit by the slime mentioned in Room 5 on the Main Floor. The walls of all of the rooms are covered with slime and moss. All of the walls show signs of neglect and bear battle scars.

Room 1: (15' x 50') The stairs from the Main Floor descend to this room which is guarded by three Sea-People. Sea-People are green, scaled humanoids with red, glowing eyes. They carry Spears and Tridents. A stone-aged culture, they have fallen quickly down the scale of civilization since the attack of the Barbarians which killed their best members. Sea-People: HIT 008, HTK 041 - 039 - 041, ARM 058, AGL 065, WPN RSP. Each carries two of the green, Emerald-like stones worth 5 GP apiece similar to those found on the corpse in Room 5 on the Main Floor.

Room 2: (50' x 40') Room 2 contains five Sea-People who will go to the aid of their comrades in Room 1 if they hear the sounds of fighting. Sea-People: HIT 008, HTK 048 - 049 - 050 - 051 - 046, ARM 058, AGL 065, WPN FSP. The walls of this room are covered with paintings of the obscene rites that the Sea-People practiced in the Temple. Though the pictures have been badly damaged by the slime and moss, enough remains to show numbers of intelligent creatures being sacrificed to their dark gods. One section of the picture depicts Sea-People being immersed in a vat of blood; it was through this rite that they gained the ability to survive out of water for long periods of time.

Room 3: (35' x 45') Room 3 is the library that some of the earlier Pirates discovered on the level before the Sea-People noticed the intrusion. The Sea-People killed the majority of those early Pirate explorers. The walls are lined with shelves holding books made of some sort of sea-weed parchment. The contents of the books are written in a language known only to a handful of Sages. To such a Sage, the 200 books in the room would be worth 20 GP each. At the table in the center of the room is one of the more intelligent of the Sea-People who is trying to regain some of the knowledge of their lost culture. Sea-People: HIT 008, HTK 059, ARM 058, AGL 065, WPN FSP.

RAGING MANE INN



Room 4: (55' x 105') The main altar room is in the best state of repair of all the rooms in the underground complex, but it still shows signs of decay from age and some damage from the battle that ensued when some of the Barbarians managed to reach this room. The room currently contains ten praying Sea-People who will attack any person who dares to desecrate their most holy place. Sea-People: HIT 008, HTK 041 - 045 - 035 - 036 - 035 - 042 - 054 - 035 - 038, ARM 058, AGL 065, WPN FSP. On the altar, which is covered with the strange writing that is found in the books in Room 3, is a gold plate worth 100 GP on which 100 of the green gems worth 5 GP each are piled as an offering to the gods that the Sea-People worship.

Room 5: (20' x 15') Room 5 was once used as a meditation chamber by the now-dead Sea-People Priests. After the battle, the bodies of the Priests that could be recovered were placed into this chamber. Currently, the room is full of the Skeletons of ten of these Priests which will rise up to defend themselves when their tomb is violated. Skeletons: HIT 003, HTK 013 - 011 - 011 - 010 - 010 - 012 - 012 - 013 - 013 - 014, ARM 010, AGL 155, WPN BSP. If the Skeletons are destroyed, a search of their remains will turn up 200 GP worth of jewelry.

Room 6: (20' x 15') Room 6 is being used as a food storage room by the Sea-People who live in the underground ruins of the old Temple. The room is full of fish and other sea creatures. There are also the bodies of two Pirates who were buried at sea and who were recovered by the Sea-People for food. One of the bodies wears a 10 GP gold ring on its little finger, and the other has a 2 GP gold ring in its ear.

Room 7: (20' x 20') Room 7 is a storage room like Room 6, but it also contains the remains (one arm and a leg) of a Pirate who, in a state of total drunkenness, fell from the cliff overlooking the only safe passage into the harbor. When the players enter the room, the Ghost of the Pirate who died will appear to implore the characters to carry his remains away for a proper burial, preferably on land. If the players agree and do so, the Ghost will show them a small cache of loot (35 GP, 105 SP, and 35 CP) that he had buried just before his accident.

Room 8: (Approx. 40' x 40') Room 8 had been reached by a band of Barbarians who were accompanied by the Shaman of Aslotan who had led his people against the Sea-People. The group managed to reach this room, but, here, they were trapped by a horde of Sea-People. Some of the Barbarians tried to escape, but they were killed before they could reach safety. The remaining Barbarians and the Shaman then sealed the room as best they could. Knowing that they could not escape, the Barbarians killed themselves, after which the Shaman performed the burial rites, making anyone who desecrated their final resting place at hazard. The room contains a dozen bodies, all in remarkably well-preserved condition, considering the dampness of the room. When the room is entered, the bodies will rise up and attack any who dare to desecrate their tomb. Ordinary Animated Corpses: HIT 004, HTK 014 - 014 - 014 - 013 - 011 - 013 - 012 - 011, ARM 031, AGL 055, WPN DBS. The Shaman Corpse: HIT 008, HTK 034, ARM 031, AGL 155, WPN VBS (does +3 above normal damage). A search of the bodies will reveal 104 GP worth of jewelry and a perfectly preserved, wooden Staff. The Staff, when touched, will glow blue and give off as much light as ten torches.

Room 9: (40' x 15') Room 9 contains a single Sea-People. Sea-People: HIT 008, HTK 031, ARM 058, AGL 065, WPN FSP. The Sea-People is carrying a woven seaweed sack which holds four freshly-caught fish.

Room 10: (35' x 45') Room 10 is being used by the Sea-People tribe as living quarters. The room contains ten adults, five children, and a dozen eggs which would bring up to 20 GP each from a powerful Magic-User. Adult Sea-People: HIT 008, HTK 041 - 031 - 050 - 034 - 035 - 043 - 037 - 031 - 031, ARM 058, AGL 065, WPN FSP. Child Sea-People: HIT 003, HTK 015 - 014 - 013 - 013 - 009, ARM 058, AGL 102, bite for 2 points of damage. A search of the room will yield a rusting Damascus Steel Broadsword and 10 of the green gems worth 5 GP each.

Room 11: Room 11 is a natural cavern which contains a tunnel out to the nearby reef. This tunnel allows the Sea-People who live in the underground part of the Temple to come and go with ease. Getting out of the pool of water in the room are four Sea-People who have just returned from a successful hunt. The Sea-People are carrying a large fish that they have speared, and the pair holding the fish will toss it at an intruder (14 points of damage) before they use the Spears that they carry in cases upon their backs. Sea-People: HIT 008, HTK 041 - 035 - 035 - 044, ARM 058, AGL 065, WPN FSP. One of the Sea-People has 10 of the green gems in a purse on its belt. The gems are worth 5 GP each.

Room 12: (20' x 30') Room 12 contains the vat in which the Sea-People Priests dipped the Sea-People to bestow upon them the ability to live permanently out of the water if necessary. As it is now, the Sea-People must return to the water at least once during the day for no less than one hour. This is as it was before their ancestors made the agreement with their dark gods to sacrifice every intelligent living being they could capture to the gods in return for the ability to live on land. The gods made the vat of blood the talisman that activated this ability to ensure that the Sea-People would carry out their end of the bargain. The room contains a single, silver vat (actually only iron covered with 20 GP worth of silver leaf). The tub contains a sticky, black gum that was once the blood left in the tub

when the Barbarians attacked. Also left in the tub was a Sea-People who was undergoing transformation at the time of the attack. Because of the magical nature of the heavily inscribed vat, the blood and the Sea-People remain relatively intack but very changed. The Sea-People will rise up and attack any intruders when the vat is touched. Sea-People: HIT 010, HTK 060, ARM 068, AGL 033, hits twice with each fist (fists are magically hardened to be the equivalent of DFM). At the bottom of the vat, under all that goo, are 200 green gems worth 5 GP each.

Major NPC's

Aleris

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LNX	041	031	031	059	154	136	117	142	148	061	117	113	131	111	112	WCL

Woart the Scribner

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
SAG	LNX	041	012	009	063	156	163	122	122	152	146	124	128	124	116	113	DDG

Irina the Nimble

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LNX	011	010	009	053	123	134	166	102	134	115	134	138	065	163	125	DDG

Ella the Red-Hand

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LNG	081	056	052	074	176	183	147	181	184	165	152	126	193	166	115	WTS

Sprigg the Black-Heart

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LNX	021	019	055	061	143	115	146	131	156	126	134	147	055	065	205	DRS

Agax the Fair

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LNA	021	017	031	074	138	142	125	095	148	114	113	157	148	136	117	DSS

Rutland the Haggler

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LNA	021	019	035	074	147	157	193	135	125	136	086	125	128	145	123	DSS

Ulric the Strong

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	CNA	061	040	055	063	162	123	122	181	123	114	162	076	147	121	135	VDH

Ivy of the Red Hair

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LGN	101	071	083	057	186	146	065	172	161	143	185	166	113	086	134	DBS

The Sea-People

A once-powerful, incredibly evil, scaled humanoid race, their wars with man have driven them back into barbarism. Sea-People can function out of water for up to 12 hours before weakening (-1 HTK every 10 minutes thereafter). Sea-People have tough, scaly hides, vicious claws on the ends of their webbed hands and feet, and a short fin running the length of the back. They are green with red, glowing eyes. They have gills and a rudimentary lung which does not work efficiently at all. Sea-People fear fire and will not attack a flame-bearer unless cornered.

NAP: . . . . . 2 - 12
NIL: . . . . . 2 - 12
HIT: 008
HTK: 024
NOA: . . . . by weapon or 2
DPA: . . . . . 1 - 6/1 - 6
SPD: . . . . 100'/min on land
200'/min on water
SIZ: . . . . . 6'
ALN: . . . . . CEX
ARM: 058
PF%: 20
PY%: 20
GES: . . . . . 3 months
PSY: 115
MRT: 10%
WPN: . . . . . FSP
RAD: 20%
POR: 20%
HAB: . . . . . Underwater, Caves
FOD: . . . . Fish, Sea Plants
LIF: . . . . . 30 years
COL: . . . . . Green
DOM: . . . . . Den
AGL: 105
INT: 055
GRP: . . . . . School

The Anaconda Inn

Located in a small clearing in the middle of the Underwing Jungle (Hex 3619, **Judges Guild Desert Lands Campaign Map Seven**) is the Anaconda Inn, a small, village tavern. It is used mainly as a meeting place by the local villagers because not many travelers are wont to go thrashing about in the dangerous jungles to end up here. However, people traveling down the Teithoir River do occasionally stop to rest overnight in the village, which is located on the riverbank.

The village consists of a circle of 12 huts; there are three huts outside the circle. The clearing is fenced to keep the village animals in and the wild creatures out. The huts are constructed of bamboo and wood with grass thatched roofs. They are built on stilts to discourage predators by raising the floor level from the ground. A wooden ladder is used to gain entrance to each hut; the ladders can be pulled up at night. The village animals usually sleep beneath the huts.

Chief Tayassaidae is the owner of the Anaconda Inn as well as the leader of the few villagers that reside here. The village was originally more populous, but many of the villagers have died recently or have left, leaving only a handful of people behind. The Chief is a strange, quiet man who is never without his pet Boa Constrictor; it is usually wrapped around his arm or draped over his neck and shoulders. Rumor has it that the Boa is really the reincarnated form of his deceased wife. The villagers are a superstitious lot; they worship Snakes and believe that the souls of their ancestors reside in the bodies of Snakes. To kill a Snake in the village is a crime punishable by death; burning at the stake is the usual method of execution.

The Chief, upon meeting strangers, will warn them to leave **all** Snakes alone and to avoid causing trouble during their stay. He will also let it be known that there are hundreds of Snakes within the confines of the village, some venemous, some harmless.

Chief Tayassaidae became Chief of the village and proprietor of the Inn when his father died under very mysterious circumstances. He is friendly to all the villagers, but the only person he really associates with is the Witch Doctor, Tiko, who lives in the hut (No. 13) right outside the village circle. Tayassaidae lives in the back section of the Inn in Building 1.

Chief Tayassaidae

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	CEN	081	064	017	091	197	156	137	176	154	145	126	147	136	145	091	WSP

Building 1

This is the largest hut of all; it is an 80' square. Like the other huts, it is built of wood and bamboo and raised on stilts, but the grass and mud roof rises up to form a point. A crude, wooden sign on the front reads, "The Anaconda Inn" and has a picture of a large Anaconda Snake drawn upon it. Entry is gained by climbing the ladder and pulling aside the mosquito netting which covers the open face of the building. Wooden tables and chairs are throughout the building, and woven reed mats, dyed various colors, cover the floor. The kitchen is in the northest corner. The house drink is a mixture of pig's blood and ale and is properly called "Pig Ale."' It only costs 2 CP for one of these drinks. Other drinks on the menu are: Ale: 2 CP per glass; Wine: 5 CP per glass; Firewater: 8 CP per glass; Foam Wine: 10 CP per glass. The menu lists Pigs Feet: 10 CP; Stew: 5 CP; Bamboo and Bean Sprout Salad: 5 CP; Fresh Fish and Veggies: 3 CP (the veggies are usually turnips or parsnips); Barbecued Meat: 4 CP. All the cooking is done by Tuca Ty, the Chief's daughter, and Topsword Guppy, her husband.

Tuca is a young, pretty woman who was recently married, against her wishes, to Topsword. Her father decreed that he had received a vision from the gods that the two should marry; he claimed that the union would please the gods and bring good fortune to the village. Topsword (so called because he is the only man in the village to wield a Sword proficiently; he was formerly named Tantoo) really doesn't care one way or the other about the marriage, but he is glad to have the Chief as a father-in-law. Because the Chief has no sons of his own, Topsword will become Chief when Tayassaidae dies.

Topsword is lazy and leaves much of the work to Tuca, who resents him all the more for it. She also resents and distrusts her father since the wedding and would leave the village if the right opportunity came along. To make matters worse for her, Tuca hates Snakes and does not believe that the ancestral souls are bound up in the bodies of the myriad Snakes populating the village. She has spoken out loudly against Snake-worshiping, and, if she were not the Chief's daughter, she would have been banished or killed long ago. Because she is the the Chief's daughter, the villagers let it pass, explaining to one another that she is insane like her mother. When he isn't in the kitchen with Tuca (which he isn't, most of the time), Topsword will either be tending bar (30%) or fishing in the river (60%).

Tayassaidae's room is in the northwest corner of the Inn and can only be entered from the outside. Woven mats are stacked in the corner covered by an Antelope's hide. This is the Chief's bed. He has 2 wooden Spears hanging in a criss-cross fashion on the wall behind his bed, and he keeps a small iron Hand Axe hidden under a mat on the floor next to his bed. Against the east wall of this room are 3 large, wicker baskets where Tayassaidae stores his belongings. The first basket contains leather loincloths, a few leather tunics, and 2 pairs of sandals. The second basket contains Tayassaidae's ceremonial outfit, a brocaded silk robe, a headpiece made of feathers and leather, and a beaded, braided leather belt. There are also 3 jars of face paint in this basket, one red, one black, and one green. Upon opening the third basket, the player-characters will come face to fang with a large, angry King Cobra: HIT: 2; HTK: 012; NOA: 1; SPD: 006, venemous poison. This Snake guards assorted colored beads, 2 Pearls, a Diamond, and an Agate stone, total value: 230 GP.

Tuca Ty

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	CGN	031	029	017	081	156	177	156	145	187	146	157	176	107	072	105	WSP & IDG

Topsword

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	CNE	051	033	018	071	175	138	115	169	125	165	117	135	071	145	031	ILS

Buildings 2 and 12

Buildings 2 and 12 are small storage areas of about 20' square. They contain bottles of Foam Wine and ale as well as large jugs of Pig's Blood. Dried meats are stored in wicker baskets; fruits and vegetables are stored in sealed ceramic containers and buried in the ground beneath the buildings to keep them fresh. Extra wooden Spears are hung on the walls. Hides from various animals are stored here for future use as blankets, clothing, or footwear.

Small Lizards have the run of the buildings; they snap up bugs and flies that might ordinarily infest the stored items. They are small Geckos and Anoles, members of the Chameleon family. They are green, brown, or a mixture of the two colors, and possess the ability to change their color to match that of their surroundings. They have long, thin, sticky tongues that snap out to snatch up insects. They never miss the target; they are always accurate. They will not cause any harm to a human, but they might cause surprise, and they could cause someone to trip when walking in the building if caution is not used.

Building 3

Building 3 is currently occupied by Shashima, the dancer. Shashima performs all the dances for the religious ceremonies as well as performing at the Inn for guests. Shashima is held in high esteem by the other villagers for her dancing ability. She is almost revered as a Priestess, and, as such, is always receiving gifts of food, small trinkets, or jugs of wine from the other villagers who wish to be in her favor. Shashima is the only person in the village whom the Chief fears; she has strong powers over animals, especially reptiles. She can even control Tayassaidae's Boa Constrictor, and this fact bothers him because the Boa will let only Tayassaidae (and, of course, Shashima) handle it.

Actually, Shashima has powers that even she doesn't realize. These powers take the form of prophetic dreams. Because of one of her dreams, she tried to warn the Chief that the marriage between Tuca Ty and Topsword would end in disaster, but, because he had already announced that the marriage was the result of one of his own visions, he refused to listen to her. Not wanting to embarrass her Chief, she has not divulged this vision to anyone else.

Shashima is empathetic and can detect another person's emotions on sight. These emotions cause a like reaction in Shashima. (If the other person is nervous, she becomes nervous.) Shashima is something of a healer and knows much about healing herbs. Her empathy also helps her to heal because she can feel the exact type of pain and better judge what it means. Shashima has been able to heal or at least help every patient she has ever worked with except for the father of the Chief. She was unable to help him because she couldn't feel his pain. After she discovered this difficulty, she refused to work with him, claiming he was dying of very unnatural causes. Tiko, the Witch Doctor, on whom a certain amount of suspicion naturally fell, told the villagers that Shashima was lying to cover up her own failure, but Tuca Ty, to this day, believes that Shashima was telling the truth. She suspects that her father and Tiko arranged, in some way, for her grandfather's death.

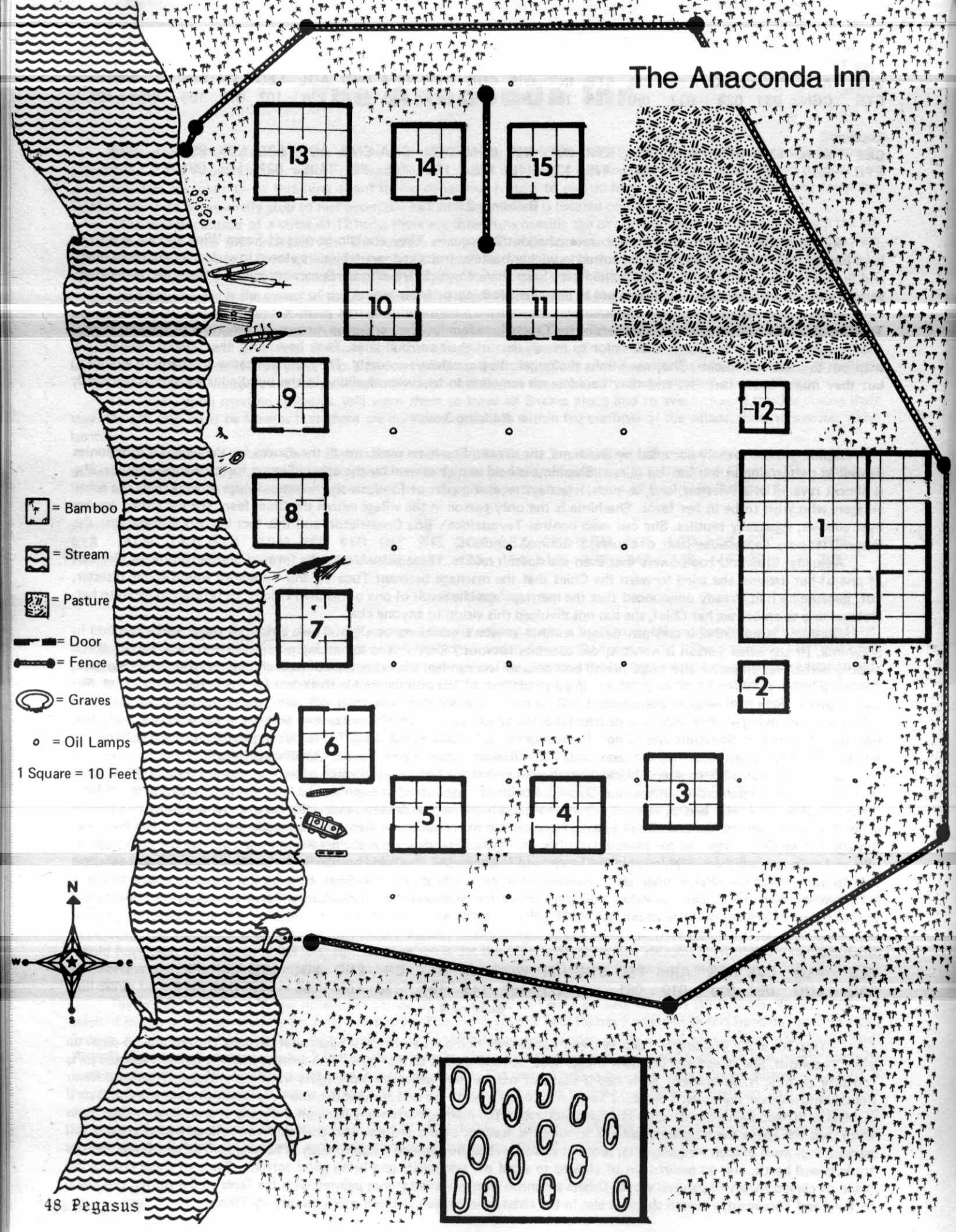
Shashima's hut is 30' square. A black mosquito net covert the open front portion of her hut; runes of warding and other ancient symbols are painted upon the net. Shashima believes very strongly in spirits; she believes that the symbols will keep them out of her hut. Her bed of stacked, woven mats and hides rests against the east wall; there is a long, silver Knife hidden in the layers of hides on the bed. Small Lizards (Anoles) run freely about the floor, eating up the insects that make their way through the netting. Large, woven baskets hold her belongings. Her dancing costumes are in these baskets. They are made of silks and satins embellished with embroidery, beads, and feathers. She also has a bronze Snake armband that acts as a talisman to help her control the Snakes when she is dancing with them. Her power is focused through this armband and help to link her mentally with the Snakes to make them perform correctly during the dance. Also within the baskets are trinkets and various pieces of jewelry worth approximately 175 GP.

Shashima

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
SAG	LNG	062	020	010	081	156	177	187	145	157	178	165	186	115	094	176	STK

Building 4

This 30' x 30' building is Tuca Ty's and Topsword's home. Their home is never neat because Tuca refuses to clean up after Topsword. She does keep her own things neat, but she throws all his "junk" in a corner, where it remains because he is too lazy to pick it up himself. Their bed is made of woven mats with soft hides (gifts from the villagers; Topsword never hunts) thrown over the mats. Topsword keeps his Sword next to his bed at night because he is afraid that someone will steal it. Mats with hand-painted and highly-symbolic pictures of the marriage ceremony hang on the walls of their abode. Tuca hates them, but she keeps them up in order not to hurt the feelings of the artisans who created them. A large wicker chest is still packed with most of their wedding gifts: hides of various types, homemade weapons such as Spears, Knives, and Clubs, various trinkets and beads, and an assortment of charms to ward off evil spirits and bring good fortune. Some of these charms are made of carved pieces of painted wood. Others are made from polished stones painted with the faces of the spirits. Unknown to Tuca and Topsword, a cursed charm is also in the chest; it was given to them anonymously by Tiko.


The Anaconda Inn
13
14
15
10
11
9
12
8
1
7
2
6
5
4
3
= Bamboo
= Stream
= Pasture
= Door
= Fence
= Graves
= Oil Lamps
1 Square = 10 Feet
N
w
e
s

Building 5

Building 5 (30' x 30') is presently being rented to a Druid named Mayaia. He pays 2 SP a week to Tayassaidae to rent the hut. It is sparsely furnished with one mat for a bed, a small wicker basket to hold belongings, and a mosquito net over the entrance. Mayaia has been in the village only about 2 months, and he feels that something very strange is taking place. Late at night, when everyone should be sleeping, Mayaia hears the muffled sounds of screams, yells, and the faint beating of drums. These sounds invade his dreams, making it hard for him to get any rest. He dreams of wild and monstrous things chasing him with the intent to kill.

Mayaia first came to the village to study the different varieties of plants in the area and the culture of the natives. Since coming here, he has tried to leave on two occasions, but was stricken with a mysterious illness characterized by fever and weakness and had to be carried back to the hut. He finds this hard to understand because he has never before been sick. He has become friendly with Shashima, the dancer, and she told him of her suspicions regarding mysterious cult practices. Mayaia plans to leave the village once again, as soon as possible, but he intends to sneak away in the dead of night without telling anyone that he is going.

Mayaia

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
DRD	LNG	071	040	018	061	115	187	198	136	157	167	116	148	051	072	176	WQS

Building 6

This hut (30' x 30') is unoccupied at the time except for a female Boa Constrictor that has made a nest here. She is ready to lay her eggs any second now. Tayassaidae will be happy to rent the hut for 2 SP a week. It is large enough for two to live in comfortably.

Building 7

Building 7 (30' x 30') is presently empty. None of the villagers will enter this particular hut because they believe that the spirit of the former occupant haunts it. They have carved and painted charms and runes on the exterior of the building in an effort to vanquish the spirit or, at least, confine it to this hut. Oddly enough, Snakes and Lizards will not enter the hut either. Tayassaidae will not rent out this hut under any circumstances.

Building 8

This hut (30' x 30') is occupied only by a few Lizards who are snapping up bugs left and right because there is no netting on the front of the hut. A stack of ragged woven reed mats is in the corner of the hut.

Building 9

This hut (30' x 30') is also empty at present. There is a mat for a bed and 2 wicker baskets for belongings next to one wall. A white mosquito net covers the front of the hut. This hut can be rented for 2 SP per week.

Building 10

This 30' x 30' building is the home of Kamchatka, the Wise Woman. She is very old, but she still has all her wits about her. The children of the village gather around her hut during the daylight hours to hear her tell stories. Unhappily, there are only eight children remaining in the village, but they still come to hear her stories. The tales she tells are mostly morality tales to teach the children the values of the villagers, but Kamchatka is a virtual well of information. She knows more than anyone else in the village about the history of the village, the former Chiefs, and the deepest, darkest secrets of the members of the tribe. Kamchatka knows all. She will be able to tell the travelers of great treasure nearby, and she can read their futures, but she is closed-mouthed around strangers; player-characters must win her confidence in some manner before she will reveal any of what she knows to them.

Kamchatka wears about her neck an amulet of luck and charm given to her by some adventurers for her help in locating a buried treasure. It is a green Jade stone on a leather thong, and it is worth about 200 GP. Her hut is sparsely furnished; she has simple needs. Her pet Lizard, Gemchecko, will be lying on the bed of mats and will hiss and attempt to attack any intruders who enter the hut without Kamchatka. Lizard: HIT: 1; HTK: 006; ARM: 030: NOA: 1; DPA: 2; 1' long, brown and green.

Kamchatka

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
SAG	LNX	081	018	015	081	084	186	188	105	116	114	116	105	104	127	176	None

Building 11

Building 11 (30' x 30') is the home of Kiwichi and Tomatoo Tucanas. Kiwichi is Kamchatka's granddaughter. They have five children ranging in ages from 2 to 9 years. Tomatoo is kept busy during the day tending to the animals in the grazing pasture adjacent to their hut. Kiwichi performs all the domestic chores and assists Kamchatka with hers. Kiwichi is the leader of the Women's Society and must perform certain rituals every day to satisfy the gods and appease the ancestral spirits. These rituals do not take a long time and are easy to perform, but they must be done every day. Likewise, Tomatoo is in charge of the Men's Society and must perform other prescribed rituals every day. Kiwichi learned the rituals at Kamchatka's knee when her grandmother was head of the Women's Society and expects to pass her knowledge on to one of her daughters one day. Tomatoo learned what he was to do as head of the Men's Society from his father, a former leader of that group, but, since all of his children are girls, Tomatoo is concerned about the future of the Men's Society. He and Kiwichi are still striving to produce a son to ensure the survival of the society. The two never discuss the matters of the Societies with one another because they are secret and not open to members of the opposite sex or even to outsiders of the same sex. The meetings take place once a month and draw more than 30 additional people from (relatively) nearby farms and hamlets.

Their hut is very cluttered, and they are thinking of building another hut nearby for their older children to occupy. The two are expecting another child in a few months and feel that more room is needed. Reed mats line the floor and serve as beds, and wicker chests hold personal belongings. As with many people of limited means and many offspring, there is nothing of any monetary value here.

Tomatoo Tucanas

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LNX	053	035	010	072	154	153	144	147	142	143	124	144	154	115	144	WQS

Kiwichi Tucanas

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LNX	052	040	000	072	146	164	143	156	153	155	132	156	153	104	153	WQS

Building 13

Building 13 (40' x 40') is the home of the Witch Doctor, Tiko, and his wife, Wichatu. Their hut is large than anyone else's. It is built in a similar fashion to the other huts, made of wood and bamboo, but it has mystic runes and symbols carved upon the exterior. Two large, coiled Snakes, fashioned of clay, lie on the ground in front of the hut. The Snakes are so life-like that one would have to look twice before it would be apparent that they were mere statues.

The inside of the hut has five mats for beds. The couple has three children. Large wicker baskets hold their personal possessions. These baskets contain clothing, extra animal hides, some beads and trinkets, Tiko's ceremonial outfit, and assorted jewelry items worth 250 GP.

Tiko and Wichatu quarrel often because he is out very late many nights during the week, and he refuses to divulge his whereabouts to Wichatu. He claims he was discussing business matters with Tayassaidae and says she should mind her own business, but she has seen him returning late at night on several occasions from the direction of the cemetary and refuses to believe that he was discussing business with anybody.

Tiko

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
MAG	LEA	073	028	010	074	164	174	143	123	142	124	153	124	143	157	143	VQS

Wichatu

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LEX	032	029	000	043	142	153	126	153	153	142	163	145	103	141	102	WTC

Buildings 14 and 15

These buildings are the Men's and Women's Society meeting buildings. It is here that matters concerning each separate group are discussed; there is no intercommunication. A 20' tall wooden fence separates the two buildings. It is very intricately carved and painted with the faces of the gods. A goup of Squirrel Monkeys have taken up residence atop the poles of the fence and sit chattering away there at on another and at any of the villagers who happens to pass beneath them. The children throw them pieces of food in an effort to tame them, thinking they would make cute little pets, but the Monkeys are afraid of the Snakes and will not come down from their perches.

The buildings are both 30' x 30' in size and are set on the ground instead of raised on stilts. They are built of wood and bamboo and have thatched grass roofs.

Cemetery

The cemetery is outside the fenced village on the eastern side. Oval mounds of dirt are surrounded by small, 6" high fences carved with runes and symbols. At the foot of each mound stands a totem carved to resemble the person buried there. Note: Some of the graves seem to have been recently disturbed by something (an animal???); the dirt of the mounds appears freshly turned and is not smooth.

Merry Mugs Inn

General Description

Merry Mugs is situated on the Rorystone Road outside of Byrny (Hex 2312, **Judges Guild Campaign Map One**). The building has a stone foundation and good, solid, wooden walls. The land 50 feet by 50 feet around it is cleared of trees, but anyone approaching from the rear might miss it due to the tall greenwood trees native to this area. The Inn rises two stories above the ground and forms a perfect square measuring 250' on a side. The walls are coated with a light yellow clay which helps to seal out the winter cold. The windows are also caulked with the clay, and the glass panes are especially hard, although perfectly translucent, because of a special Wizard's charm. The windows will open, but they are difficult to force from the outside. Above the great wooden portal hangs a heavy wooden sign that reads, "The Merry Mugs of Mead Inn - All Travelers Welcome." The guard standing behind the portal is Human and will ask for identification before allowing entry. A Gold Piece or 3 passed through the peek hole will not hurt his decision to admit travelers in questionable circumstances. Behind the portal is a 10' x 40' passage leading to the courtyard. 170' to the east are the unpainted Stables, a 40' x 210' area capable of harboring a large herd of steeds with 2 grooms and 3 assistants. Before the doors is a watering trough, and to the south are living quarters for the servants, cook, guards, and general manager. These are generally 40' x 40' rooms.

To the north is a Gift Shop painted light brown with yellow trim (40' x 50' area), the General Supply Store, also brown, and the unpainted Grooms' Quarters. The General Offices along the west wall, in contrast to the rest of the Inn, is painted bright yellow with no trim. The inside area, where Jeribalu and his two assistants work, is 40' x 60'. The 40' x 40' Kitchen area is a light brown with no windows. The only entrance to the Kitchen is through the inside stairs. This insures privacy for the cook and her assistant.

The Common Room also has an unpainted exterior with two entry points, both 5' wide swinging doors. The small sign above the first portal reads, "Merry Mugs for Mundane Moods." There is no exterior entry into the General Sleeping Room except through the Common Room. The room appears to be washed in a drab, brown color. Peering up, the visitor may notice that the second floor is a lighter color of brown. The second floor consists of Guest Rooms (usually 40' x 40' areas), special Guest Quarters for visiting nobility, a large Dining Area (40' x 90'), and a men's and a women's chamber to facilitate personal hygiene. The accesses to the upper floor are the single stairways on the north and south walls leading to the walkways. The other approach is from the Kitchen up the interior stairs into the Dining Area, but one must have already come from the Dining Area to the Kitchen in order to use this means because there is no access to the Kitchen besides the interior stairs.

Interior Layout

The Kitchen

The east wall of the Kitchen, a 20' by 20' room, is lined with pots and pans of various shapes and sizes. The south wall has one long counter with Knives, forks, and other utensils laid out. The assistant is usually here chopping onions or cubing meat, generally helping the cook. The cook will be found by the east wall, stirring soup in the cauldron or preparing some other dish by the fireplace. Shelves filled with silverware line the north wall.

Thebi, Assistant to the Cook

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NNN	021	014	001	031	133	103	092	123	133	052	133	123	052	092	103	IDG

Mira, the Cook

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NNN	031	028	001	033	143	123	133	153	143	153	143	153	153	133	123	IDG

The Common Room

Jeribalu tends the bar here occasionally. The room is 20' x 20', and the bar is located by the north wall. Behind the bar are stored wine, beer, and common mead. Exceptional wine is stored upstairs in the Dining Area. A large mirror is mounted on the north wall. 36 small, round tables fill the room, surrounded by a total of 144 wooden chairs. A charm placed upon them has made the chairs nearly unbreakable. Two equally unbreakable stained glass windows are situated in the west wall. In the south wall is the door to the General Sleeping Room (5 SP per night). When the bar closes at midnight, Jeribalu bolts that door to protect its inhabitants.

Murre, the bar keep, supervises the Common Room most nights. His disposition is sober; he has never cared for drinking or womanizing to any great extent. He keeps a Light Crossbow under the bar with two silver Daggers in case of a brawl or an attempted robbery. On the floor, behind the bar, is a sack of 150 GP and one of 270 SP which he uses to make change.

Murre

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NGX	031	022	002	041	184	123	133	143	153	123	153	143	123	133	123	CB & DG

General Sleeping Room

This 20' x 25' area contains 34 sleeping cots covered in clean linen. One Thief, posing as a drunken bum, usually occupies a cot twice a week to pilfer what he can from the sleeping patrons. Although Jeribalu is unaware of this, a wooden sign on the north wall states, "We are not responsible for items lost or stolen."

Cook's Quarters

Mira's private quarters (20' x 25') are whitewashed and contain a single cot, one dresser, and a night table. At first glance, the sparse furnishings would seem to indicate that she is very poor, but, in the third drawer of her dresser are 150 GP and 500 SP. Her closet on the north wall conceals a secret door to the General Sleeping Room.

Servant Girls' Quarters

This 20' x 30' whitewashed area has 6 beds along the south wall. 4 dressers and 4 closets are situated on the east wall. To the west are 6 chests. Nothing of particular interest or value is in this room. 2' x 5' mirrors are mounted on the north wall. There is a 1" peep hole in the east wall of which the girls are not aware. All the belongings will yield will be tin rings with glass "stones", 10 strings of cheap pearls worth about 1 SP each, and miscellaneous trinkets. Only 2 GP will be found.

Manager's Quarters

Jeribalu's quarters are adequate for his needs. His room is 20' square and painted dark blue. A Bearskin rug covers the north end of the room. Because he is an advocate of fresh air, his bed is positioned on the south wall beneath the window. An old dresser is against the east wall. A private chest is concealed beneath the floorboards under the dresser. Inside the chest are 2,000 GP, 4,000 SP, and a jeweled amulet which belonged to his mother and is worth 1,200 GP. The dresser, filled with stockings, scarves, etc., contains no treasure. A 2' x 2' self portrait of Jeribalu with a frowning face is hanging on the west wall. Behind it is the peephole into the room of the Servant Girls.

Male Servants' Quarters

These overpaid servants reside in this 20' x 25' light blue room. 6 beds line the east and west walls, 3 to a side. 6 pornographic drawings hang on the walls. One is of a Succubus entreating a young man; the rest are nude or semi-nude girls in suggestive poses. The dressers on the east and west walls are always in a disorderly state, as are the beds. Nothing of value can be found here except for 3 GP and 2 SP on top of one of the six dressers.

Guards' Quarters

The accommodations in this 20' x 25' whitewashed room are sparse. Inside are two beds along the east and west walls, one 2' x 3' shaving mirror on the north wall, and two dressers, one by the north wall and the other by the west wall. No treasure is hidden in the room, and no secret caches exist here. The closet on the south wall contains only uniforms.

The Stables

The Stable (L-shaped and approximately 110' by 25') holds 75 horses with private stalls for each. There are actually 90 stalls, but 15 of them are used to store hay for the horses. Hay is bought from local farmers, and its cost is included in the Stable charge. The Inn usually receives one fresh shipment of hay each week.

Groom's Quarters

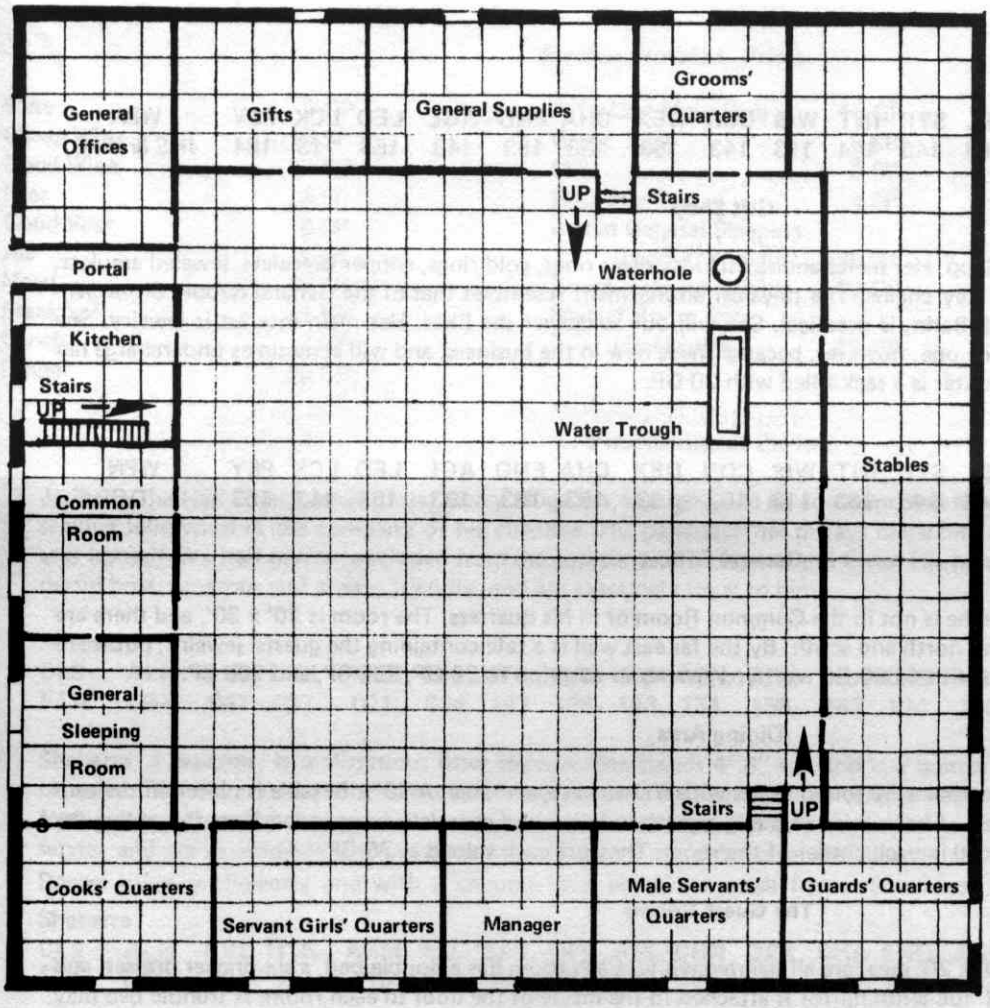
This 20' x 20' room is painted a cheerful, light yellow. Inside are 5 beds for the two grooms and their 3 assistants. The beds are arranged with 3 on the west wall and 2 on the east wall. The five dressers line the north wall. A quick search will reveal no treasure in the room except for 13 GP from the top of the dressers. In the back of a closet on the north wall, however, are two hidden compartments, each containing 5 Rubies and 3 Emeralds. A 1 rolled on 1D6 will reveal the compartments; otherwise, they are not detectable by search. The closets otherwise contain only clothing.

General Supply Store

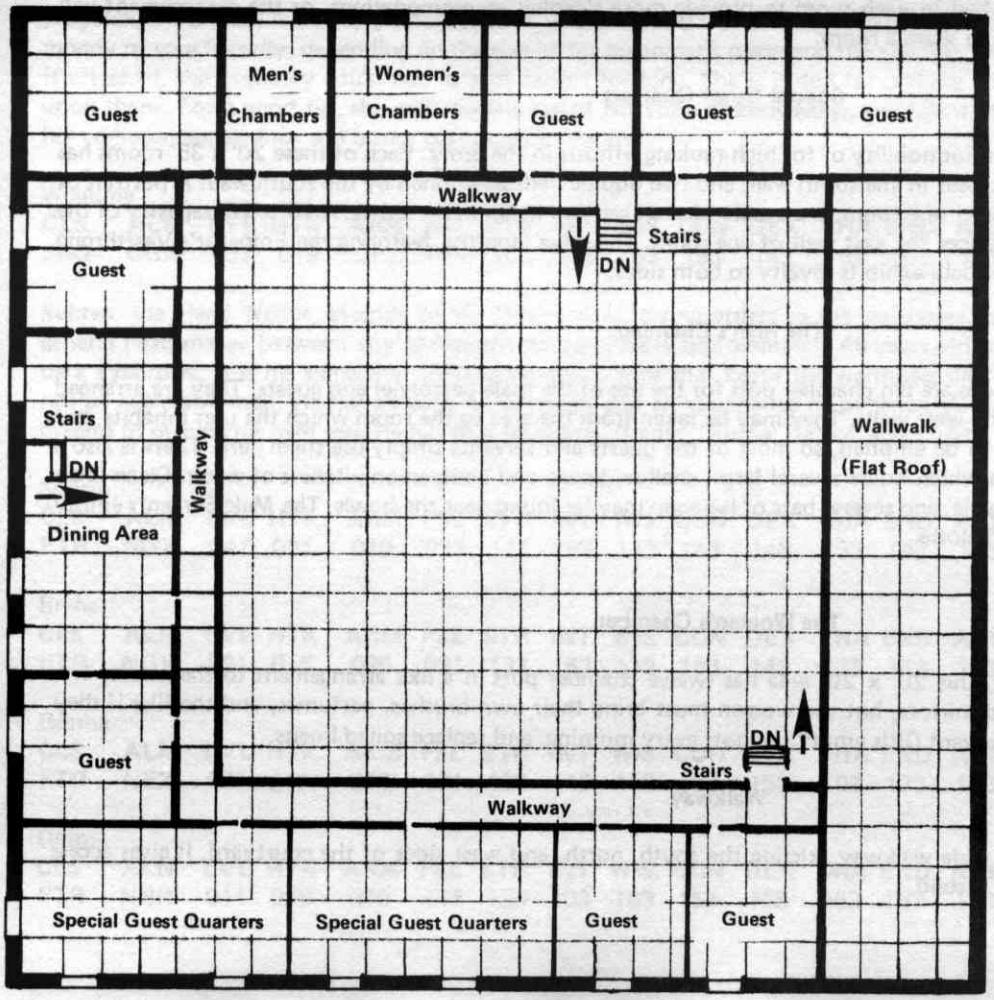
The General Supply Store is 20' x 35'. Shelves line the north, west, and east walls of this area. Here, one can buy leather belts, leather jackets, hats, boots, cloaks, robes, girdles, wax candles, hooded lanterns, large and small mirrors, flasks of oil, torches, ropes, tinderboxes, large and small sacks, belt pouches, wooden Holy symbols, saddlebags, blankets, harnesses, bits, bridles, and an assortment of herbs, including belladonna, garlic, wolvesbane, pyrethrum flowers, sassafras, and camomile. Anything not on the preceding list indicates that they do not carry it!!!

The General Supply Store is run by Barin, who owns a small farm two miles from the Inn. Barin is a very practical man who never buys what he doesn't need or doesn't think he can sell. He was once a soldier in the Emperor's Vastthrong but will not talk about those days. He is quite moody, but hides it behind a mask of friendliness and good will toward all. Behind the counter in the north wall is a loaded Crossbow and a Bastard Sword. He uses both with deadly accuracy.

MERRY MUGS INN



First Floor



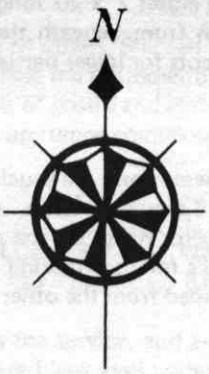
Second Floor

Key:

Windows

Doors

1 Square equals 10 Feet



Barin

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NNN	051	038	020	063	143	184	113	143	153	153	153	143	153	113	184	IHS & HAB

Gift Shop

Wilreva runs the 20' x 25' Gift Shop. Her merchandise includes silver rings, gold rings, copper bracelets, jeweled amulets, pendants, silvered tiaras, and jeweled key chains. The physical arrangement resembles that of the General Supply Store. Wilreva is as impractical as her husband, Barin, is practical. She will buy whatever she likes. Her main interest is jewelry. She doesn't know a good gem from a poor one, however, because she is new in the business, and will sometimes undercharge her customers unwittingly. Behind her counter is a sack filled with 20 GP.

Wilreva

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NNN	031	030	010	042	145	163	113	163	133	153	163	133	153	113	163	IDG

General Offices

Here, one can find Jeribalu when he is not in the Common Room or in his quarters. The room is 20' x 30', and there are 2 long desks behind a counter running north and south. By the far east wall is a safe containing the guests' jewelry, put there for safe keeping. At present, it is filled with 1,000 GP worth of jewelry in addition to 28 GP, 252 SP, and 200 CP.

Dining Area

This 20' x 45' light blue room contains 50 round tables with 4 chairs at each table. A 25' x 5' table is placed in the center of the room, running east and west. Above this table is a crystal and diamond chandelier suspended from the ceiling. Its value is 250 GP. Smaller lights are placed in each corner of the room. They are each valued at 75 GP.

The Guest Rooms

The Guest Rooms, usually a 20' x 20' area, are all painted white. Each room has a double bed, a six-drawer dresser, and a double closet 2' x 20' long. A 5' x 8' full-lenth mirror is attached to the inside of the door to each room. A trundle bed may be drawn from beneath the double bed in each room to provide more sleeping accommodations, or the management will provide cots for larger parties wishing to share a room.

Special Guest Quarters

These rooms are usually reserved for nobility or for high-ranking officers in the army. Each of these 20' x 35' rooms has a set of 6-drawer dressers, a double closet in the south wall, and two double beds positioned by the south wall. A portrait of the Emperor hangs on the north wall in one room; a portrait of the Overlord hangs in the other. A 20' x 20' tapestry of the Overlord's forces attacking Goblins graces the east wall of one room. The same tapestry, featuring the Emperor's Vastthrong is suspended from the other. Thus, Jeribalu exhibits loyalty to both sides.

The Men's Chamber

In this 15' x 15' whitewashed room are ten chamber pots for the use of the male personnel and guests. They are arranged around the area on the east, north, and west walls. They may be taken from the area to the room which the user inhabits, but they must be returned to this room to be emptied, so most of the guests and servants simply use them here. There is also a large table in the center of the room which holds several large, shallow bowls and companion pitchers of water. Clean linen cloths lie folded at one end of the table, and several bars of lye soap may be found near the bowls. The Male Servants empty the pots once a day and replace soiled cloths.

The Women's Chamber

Similar to the men's chamber, this 20' x 20' area has twelve chamber pots in a like arrangement to the men's. The washing table also holds several hand mirrors, but the women must bring their own brushes, perfumes, and the like if they wish to use them in this room. The Servant Girls empty the pots every morning. and replace soiled linens.

Walkway

Along the second level is a 5' wide walkway skirting the south, north, and west sides of the courtyard. It gives access to all the upper rooms. The east wall is solid.

Services Provided - Prices

Wine	2 GP	A La Cart Main Dish	10 GP	Guest Rooms (per week)	65 GP
Cheap Wine	15 SP	Grape Juice	2 SP	Special Guest Rooms (per night)	40 GP
Good Wine	10 GP	Milk	3 SP	Special Guest Rooms (Weekends)	75 GP
Beer	5 SP	Rose Hip Tea	4 SP	Special Guest Rooms (per week)	260 GP
Good Beer	8 SP	Bed in General Sleeping Room (per night)	20 SP	Fresh linen (per day)	1 GP
Ale	4 SP	Room Rate (per night)	10 GP		
Mead	10 SP	Special Room Rate (Weekends)	15 GP		
Breakfast	5 GP				
Lunch	7 GP				
Dinner	12 GP				

Personalities at the Inn

Jeribalu, the Half-Elven owner of the Merry Mugs Inn, thought mad by some and too foppish by others, is really a lonely man seeking fellowship in the company of his clientele. His parentage has always made him feel insecure and rejected because he sees himself as a half person, excluded from the company of both men and Elves. His hirelings, however, feel that he is a wonderful boss, generous and always friendly, and are extremely loyal to him.

Jeribalu

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LGX	041	027	021	064	143	165	143	134	158	147	124	156	154	104	143	ILS & SMG

Shebarra, a waitress, is a flirtatious little Human. She stands 4' 8" tall and is a bundle of energy when the Inn is filled to capacity. She will turn on her charms for almost anyone, but she expects a very generous tip in return. If such a reward is not forthcoming, the offending patron can expect considerably less pleasant service the next time. Most customers appreciate her service and are dependable tippers. If she has to fend off any extra-attentive patrons, she will do so with vigor. She wields her Dagger quite proficiently and with a strength that belies her small frame. She keeps the Dagger hidden in her left boot.

Shebarra

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NGA	031	030	010	021	163	174	103	163	143	174	143	163	174	113	714	SDG

Wugtilda, a waitress, is not as glamorous as is Shebarra, and she is more sensitive to the opinions of others. She can be very moody or very friendly, depending on the size of the customer's purse and the attitude toward her that the customer displays. If attacked, she probably could not defend herself for long. She is noted for picking up stray bits of gossip and elaborating upon them. For a good tip, she will reveal a bit of her store of knowledge. Her talent for picking up rumor compensates for her common appearance and brings customers to the Inn.

Wugtilda

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
SAG	CGX	031	019	010	021	133	143	133	153	143	153	153	143	153	133	143	IDG

Subree, the Head Waiter, attends to the Dining Area, giving orders to the waitresses, supervising the service, and acting as general peacemaker between any belligerent patrons. He is approximately 45 years old and has fierce black eyes under bushy dark eyebrows. It is his somewhat frightening appearance that keeps the waitresses and patrons in line, but, in reality, he is not an aggressive man. He has an even temperment and an abundance of patience. Although comfortable in his job, he has dreams of owning his own Inn. He has four assistants, Breher, Gorma, Detros, and Eujym.

Subree

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NGX	041	031	010	032	174	163	113	143	143	133	143	143	133	113	163	WCL

Breher

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NGX	021	016	020	021	133	153	113	143	143	123	153	143	133	113	153	IDG

Gorma

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NEX	021	017	010	021	123	143	113	133	153	103	133	153	103	113	143	DMG

Detros

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NNN	011	009	010	143	133	103	163	153	103	153	163	163	103	103	133	ITK

Eujym

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
THF	CGX	011	007	010	021	103	174	133	184	123	092	123	184	092	133	174	WCL & IDG

It is said that **Grejarus**, the Groom, learned his trade as a stable boy in the Emperor's service and, since that day, has striven to become the best Groom in the world. Undoubtedly, he is the best in this area, and anyone can see that he enjoys his work. He is assisted by a younger Groom, Jerbai, and his 3 brothers, Gerjem, Hiyam, and Juri.

Grejarus

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NGX	041	031	010	031	174	153	103	143	153	133	143	153	133	103	104	LWH

Jerbai

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NNN	031	028	010	021	153	133	103	163	133	123	133	163	123	103	092	IDG & DBS

Gerjem

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NGX	031	029	010	021	184	133	103	189	153	113	153	184	113	103	105	DBS

Hiyam

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NEX	021	017	010	021	153	103	103	153	163	123	153	163	123	103	124	DDG

Juri

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LGX	031	029	010	021	163	174	072	133	153	133	133	153	133	072	092	DBS & IDG

Miyra, the resident maid at the Inn, once worked for a rich Baron. He died one night, and she and the rest of the servants were summarily dismissed by the heir. She was lucky enought to find this job soon afterward. She has two helpers.

Miyra

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LGX	031	025	010	021	163	133	123	133	133	163	133	133	163	123	133	WCL

Karnan

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NXX	011	007	010	021	133	123	103	153	153	153	153	153	153	103	123	IDG

Jejusmer

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LNX	011	006	010	021	143	143	103	143	143	174	173	143	174	103	143	SDG

Rufes, an old soldier from the City State, now acts as the portal guard for the Inn. He has orders not to allow any vagabonds, scoundrels, or those without proper identification into the Inn complex. Proper identification has been known to be, when necessary, a few Gold Pieces slipped to him through the peek hole. Rufes was retired from the City State guard when he was found to be in his cups during watch. He also doubles as a bouncer for the Inn when needed. He no longer drinks on duty, but his assistant, a cocky little guard named Trubell takes a nip now and then and has little respect for Rufes.

Rufes

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	CGX	051	035	090	042	133	123	103	153	133	143	133	153	143	103	123	DSS

Trubell

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LGX	031	027	070	021	143	174	092	174	133	133	133	174	133	092	174	DLS

Guests

Some guests are regular customers. Among them is **Nevarne**, who poses as a drunk to sleep in the Common Sleeping Room and practice his Thevery; some patrons are openly suspicious of him because they have never seen him drinking. Nevarne has been extremely lucky so far, but the increased vigilance around the sleeping room has doubled his chance of being caught.

Nevarne

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
THF	CGX	041	023	030	021	133	174	103	163	103	143	103	163	143	103	174	IDG

Berif is another patron of the Inn. He is a large man who can usually down 5 or 6 mugs of beer in one sitting. He may panhandle in front of the Inn if he thinks he is low on cash. Usually, he has the money, but he just can't remember where he put it.

Berif

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NXX	051	032	020	021	174	103	133	123	153	133	153	123	103	133	093	DDG

Myran, a depressed man, uses the Inn as an unconscious outlet for his frustrations. By being critical of everyone and everything, he has succeeded in cutting himself off from humanity in general. His snide remarks are rarely even heard anymore. People have stopped listening to him, and this adds to his frustration and isolation.

Myran

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NXX	031	026	010	032	143	133	103	123	153	113	123	153	113	103	103	ILS & SHA

Vici and **Froshi** often frequent the Inn to see how many men they can lure from their wives and how many wives they can lure from their husbands. They have a very warped sense of fun; they care little about the havoc and unhappiness their activities cause. Vici is Froshi's husband, and their marriage does not seem threatened in the least by cheating husbands and playful wives. Usually, Vici will lure his prey from the Inn to his home, and, afterwards, tell her that he was not serious about leaving his own wife, sending the victim away in tears. Froshi prefers to confine her activities exclusively to the Inn, and she generates a considerable amount of business there.

Vici

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	CEX	051	036	010	021	133	103	163	153	143	174	153	143	184	163	124	ILS

Froshi

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
THF	CEX	061	027	010	021	103	113	153	174	163	174	174	163	184	163	124	SDG

Preytig comes to the Inn at night to prey upon those in their cups. She gets men to buy her drinks, although she actually drinks very little, and, when they have passed out, she removes any valuable belongings.

Preytig

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
THF	CEX	041	022	010	021	174	153	133	163	163	184	163	163	184	133	134	WCL

Past History of the Merry Mugs of Mead Inn

Jeribalu inherited the Merry Mugs of Mead from his father who had purchased it at a dirt cheap price many years ago. At the time Jerim bought it, it was being used as a waystop for caravans, but it was thought to be haunted by the ghost of the previous owner. It had originally been a manor house, but the owner disappeared under suspicious circumstances, and the heirs sold it. Because of the rumored ghost, Jerim was able to get an excellent bargain. Jerim felt that his son, Jeribalu, should learn a trade, so he made Jerbalu the assistant manager of the Inn. When he died, Jeribalu became owner and manager.

The Inn has always had a reputation for good food and drink, albeit expensive, and as a safe place to spend the night. The patrols around the countryside are partially responsible for this. The only thing that has put off prospective customers is the price of food and lodging.

Encounters

1 Prima, the vocalist with the squeaky voice, has, of late, been hanging around any and every available young man since her boyfriend disappeared on an adventure some months ago.
Rumor: Her boyfriend was not killed or lost but is in hiding somewhere in the Inn.

Prima

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
BRD	LNX	011	021	010	062	104	153	104	112	135	167	102	098	121	133	155	IDG

2 Belar the Berserker is hanging around the Common Room enticing naive young men to put some money down on an arm-wrestling bout with him. As his name implies, he goes somewhat berserk when things don't go his way, and his companions often suffer for it.
Rumor: A ghost was seen in one of the Guest Rooms moaning that he had been cheated out of his rightful property.

Belar the Berserker

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PLS	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	CNX	011	030	015	051	189	092	085	125	103	104	188	095	094	123	052	WCL

Desert Cave Inn
Iemear's Inn

General Description of Site

Iemear's Inn is situated on the Elftears Creeks just outside the Smoulder Hill (Hex 3312 of **Judges Guild Campaign Map Seven, Desert Lands**). The Inn is a series of bee-hive shaped stone huts arranged in a circle around the well. Behind the northern end of the circle is a stone-walled corral where the pack animals are stabled. The stone is white-washed to reflect the brutal desert sun. The area is surrounded by desert where few cactus and even fewer other signs of plant life are to be seen. Iemear established this complex as a haven for those who crossed the desert heading south for the Underwing Jungle.

Exterior Appearance

The first white stone hut is 20' high by 30' wide and 20' in depth. It is the only hut with a visible exterior door. There are two windows, one on either side of the door. Passing into the hut, one notices a second wooden door which leads into the courtyard. The Guard who occupies this room will detain suspicious characters who enter this peaceful haven. He is assisted by a trained Giant Scorpion concealed under a nearby large stone slab during the day.

The other buildings are similar in size; all are whitewashed, but each only has one door. Each has two sets of narrow slit windows with wooden shutters, so, while a pleasant view is offered, leaving without paying the tab is discouraged. An outdoor shrine is set in a decorative rock garden (10' x 20') situated in the courtyard by the Owner's Hut (Room 7)

In the center of the encampment is a 5' diameter well plunging to a depth of 200 feet. The fresh water source has never been known to run dry.

Interior Layout

Rooms 2 (30' in diameter), 3 (20' in diameter), 4 (20' in diameter), and 5 (30' in diameter) are spare and simple. The interiors are white-washed and are free of insects. Iemear's Anteaters provide this service. Sleeping bags and a few pillows serve as beds and chairs. A simple rug lies in the center of the floor. There are no closets, trap doors, or secret panels in the rooms, so searching for such things is futile and time-consuming.

Room 6 (25' in diameter) is the Kitchen. Around the east and west wall are various and sundry spices, herbs, and salts contained in multi-colored vases, jars, and pots. In the center of the room is a large spit. Along the south wall on two sets of shelves are cooking pots, pans, knives, and other utensils.

Room 8 (20' in diameter) is the storage room, painted dark brown on the interior and whitewashed on the exterior to keep it as cool as possible. It contains several extra bedrolls, extra linen, extra toilets, and other non-perishables. The perishable food is kept in a lower, cooler room 15' below the surface and accessed by a trap door. By climbing down the ladder, one discovers a 10' x 30' room in which is stored fresh goats' milk, fresh cream, butter, eggs, and other dairy products, cured meats, and some vegetables. In the south corner of the room is a small copper chest filled with 50 GP and 175 SP. This was Iemear's inheritance from his uncle, a desert bandit. However, Iemear never knew of his uncle's true profession.

Room 9 (30' in diameter), 10 (30' in diameter), 11 (20' in diameter), and 12 (20' in diameter) are all painted a creamy white. They are usually occupied when normal travelers pass through. These rooms are set aside for relatives, royalty, and caravan owners. Occasionally, a favored, well-paying, and habitual guest may take up residence here for several weeks on end. Some guests have been renting rooms for the same time each season because of the desert's wonderful effect on their health.

Services Provided

Breakfast:	4 GP
Lunch:	6 GP
Dinner:	10 GP
A la Carte:	2 GP extra
Wine (when available):	10 GP per mug
Good Wine (when available):	20 GP per mug
Ale:	Not Available
Milk:	2 SP per mug
Room Rate:	17 GP per night
Room Rate with family:	23 GP per night
Room Rate per week:	70 GP
Room Rate per month:	250 GP

Giant Scorpions

NAP:	1	CLS:	FTR
NIL:	1	LVL:	051
HIT:	5	PSY:	000
HTK:	030	MRT:	000
NOA:	1	SPA:	Poison
DPA:	6	WPN:	Bite
SPD:	30'	RAD:	000
SIZ:	8'	POR:	100%
ALN:	NEX	HAB:	Desert
ARM:	070	FOD:	Meat, Insects
PF%:	40	LIF:	12 years
PY%:	30	COL:	Black
INT:	113	DOM:	Cave
GES:	2 mos.	GRP:	N/A

Dreaded for its paralyzing bite, this desert insect is feared by many creatures who share its habitat.

Personnel

Iemear appears a likable sort of fellow at first glance. Closer inspection reveals that he is devious and penny-pinching when Gold Pieces are at stake. Iemear was orphaned at the age of two and passed back and forth between a handful of relatives before he ever knew a stable life. He earned the money to purchase these stone huts by working as a camel driver, and, by his late twenties, had built up a business here. While still living among his unsavory and unpredictable fellow workers, Iemear learned how to survive financially. Though he will make a good profit from any customer, Iemear would not take heartless advantage of anyone, nor will he mistreat his customers because he wants to continue to make a good profit for a long time. If a person becomes a friend of Iemear, it is a life-long friendship.

Iemear

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NGX	051	028	030	066	143	123	143	143	123	153	143	123	123	143	123	IDG

Starrela is Iemear's wife. She cooks, repairs tents, sews fabric and is generally occupied with the domestic chores of the Inn. Her real love is astrology, and she seeks every chance to practice it, sometimes to the point of annoying guests. Though she appears quiet and submissive, she will let Iemear know if she disagrees with any of his business transactions. She is a congenial companion to nearly everybody, however.

Starella

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
SAG	NXX	041	025	030	053	133	163	133	123	153	143	123	153	143	133	163	IDG

Trrenia, the daughter of Iemear and Starrela, is a very strange girl. Though quiet like her mother, Trrenia trusts no one. She has a very high INT and DEX for her age. She is ever vigilant, ever plotting to pick up a stray piece of jewelry that some guest will never miss. The jewelry is hidden in the dirt of a hollow under her bedroll. Her duties include helping Starrela with the cooking, laying out the meals in the community courtyard, and cleaning up after the guests.

Trrenia

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
THF	LEX	051	027	030	043	133	174	123	143	163	153	143	163	153	123	174	None

Mear is Iemear's idiot son who enjoys nothing better than looking after the guest's pack animals. As the corral is his chief and only responsibility, Mear can always be found there. On the few occasions that he is not there, he is probably at the well talking to one of the girls from the neighboring tents to the east or west of the Inn. Mear is simple and honest and quite well-liked by everyone. He does not ask for silver or gold when returning animals to their rightful owners, but he is almost always tipped for services rendered. He seems to have a natural affinity for animals and instinctively knows their needs.

Mear

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NXX	031	022	030	032	174	012	052	153	103	082	153	103	082	052	012	None

Sloth is so called because of his general disregard for work; his real name is Shier. Sloth, the eldest son of Iemear, always complained of too much work and too little excitement when his father started this business. Sloth, when he became old enough, was assigned to guard duty of the first hut. He still complains about the tediousness of work and exaggerates the importance of his position as protector of the gate to anyone who will listen. At night, Sloth often gambles with his friends inside his own hut instead of keeping watch. During the day, he has a tendency toward drinking cheap wine. His Giant Scorpion is kept in a 15' x 15' room under the large stone slab just to the right of the doorway to Room 1.

Sloth

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LEX	041	030	050	043	143	103	062	163	103	042	163	103	042	062	103	WSP

Guests

Emel the Nomad comes here every six months or so. He is, it appears, rather wealthy, but he is very tight-lipped about his money and his business. He travels alone, appearing and disappearing like a shadow in the sand. He vaguely hints that his business is in raising sheep and cattle. Rumors suggest that he is a noble wandering the desert, looking for something to give his life purpose.

Emel the Nomad

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NXX	061	050	030	086	143	153	133	163	143	143	163	143	143	133	153	DLS

Melanna, an old woman, is held in high regard by the community. She returns here every 3 months after visiting her sons, daughters, grand-children, and great grand-children. Her knowledge of Desert Magic is deep, and it is rumored that no Sand Worm will venture within 10 miles of her vicinity due to her power to Repel Evil. Even Sloth backs away if his eyes meet hers.

Melanna

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
MAG	LGX	081	020	010	096	103	174	133	103	123	123	103	123	164	133	174	IDG

Verba, the Caravan Leader, will stop at the Inn every six months to trade with Iemear's community at the paved 50' x 50' area outside the Inn. His merchandise is excellent on most trips and extraordinary on particularly successful sojourns. He drives a hard bargain for spices, jewelry, herbs, ornamental rugs, etc., and the guests enjoy bartering for his goods.

Verba

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NXX	041	029	030	044	143	143	133	153	153	143	153	153	143	133	143	DSS

Past History

The Inn has prospered for 20 years under Iemear's careful guidance. Before that, its origins are shrouded in mystery. It is said that the Bee-hive shaped huts were once the habitation of an evil cult of Desert Wizards who wished to make themselves supreme rulers. Over the centuries, they gathered ancient texts and practiced strange rituals. Finally, feeling that the time was right according to their star charts, the Mages summoned a Great Demon to do their bidding. He appeared, saw their paltry magic and their great ambitions and asked what they would have him to do. Still confident that he was bound under their summoning, they told him of their plan. Laughing uproariously, he shrugged off their restraints and, in a burst of flame, took them all to be his slaves in his own realm. The ground was blackened sand for many centuries thereafter and, though the buildings still stood, there was no sign of plant growth or human remains inside or out for 1,000 yards.

Two hundred centuries later, Iemear took possession of the site and invited his friends and neighbors to settle around the stone beehives to promote trade with the local caravans. To inspire his people with the desirability of the site, he painted the coal-black buildings a pristine white. If Iemear knew of the history of the place, he did not say.

Nothing untoward happened at Iemear's Inn; business flourished, and good relationships were established with the nomads who paused temporarily around his stone encampment in their perpetual wanderings. Customary visitors to this area now include the shepherds, local traders, caravans of many sizes, and horse herders as well as small parties of adventurers. Bandits and Sand Worms are very rare in appearance.

Encounters

Milos the Shepherd can be found seated with his sons at night during the community evening meal. He keeps a close eye on Trrenia, whom he suspects of stealing a bracelet from his wife. This theft of a family heirloom broke her heart and supposedly caused her death. Milos is a good friend of Iemear, and his honor keeps him from revealing his suspicions, but he waits for the proper time to expose her guilt.

Milos the Shepherd

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LGX	041	032	030	032	163	133	123	163	143	092	163	143	092	123	133	WQS

Milo's sons, **Ilos**, and **Dulos**, are a pair of tall, gangly, identical twins. The pair share their father's suspicion of Irrenia. These two are so identical that even Milo has trouble telling them apart.

Ilos Miloson

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LGX	031	030	030	031	155	102	112	125	112	115	155	102	146	135	123	WQS

Dulos Miloson

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	LGX	031	030	030	031	155	102	112	125	112	115	155	102	146	135	123	WQS

Marlo, the Dancer, performs for Iemear's guests after the evening meal. Though she is only 18 years old, she performs with the grace and poise of a more experienced dancer. Marlo loves jewels and precious little baubles and is quite skilled at separating such items from their owners. She considers herself to be above Trrenia, whom she sees as a mere servant girl. Trrenia is waiting for the right opportunity to steal something from her.

Marlo the Dancer

CLS	ALN	LVL	HTK	ARM	PSL	STR	INT	WIS	CON	DEX	CHA	END	AGL	LED	LCK	PSY	WPN
FTR	NGX	031	029	010	033	153	174	153	143	143	174	143	143	174	153	174	IDG

Rumors

1 *A Sand Worm was seen burrowing around the dunes by the Corral.*

2 *Sloth's pet Giant Scorpion is dead; he now has nothing with which to patrol.*

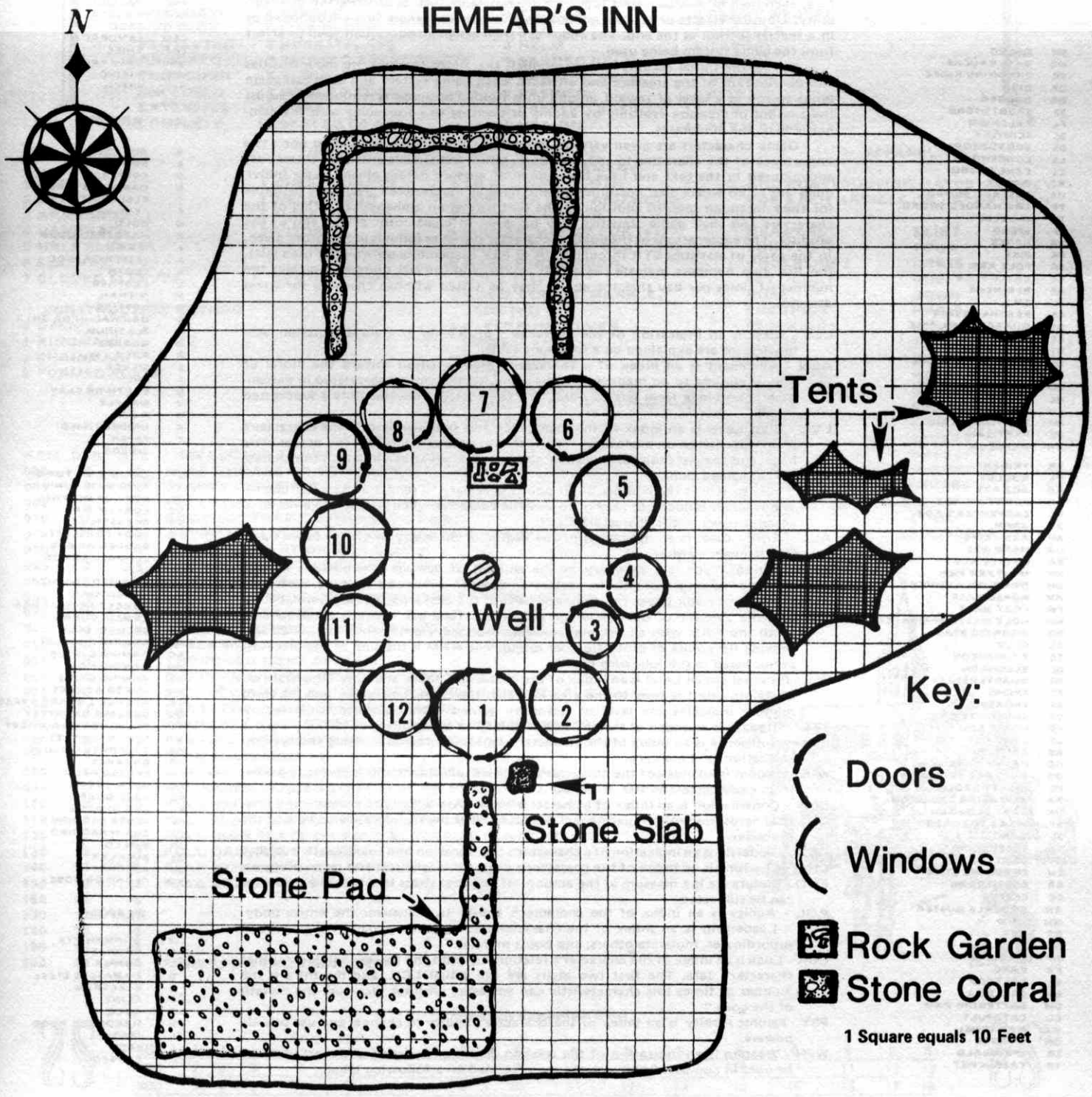
3 *Bandits were seen slipping out of the storage hut yesterday while Sloth slept.*

4 *The Emperor himself plans to spend a week in Room 10.*

5 *An immense treasure is hidden under the rock garden.*

DESERT CAVE INN

IEMEAR'S INN



ABBREVIATIONS

L	LEATHER
M	MITHRIL
N	NETTING OR ROPE
O	ORICHALCUM
P	PLATINUM
Q	QUARTZ
R	ROCK
S	SILVER
T	TIN
U	POISON TREATED
V	MAGIC
W	WOOD
X	UNIDENTIFIED
Y	MAGICUM
Z	ZIRCON

SW	SWORD
MG	MAIN GAUCHE
TK	THROWING KNIFE
DK	DIRK
DG	DAGGER
SS	SHORTSWORD
FL	FALCHION
SC	SCIMITAR
BS	BROADSWORD
LS	LONGSWORD
CS	CANE SWORD
RS	RAPIER
HS	BASTARD SWORD
TS	TWO-HANDED SWORD
JV	JAVELIN
SP	SPEAR
LA	LANCE
PK	PIKE
PA	POLE ARM
CP	CATCH-POLE
BP	BLADICHE
BI	BILL
FS	FEATHER STAFF
GP	GUARDED AWL PIKE
FC	FAUCHARD
GI	GUISARME
GV	GUISARME-VOULGE
GL	GLAIVE
GG	GLAIVE-GUISARME
HL	HALBERD
LH	LUCERN HAMMER
MF	MILITARY FLAIL
PT	PARTIZAN
RN	RANSEUR
TR	TRIDENT
VL	VOULGE
AA	ADZ-AXE
AD	PARRYING ADZ
CA	CARPENTER'S ADZ
AN	ANKH
AK	AXE-KNIFE
HA	HAND AXE
BA	BATTLE AXE
MP	MILITARY PICK
DH	DWARVEN HAMMER
HM	HORSE MACE
FM	FOOT MACE
HW	HOLY WATER SPRINKLER
MS	MORNING STAR
CL	CLUB
TC	TRUNCHEON
BL	BLUDGEON
QS	QUARTERSTAFF
PC	PACHO
SB	SHORTBOW
CB	COMPOSITE BOW
HB	HORSE BOW
LB	LONG BOW
AB	ARBALEST
KB	HEAVY CROSSBOW
MB	MULTIPLE CROSSBOW
PB	PELLET CROSSBOW
RB	REPEATING CROSSBOW
DB	DART BLOWGUN
ST	SPEAR THROWER
SL	SLING
SF	STAFF SLING
DT	DART
TH	THROWING STAR
BR	BOOMERANG
CE	CESTUS
KN	KNUCKLE DUSTER
WH	WHIP
NT	NET
BO	BOLAS
WF	WAR FAN
FA	FANG
CT	CALTROP
BT	BALLISTA
BM	BATTERING RAM
CU	CATAPULT
MA	MANGONEL
ON	ONAGER
SG	SPRINGALD
TB	TREBUCHET

This product is a **Judges Guild Universal Role Playing Adventure** designed for use with all game systems and requires a separate rules system for its use. The categories of statistics listed are selected to be applicable to the majority of the published rule systems but should not be considered the only statistics open for use. Should the particular game mechanics employed require the use of an additional term or statistic not found in this format, the Judge is encouraged to add it. All unused categories may be ignored. The values of the statistics given assume that the natural span of human characteristics ranges between one and twenty with the normal person averaging at ten. Since adventurous characters are above average, their beginning characteristics are generated with 3D6 to give a range of three to eighteen. A comparison chart is provided to permit the Judge to quickly convert values on the 1D6, 2D6, 3D6, 1D20, and %D ranges from one to the other. Interpolation may be necessary with some figures, but the Judge should keep in mind that these are suggested values only and may be modified to suit the tone of the campaign he or she is moderating.

The basic assumptions on the rationale for Magic vary so widely from one game system to another that one set of statistics cannot cover the field adequately. Therefore, each spell or magical effect is given a general name such as Stop Person or Invisibility. Unusual effects or articles are described in the text where first encountered or in a special section at the end. The Judge can then assign an equivalent spell or effect from the game system being used.

During the initial reading of this product, the Judge should note the quantities and distribution of the treasure and artifacts. Each game system and each campaign tends to run at a level of reward unique unto itself. The Judge is reminded to adjust the amount of treasure available by adding or deleting to correspond with the campaign he or she moderates.

Game characters are given varying amounts of description depending upon the importance of the character to the adventure. Minor individuals are listed where first encountered in the text and have only the most cursory details given. Major individuals are listed where first encountered and have as much detail given as is desirable for their intended role. In addition to the text listing, an alphabetical listing of the characters and their game statistics may be given in chart form at the end of the product. The explanations of the possible character statistics follows in the order given. In the cases of statistics STR through CHA or PSY (depending on which is used last), the first two numbers indicate the actual ability, and the last number indicates the number of times per day that the ability may be tested without checking for stress damage.

CLS - Class is an indication of the character's profession or main occupation. Abbreviations are explained on a following table.

ALN - Alignment is an index of a character's predisposition toward the moral or ethical choices to be made during the game. Alignment is abbreviated in descending importance from left to right. The third letter indicates only a suppressed desire.

LVL - Class Level is an index of the experience and skill acquired in the character's main occupation or profession. The first two numbers indicate the actual class level, and the last indicates the total number of occupations in which the character has gained skill.

HTK - Hits to Kill is the number of hit points necessary to render a character unconscious when reduced to zero or to slay the character when reduced to a negative amount equal to the character's CON.

ACL - Armor Class is an indication of the degree of difficulty of hitting based upon the defender's armor.

ARM - Armor Type is a summary of the amount of damage it is possible for the character to absorb due to the protection of worn armor and clothing. Wearing a lot of armor will lower the AGL and SPD of the character. During normal combat, the amount of damage which can be absorbed per round is equal to one-tenth the ARM with all decimal amounts dropped. For instance, ARM 022 will provide 02 points of protection per round. The ARM is the sum of the pieces of armor listed in the following charts.

PSL - Personal Social Level is an index of the character's social standing. The first two digits indicate the level in the area in which the character resides, and the third number indicates the level of notoriety gained within a twenty-mile radius.

STR - Strength is an index of the character's ability to apply physical force.

INT - Intelligence is an index of the character's reasoning power, learning ability, concentration, and memory.

WIS - Wisdom is an index of the character's intuitive judgement and knowledge gained from experience.

CON - Constitution is an index of a character's ability to withstand pressure and physical hardships without permanent harm as well as the recuperative powers of the character.

DEX - Dexterity is an indication of a character's coordination and manipulative ability.

CHA - Charisma is an index of the character's personal magnetism and persuasiveness.

END - Endurance is a measure of the amount of physical stress to which the character can be subjected.

AGL - Agility is an index of the character's ability to maneuver the entire body.

LED - Leadership is an index of the character's ability to command the respect of subordinates, motivate others, and boost morale.

LCK - Luck is an index of the character's relationship with the forces that control that character's fate. The first two digits are the actual LCK, and the third is the number of times this characteristic can be tested without incurring the "wrath of the gods."

PSY - Psionic Ability is an index of the character's ability to channel and use psionic powers.

WPN - Weapon is an indication of the weapon commonly carried and most likely to be used in combat. Abbreviations are explained on a following table.

ABBREVIATIONS

ALC	ALCHEMIST
AMZ	AMAZON
ANM	ANIMAL TRAINER
ARM	ARMORER
ASN	ASSASSIN
BEG	BEGGAR
BER	BERSERKER
BRB	BARBARIAN
BRD	BARD
BUF	BUFFOON
CHL	CHILD
CLR	CLERIC
DEM	DEMON
DRD	DRUID
FTR	FIGHTER
ILL	ILLUSIONIST
KNT	KNIGHT
MAG	MAGIC USER
MNK	MONK
PAL	PALADIN
RGR	RANGER
SAG	SAGE
SAM	SAMURAI
THF	THIEF
VAL	VALKYRIE
VIK	VIKING
WIT	WITCH

ARMOR

A	ADAMANTITE
B	BRONZE
C	COPPER
D	DAMASCUS STEEL
E	ELECTRUM
F	FELT OR FUR
G	GOLD
H	HARDENED WOOD
I	IRON
J	JASPER OR JADE
K	CLOTH
L	LEATHER
M	MITHRIL
N	NETTING
O	ORICHACUM OR ONYX
P	PLATINUM
Q	QUARTZ
R	ROCK
S	SILVER
T	TIN
U	EARTH OR CLAY
V	MARBLE
W	WOOD
X	UNIDENTIFIED
Y	PAPER
Z	ZIRCON

CT	CHAIN MAIL TUNIC
RT	RING MAIL TUNIC
CD	COAT OF DEFENSE
MC	COAT OF MAIL
BR	BREASTPLATE
BC	BODY CORSELET
BA	BANDED ARMOR
CA	CLEMAL - ARMOR
JK	JACK
SL	STUDDED LEATHER
KK	KULAH KHUD
GN	GORGET NECK ARMOR
CG	CAMAIL GUARD
BB	BALDRIC BELT
AD	ARMING DOUBLET
AG	ARMING GIRDLE
AH	ARMING HOSE
AS	ARMING SPURS
SA	SPIKED ARMLET
GB	ARCHER'S GUARD BRACES
DG	DUELING GAUNTLET
FN	FALCONER'S GAUNTLET
MG	MAIL GAUNTLET
FA	FALCONER'S GLOVE
LG	GREAVES
CH	CLOSED HELM
HC	HELM CREST
FG	FACE GUARD
EG	EAR GUARDS
PB	PLATE BARDING
CB	CHAIN BARDING
SH	SHIELD
BS	BUCKLER
SU	SURCOAT
XD	CLOAK OR ROBE

WEAPONS

A	ADAMANTITE
B	BRONZE
C	COPPER
D	DAMASCUS STEEL
E	ELECTRUM
F	FLINT
G	GOLD
H	HARDENED WOOD
I	IRON
J	JADE
K	CURSED

UNIVERSAL COMBAT STATISTICS

GAME STATISTICS VARY CONSIDERABLY WITH EACH GAME SYSTEM, AND THE MOST SENSITIVE OF THESE STATISTICS ARE THOSE USED TO RESOLVE COMBAT. RATHER THAN COMPLETELY IGNORE THIS VITAL AREA, AS MANY OTHERS DO, WE HAVE PROVIDED TWO STATISTICS TO PERMIT YOU TO ADJUST THE ONE CLOSEST TO THE SYSTEM YOU USE. REFER TO THE DEFINITIONS OF ARM AND ACL.

ARMOR TYPE - ARM

ADD ALL THE FOLLOWING DESCRIPTIVE RATINGS (RATINGS ARE FOUND TO THE LEFT OF THE DESCRIPTION) TO DETERMINE THE ARMOR TYPE (ARM). MULTIPLY THE ARMOR TYPE (ARM) BY THE RATING OF THE CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL USED TO DETERMINE THE TOTAL DAMAGE THE ITEM CAN ABSORB WITHOUT FAILURE. WHEN USING THIS SYSTEM, ONLY THE SHIELD OR BODY ARMOR WILL ABSORB DAMAGE, NOT BOTH.

COVERAGE	BODY	HEAD	SHIELD
BARE	1 SHOULDER GUARDS	1 BAND TIARA	1 GUARD
SCANTY	2 BELT	2 COIF	2 BASKET GUARD
BASIC	3 SKIRTED BELT	3 HOOD CROWN	3 NET CLOAK
ADEQUATE	4 GIRDLE	4 TURBAN	4 PARRY WEAPON
AVERAGE	5 WAR CLOAK	5 CAP	5 BUCKLER
PROTECTED	6 BREASTPLATE	6 HELM	6 TARGET
ARMORED	7 SKIRTED BREASTPLATE	7 BANDED HELM	7 HEATER
THOROUGH	8 TUNIC	8 CRESTED HELM	8 ASPIS
ENCLOSED	9 HOODED TUNIC	9 BASINET	9 KITE
EXTENSIVE	10 COAT	10 CRESTED BASINET	10 GERHON
COMPLETE	11 SEALED COAT	11 HEAUME	11 PAVIS TOWER

ARMS	DESIGN
1 GLOVES	1 CHEEKGUARDS
2 BRACERS	1 NECKGUARD
3 ARMBANDS	1 NASAL GUARD
4 VAMBRACE	2 VISOR
5 HALF SLEEVES	1 REINFORCED*
6 SLEEVES	
7 GLOVED SLEEVES	* SEE MATERIALS

CONSTRUCTION METHOD

0 OPEN
1 RINGMAIL
2 CHAINMAIL
3 FORMED PLATE

MATERIAL (REINFORCEMENT)

1 SILK, LINEN, CLOTH
2 SOFT LEATHER AND WOOD
3 FELT, LIGHT FUR
4 WICKER, HEAVY FUR (+1)
5 HARD LEATHER, CLAY (+1)
6 HARD WOOD, HORN, BONE (+1)
7 GOLD, COPPER, MARBLE, JADE (+2)
8 ELECTRUM, SILVER, BRONZE (+3)
9 PLATINUM (+3)
10 IRON (+4)
11 DAMASCUS STEEL (+4)
12 ADAMANTITE, HIGH CHROME STEEL (+5)

APPAREL

ADD CONSTRUCTION MATERIAL ONLY FOR EACH ARTICLE OR LAYER WORN.

DRAWERS	SKIRT
LOINCLOTH	TOGA
UNDERSHIRT	DRESS
PETTICOAT	ROBE
HOSE	GOWN
LEGGINGS	HABIT
STOCKINGS	BUSKINS
BLOUSE	TROUSERS
SHIRT	PANTALOONS
HALF TUNIC	HAT
VEST	GABERDINE
SMOCK	GAMBESON
APRON	FROCK
MANTLE	JACKET
SHAWL	BREECHES
CAPE	HOUSECOAT
SURCOAT	UNDIES
JAPON	BRA
SHIFT	COWL
JERKIN	FOOTGEAR
CLOAK	

ARM	DPR	ACL	DESCRIPTIVE EXAMPLES - SHIELDS EXCLUDED
000	0	10	BARE HUMANS OR SOFT-SKINNED HUMANOIDS
005	0	10	SCANTY CLOTHING
008	0	10	FULL SILK, WOVEN CLOTH, OR LINEN CLOTHING
010	1	9	BASIC LAYERED CLOTHING OR FUR
018	1	9	ADEQUATE LIGHT LEATHER TUNIC OR HEAVY FELT
020	2	8	BODY CORSELET OR WAR CLOAK
025	2	8	AVERAGE HEAVY LEATHER TUNIC
030	3	7	LEATHER JACK
035	3	7	PROTECTED PADDED LEATHER OR LEATHER JACK +1
040	4	6	COAT OF DEFENSE
045	4	6	ARMORED STUDDED LEATHER OR BRIGANTINE
050	5	5	SCALE MAIL TUNIC
055	5	5	THOROUGH COAT OF MAIL
060	6	4	CHAINMAIL TUNIC OR COAT OF MAIL +1
065	6	4	EXTENSIVE PARTIAL BRONZE PLATE OR BRONZE PLATEMAIL
070	7	3	LAMELLOR TUNIC OR BANDED MAIL
075	7	3	COMPLETE ADVANCED SEALED BODY ARMOR COAT
080	8	2	PARTIAL IRON PLATE OR IRON PLATEMAIL
085	8	2	IRON PLATEMAIL +1
090	9	1	PARTIAL DAMASCUS PLATE OR STEEL PLATEMAIL
095	9	1	ADVANCED SEALED BODY SUIT OR FULL GOLD, COPPER, OR JADE PLATE
100	10	0	FULL BRONZE, SILVER, OR ELECTRUM PLATE
110	11	-1	FULL PLATINUM PLATE OR IRON PLATEMAIL +5
120	12	-2	FULL IRON PLATE OR FULL ELECTRUM PLATE +2
130	13	-3	FULL DAMASCUS PLATE
140	14	-4	FULL MITHRIL PLATE
150	15	-5	FULL ADAMANTITE PLATE
160	16	-6	
170	17	-7	
180	18	-8	
190	19	-9	
200	20	-10	POWERED ARMOR SUIT TECH

Probability Comparison Chart

1D6	1	1	1	1	1	2	2	3	4	5	5	6	6	6	6	6
2D6	2	2	3	3	4	5	6	7	7	8	9	10	11	11	12	12
3D6	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
1D20	1	1	1	2	3	4-5	6-7	8-10	11-13	14-15	16-17	18	19	20	20	20
%D	1	2	3-5	6-10	11-17	18-27	28-38	39-50	51-62	63-73	74-83	84-90	91-95	96-98	99	100

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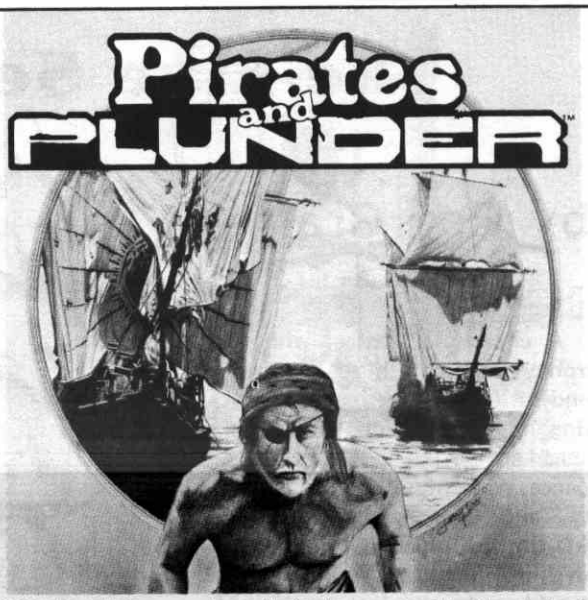
Being A Fantasy Writer Is....

by Paul Andrew Denisowski

. . . .buying typing paper, correction sheets, and typewriter ribbon by the gross.
. . . .having a box full of rejection slips.
. . . .having an envelope full of acceptance letters.
. . . .not bothering to correct your spelling since the editors will do that for you.
. . . .having articles rejected for "not meeting editorial standards for spelling, grammer (sic) and/or composition."
. . . .receiving writer's guidelines that don't adhere to the writer's guidelines.
. . . .choosing a soft drink because it has more caffeine than the others.
. . . .learning to touch type and flagrantly plagiarize at the same time.
. . . .(having an editor refuse to look at any more of your work because he read the same book you stole the material from - Ed.)
. . . .knowing everything there is to know about a game and never having the time to play it.
. . . .waiting so long to get paid that, by the time you are, the money is worthless.
. . . .grimacing at the repulsive sketches the staff artist stuck by your article.
. . . .numbering pages 1 of 8, 2 of 8, etc. and finding you have 9 pages.
. . . .using long words, idiot phrases, and irrelevant — — — — to stretch the articles.
. . . .(having an article returned for revision because it is too wordy - Ed.)
. . . .finding out you shell out more in postage and supplies than you get from your articles.
. . . .having family and friends tell you to stop typing at 6:30 a.m.
. . . .typing at 6:31 a.m.
. . . .being unable to decide whether to open the mailbox or not.
. . . .writing up products only to find that the rights for the game system have shifted to a company that hates you more than I hate getting letters telling me that the product I have written is now worthless because the rights for the game system have switched to another company.
. . . .writing on things you know nothing about, hoping everyone is as ignorant as you are.
. . . .(having the article rejected because they aren't - Ed.)
. . . .waiting eight months to get a rejection slip.
. . . .adding little touches of humor to cover your obvious factual and compositional errors.
. . . .(having the article rejected for obvious factual and compositional errors - Ed.)
. . . .writing articles like this for the sole purpose of making money.
. . . .(having articles accepted because they are entertaining, informative, and/or helpful, the sole reasons for acceptance - Ed.)



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Yaquinto Publications

The Five Senses in AD&Dtm

by Roy Cram

A character's contact with the environment about him is wholly dependent on his five senses: sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell. Yet, although an individual's Strength, Intelligence, Wisdom, Constitution, Dexterity, and Charisma are rated in **AD&D tm**, the capability and quality of his vitally important "windows" on the world are barely given mention, if at all. Therefore, this article describes a system by which the senses may be individually rated and used and also suggests some situations and circumstances in which they could be considered as major determinants of the outcome.

Each of the five senses listed above should be individually rated. For each function, roll two six-sided dice and add the total rolled to six. This will give a rating which ranges from eight to eighteen and averages out around thirteen. Entities with ratings of 14 or better can be considered to have superior faculties, and those with values ranging from eight to thirteen fall within normal limits. Creatures that have ratings of seven or lower have subnormal sensory ability, and any value of three or less should be considered a serious handicap.

In situations where perceptual abilities are a significant factor, the Judge must assign a Base Difficulty Number (BDN) to the stimulus in question. This number should be proportional to the difficulty of the circumstances, ranging from zero for the easiest up to sixteen for the hardest (BDNs of 17 or more will be impossible for **normal** senses to pick up). Whenever the senses are to be tested, the Judge rolls two six-sided dice, adds their total to the BDN, and compares the resulting sum to the character's rating. If the BDN + 2D6 is less than or equal to the sense's rating, then the stimulus has been perceived; the character has seen, heard, felt, smelled, or tasted the presenting sensation. If, however, the total exceeded the rating, perception did not occur, and the individual will have to suffer the consequences resulting from this failure.

Situations where sight is a major factor involve seeing and recognizing persons or objects, either at a distance or when such entities or things are trying to avoid being seen, are very small, or are hidden. Keen-sighted persons will have a better chance to recognize illusions, see through disguises, find secret doors and concealed portals, spot traps, and so on. Rangers will find good eyesight essential to tracking.

The Judge must keep in mind that there has to be light (or heat) for characters to be able to see, but, also, characters with good normal eyesight will have excellent infra- or ultravision.

Hearing might be a factor where balance and equilibrium are concerned but is most often tested when listening at doors or when trying to spy on conversations. Entities with good "ears" ought to be hard to surprise or sneak up on since even slight noises would alert them to the stalker's presence.

The usefulness of hearing generally depends on how noisy the surroundings are. Characters (and monsters) are far more likely to hear a strange sound in some deep, silent cavern than in an iron foundry.

Tactile senses and touch are most valuable where sight is not useful, as in blind persons. They can help distinguish texture, heat, cold, pressure, and shape of things felt and can be a really important sense in places where there is total and unrelieved darkness.

Smell is a sense better developed in animals than in Humans, but it can be a good warning faculty for persons as well. Many monsters stink to raise hell; their spoor should serve notice of their presence even to those with a poor olfactory sense. Many poisons and noxious gases have characteristic and distinctive odors which might signal their presence to a keen-scented individual. I allow Dwarves and Gnomes a chance to smell methane, a gas that is odorless to most creatures. The ability to detect this highly-explosive compound would be a very definite asset to creatures living underground where it is prone to collect.

As with noise in hearing, strong, overpowering smells and odors (such as unwashed companions!?) will interfere with the keenest nose's ability to detect and distinguish scents.

Last but not least, taste can play a role in game situations. The ability to taste poisons or toxins would certainly be a valuable skill; persons with highly-refined palates can find lucrative, if hazardous, employment tasting food for noblemen and royalty. An educated sense of taste would also help in identifying potions. Here, as in all situations involving the senses, Judges are limited only by their imaginations.

Another interesting application of this type of system is that it allows the Judge to assess varying degrees of blindness and impaired hearing. Sight and hearing are the two senses most frequently affected by magic spells, and the method previously described gives a more intelligent means of assigning bonuses or penalties to sense-related spells and occurrances.

Injuries may cause sensory deficits that are permanent (unless magically healed) or transitory, lasting only as long as it takes the character to recover from whatever affected him.

There are many possibilities for using the senses in **AD&D tm**. Judges need only experiment with this system to appreciate the added dimensions and aspects that rolls vs. senses will add to their campaigns.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

The Tower of Babel

A Mini-Module Written for Use With **AD&D tm**
For 4 - 6 5th and 6th Level Characters

by Graeme Davis

Introduction

The Baron of Ilsgar is seeking adventurers for a punitive raid to recover some stolen property. Five years ago, he had cause to fire his chief herald, Stoirguth, whom he suspected of meddling in demonology. He would have preferred to have fired the herald in the literal sense, but Stoirguth escaped, vowing to avenge himself. Three weeks ago, the Baronial vaults were breached, and a small, silver whistle was removed from among the effects of the ancient and accursed court magician of centuries ago, Sekakhnet Demonfriend. Nothing else was touched, but the Baron's new chief herald disappeared at the same time.

The treasury guards, now in chains beneath the castle, were found unconscious by their relief unit, who raised the alarm. None has any recollection, even when encouraged to remember by torture, of that night, and several were bleeding slightly from the nose and ears when found. When the Baron went to investigate the scene of the crime, the walls themselves suddenly spoke to him, delivering a highly uncomplimentary message from Stoirguth, coupled with an invitation to try to regain the stolen whistle.

Three days to the northwest of the Baron's capital is the ruined Tower of the Endless Victories, built by one of the Baron's distand predecessors during a war with the neighboring state of Caldon, in the course of which the Tower was destroyed. Reports from the area indicate that there have been some sinister activities at the Tower during the last six months, including bird-winged devil-women who take captive peasants who wander too near the ruins. The Baron is convinced that Stoirguth has established himself in the Tower. An expeditionary force from the Baron's High Guard has failed to return from the Tower, and adventurers are now being sought to recover the lost artifact and return it to the Baron, along with Stoirguth's head on a silver platter, if at all possible.

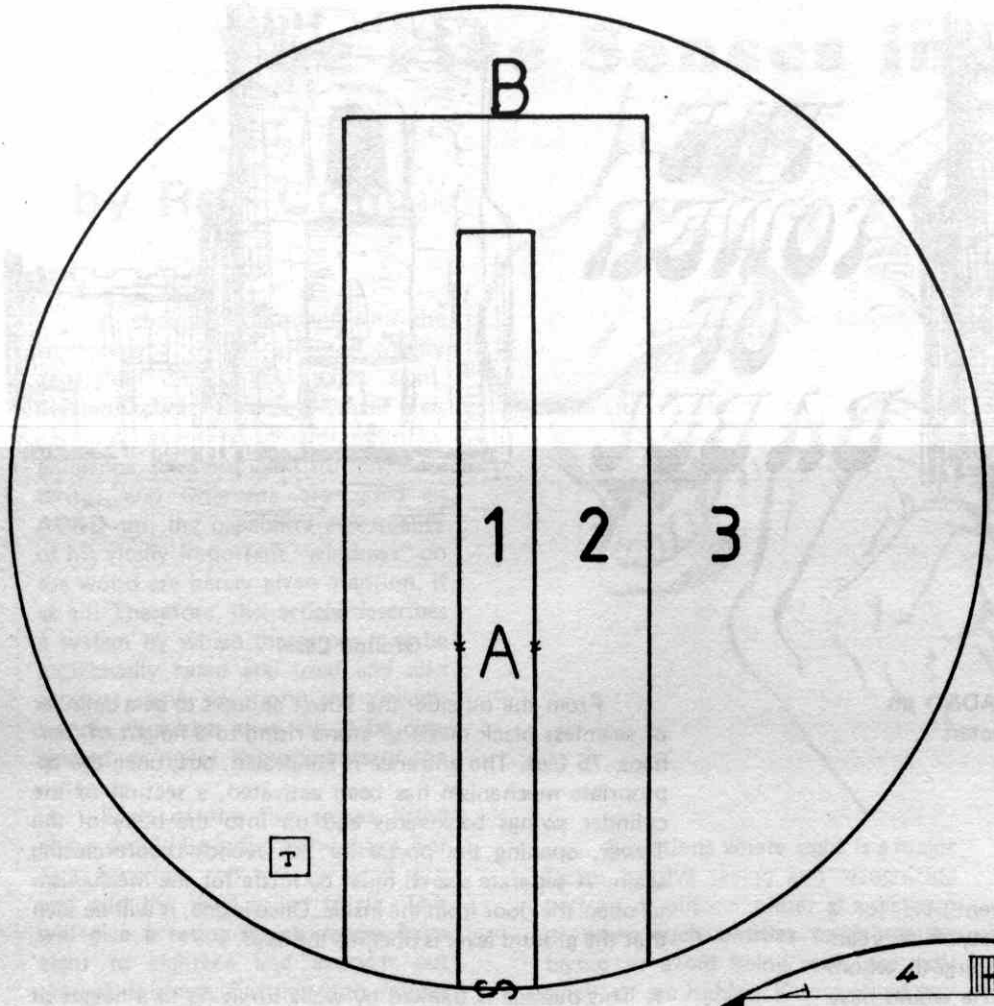
Ground Level

From the outside, the Tower appears to be a cylinder of seamless black metal or stone rising to a height of, perhaps, 75 feet. The entrance is concealed, but, once the appropriate mechanism has been activated, a section of the cylinder swings backwards and up into the body of the Tower, opening the portal for 20 seconds before closing again. A separate search must be made for the mechanism to open the door from the inside. Once inside, it will be seen that the ground level is open to the sky.

1. This passage is flanked by walls surviving to a height of 30 feet and is surrounded by the ditch (2). As the party passes point A, a pair of *Magic Mouths* is triggered and will begin to scream. When this happens, one of the Harpies from 3 will move to point B and begin to sing, drawing the party into the ditch. The remaining Harpies will move to the top of the wall and attack those who are not charmed, giving priority to spellcasters and artillerists.

2. The ditch surrounding the passage (1) and its flanking walls is 30' wide and 50' deep. It is carved or wrought from the same substance as the rest of the Tower, and the sides are vertical and extremely smooth (N.B. the Thievish ability to Climb Walls "assumes that the surface is coarse and offers ledges and cracks for toe and hand holds" - PH p. 27). The bottom of the ditch is littered with bones, corpses, and other debris, although weapons are noticeably absent. Grazing on the litter are 23 Giant Bombardier Beetles (HTK 6, 12, 16, 9, 14, 5, 9, 14, 10, 9, 5, 12, 17, 15, 18, 17, 16, 9, 9, 15, 12, 17, 10) which will, needless to say, regard anything dropping into the ditch as a potential meal.

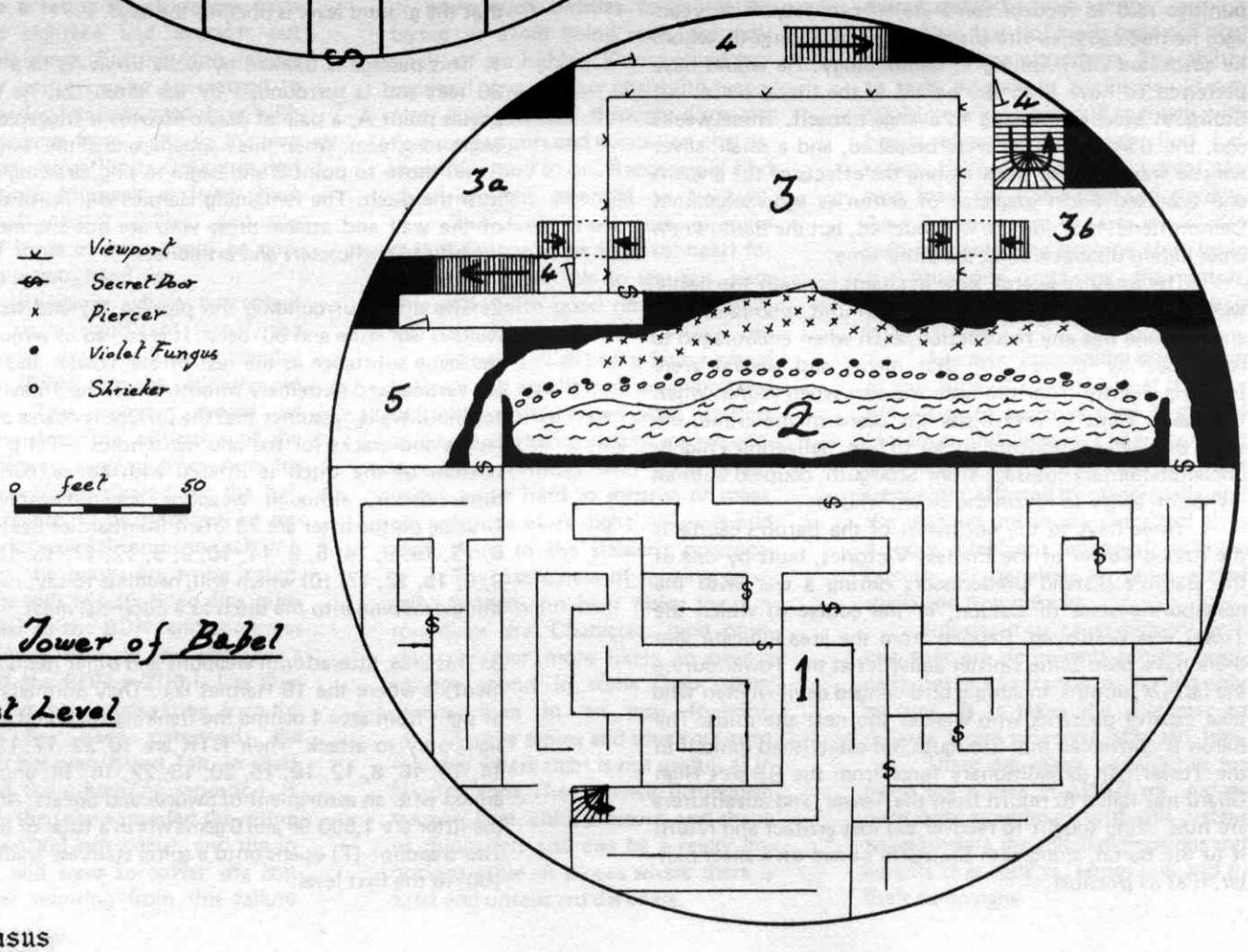
3. This area, littered with weapons and other items of equipment, is where the 18 Harpies lair. They normally stay out of sight from area 1 behind the flanking walls and move into sight only to attack. Their HTK are 10, 22, 17, 13, 17, 14, 14, 13, 16, 8, 12, 19, 15, 20, 13, 22, 16, 14, and they are armed with an assortment of Swords and Spears. Among the the litter are 1,500 SP and 6 gems worth a total of 3,500 GP. The trapdoor (T) opens onto a spiral staircase leading down 100' to the first level.



The Tower of Babel

Ground Level

0 feet 50



Viewport
Secret Door
Piercer
Violet Fungus
Shrieker

0 feet 50

The Tower of Babel

First Level

First Level

1. The Echotrap Maze

The Maze is in complete darkness and is carved or built of the same material as the rest of the Tower. Distributed liberally about the Maze are a number of *Magic Mouths* and *Programmed Audible Glamers* designed to produce a wide range of sounds at various distances from the party (see **Random Noises Chart**). The Maze carries echoes very well; the sound is magnified as well as distorted (-20% to any attempt to Move Silently by non-magical means), and the continual echos make it very difficult to trace any given sound to its source.

Also in the Maze are 16 Screaming Devilkins (**Fiend Folio**), HTK 14, 12, 15, 18, 16, 8, 12, 17, 15, 16, 11, 10, 13, 11, 10, 14, which will track down any intruders and attack immediately. The echoing properties of the Maze will magnify their voices to such an extent that the Saving Throw to avoid the effects of their screams is a -4. A check for encounters should be made twice per turn (every 5 melee rounds) after the party has triggered the first random noise; a 1 on a 1D6 indicates that 1D4 Screaming Devilkins have appeared until all 16 have been encountered. Random noises should be checked for twice per turn or every 50 feet of travel; a 1 or a 2 on 1D6 indicates that a random noise has been triggered. Consult the **Random Noise Chart** to determine which noise has been triggered. Note that a stationary party cannot trigger any further random noises. Each random noise lasts for 1D6 rounds.

Random Noises

Table I - Type
(1D20)

1. Moaning
2. Screams (Human)
3. Screams (as Devilkins)
4. Roaring/Growling
5. Heavy Footsteps (1 - 20 Individuals)
6. Sounds of Fighting
7. Talking/Muttering (Select Language)
8. Calls for Help (Select Language)
9. Fiendish Laughter
10. Babbling/Gibbering
11. Creaking
12. Sudden Crack or Bang
13. Rattling Chains
14. Rumbling/Sounds of Cave-in
15. Rushing Water
16. Howling/Baying
17. Unearthly Music
18. Muffled Explosion
19. Shuffling/Scratching
20. Roll Twice, Ignoring 20

Table II - Direction
(1D6)

1 - 2 Behind the Party
3 In the Midst of the Party (No Distance Roll)
5 - 6 In Front of the Party

Table III - Distance
(1D8)

1 - 2 10 feet
3 - 4 20 feet
5 50 feet
6 75 feet
7 100 feet
8 200 feet or more

Note: Distortion increases with distance, so only approximate sources can be given for distant noises.

2. The Shrieker Cave

The vaulted ceiling of this cave is covered with stalactites, and stalagmites grow amid the rank fungus covering the cavern floor. The southern side of the cave is occupied by a large pool, and water and slime flow down the walls and drip from the ceiling. The fungus growths include no less than 37 Shriekers, which will fill the cavern with their wailing as soon as the party enters, and 16 Violet Fungi, which will attack anyone approaching the huge fungus colony. Those avoiding the fungi and going directly to the door at 3 are liable to be attacked by the 40 Piercers of varying size which lurk among the stalactites.

Shriekers: HTK 8, 15, 14, 18, 17, 13, 13, 18, 6, 16, 8, 17, 17, 13, 17, 15, 14, 12, 5, 15, 6, 17, 19, 10, 14, 11, 17, 10, 22, 12, 19, 16, 12, 8, 16, 11, 16.

Violet Fungi: HTK 17, 20, 12, 9, 17, 19, 18, 10, 15, 11, 14, 12, 15, 10, 7, 12.

Piercers: 15 x 1 HD: HTK 3, 5, 8, 2, 1, 2, 8, 8, 2, 8, 6, 4, 8, 7, 2. 10 x 2 HD: HTK 9, 10, 13, 7, 8, 11, 14, 12, 7, 8. 11 x 3 HD: HTK 13, 21, 14, 11, 12, 10, 16, 17, 9, 16, 15. 4 x 4 HD: HTK 29, 26, 26, 30.

Inhabiting the pool are 15 Nixies (HTK 1, 2, 2, 1, 2, 2, 4, 4, 2, 1, 4, 2 ,3, 3, 4) which will attempt to charm anyone entering the cave so that the charmed person or persons will struggle through the Violet Fungus to the pool. The pool is sheer-sided and 50' deep, and the Nixies will not cast a *Water Breathing* spell on any character whom they succeed in charming because they are under the control of Stoirguth and have been instructed to kill any intruders. Victims will, therefore, be dragged underwater and drowned. The Nixies have gems to the value of 12,000 GP, a Longsword (+4 to Defender), and a ring of Spell Storing (3 x *Fireball*, 1 *Lightning Bolt* as at 6th Level) looted from a previous band of adventurers about which the Baron told the party nothing.

3. The Silent Arena

The opening of either of the doors from 1 to 2 will trigger an alarm in 3a and 3b, the barrack in which the remnant of the Baron's militia unit, now charmed by the Nixies and in Stoirguth's employ, is quartered. By the time the party emerges from 2, the troops will be drawn up in the Main Room (3) in full battle array. Another alarm will have sounded in Stoirguth's personal quarters, and he will be in the secret passage surrounding the arena, observing through the hidden viewports. The arena is covered by a *Permanent Silence* as at 12th level for dispelling purposes, and, if this is broken, he will cast up to three spells into the arena before retreating. If all the troops are killed before the silence is broken, he will negate it himself, cast one spell, and retreat to his quarters via one of the staircases at 4.

Troops: 25 Heavy Infantry, Level 0, Splint, Halberd, and Broadsword, HTK 3, 4, 2, 3, 5, 6, 6, 4, 6, 5, 3, 2, 6, 4, 2, 6, 5, 6, 5, 4, 2, 2, 2, 3, 4. 12 Light Infantry, Level 0, Studded Leather, Shortbow, Broadsword, HTK 6, 2, 5, 6, 5, 4, 2, 2, 6, 3, 6, 4. Leader: 5th Level Fighter, Plate, +2 Shield, Bastard Sword (Special - see below), ST: 16 (+1 DAM), IN: 10, WI: 14, CP: 16, DE: 16, CH: 12, HTK 46, Align: N. Sword: "Tiennmhor" (Flame Tongue) INT: 15, EGO: 11, Align: N. Abilities: Detect Gems (kind and number) in 5' radius, Detect Evil/Good in 10' radius, Strength on wielder 1/day, Speaks Common, Alignment, and Red Dragon.

The troops will fight in strict formation with the archers at the back of the arena firing into the party while the Halberdiers close in from both sides, using their weapons to prevent any character from closing for hand-to-hand combat and moving to encircle the party and push them toward the archers.

Besides the Sword and the Shield, the leader has a small silver whistle on a light chain around his neck. The whistle has an engraved dog's-head design and will radiate a faint aura of magic; it will not produce a sound audible to Human ears when blown.

4. Escape Stairways

These stairways all lead 150' down to the second level, giving Stoirguth a choice of three escape routes should he be caught in any section of his secret gallery.

5. Dog Catcher?

This irregularly-shaped room contains 12 Devil Dogs (**Fiend Folio**), HTK 32, 31, 20, 29, 30, 30, 31, 28, 22, 23, 23, 33, and is noticeably, but not harmfully, cold. The floor appears to be made of the same black stone or metal as the walls and ceiling but is actually glass backed by a *Continual Darkness* cast on the area below it (Room 1 of the Second Level). If the whistle around the neck of the Leader of the troops in Room 3 is blown in an attempt to control the dogs, the floor will shatter, dropping the party and any surviving dogs 200 feet through an oiled funnel and chute system to the bottom of Room 1 on the Second Level and inflicting 1D6 points of damage in the process. If all the dogs are killed without the whistle being blown, a *Magic Mouth* will appear as the last dog dies and utter a high-pitched scream which will shatter the glass.

Second Level

1. The Chinese Water Torture

After the party has been dumped in here, along with any surviving Devil Dogs from Room 5 on the First Level, the mouth of the chute leading into the room will be sealed by a curved sliding door which cannot be opened from the inside by any means. It will immediately be noticed that the room reverberates to any amount of noise. Upon investigation, it will be found that the ceiling of the room, 50' above the floor level, is an enormous membrane of some sort onto which something can be heard dropping steadily at a rate of about once every 15 seconds (actually water tapped from the pool on the first level), causing the room to reverberate as if to thunder. The party is, in effect, trapped inside a huge drum. After 1 turn in this room, each character must Save vs. Poison or become deaf for 1D4 turns, with spellcasting or other incantation having a 5% chance per spell level of malfunctioning due to the caster's inability to hear his or her own voice.

Chained to the floor of the room is the missing herald, still in the tattered remains of the Baron's livery. His tongue has been burned out, and he is completely insane, gibbering weakly. He is AC10 when unchained and has one remaining hit point.

If the membrane is cut, torn, or burned in any way, the reverberating boom of the dripping water will become a low slap as of water on a slack tarpaulin, and the actual ceiling of the room will be seen 20' above the level of the membrane. Given a clear throw, it should be possible to lodge a grappling hook or similar implement in the tension mechanism of the membrane. When the party finally manages to climb, fly, or *Levitate* out, two pairs of double doors will be seen leading from a narrow ledge on the south side of the room.

2. The Temple of the Screaming Souls

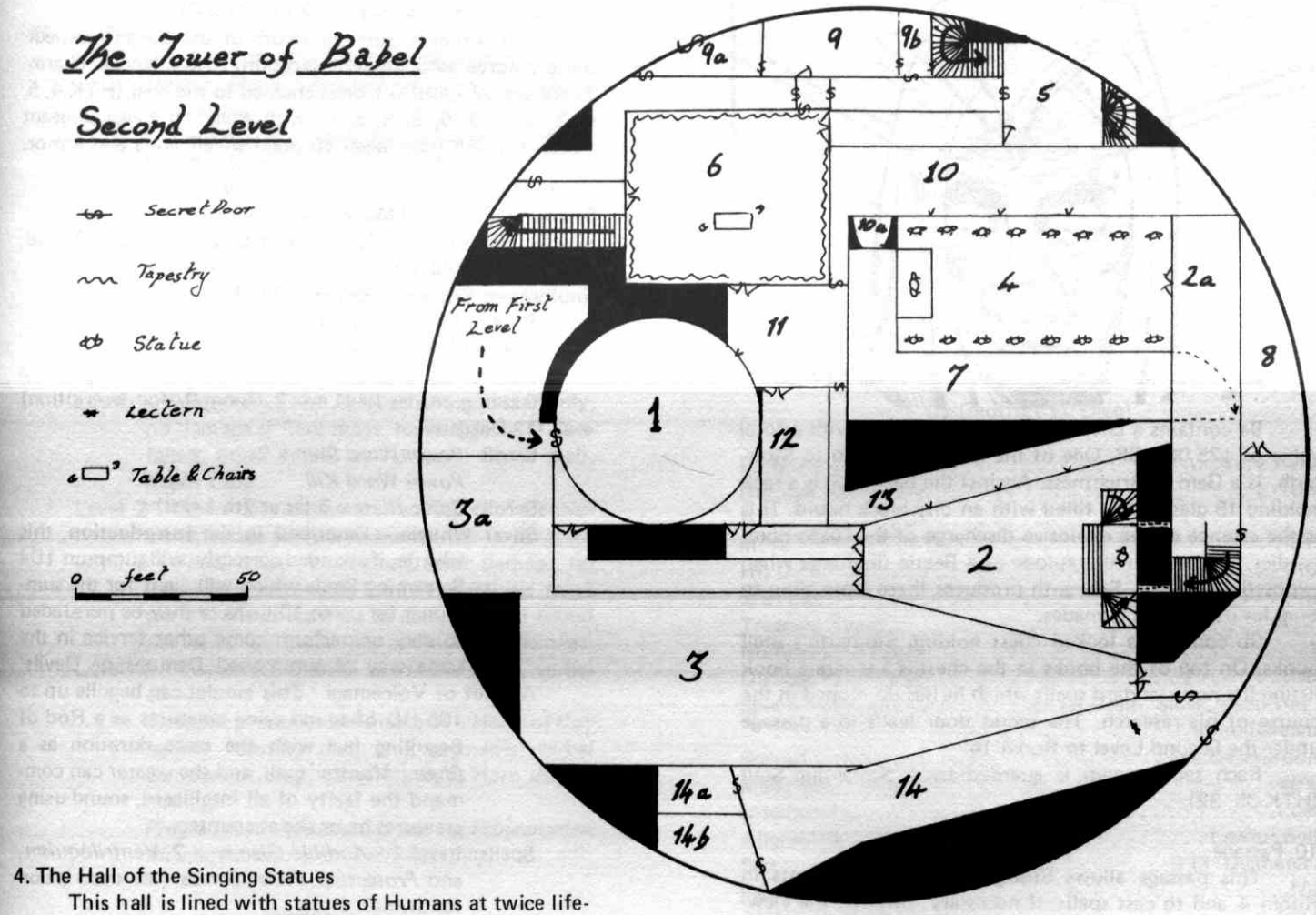
The broad end of the Temple is dominated by a 25' high statue of a richly-dressed man with his mouth open as if shouting. The statue stands on a 5' high plinth with a flight of steps leading up to it and a flight of steps on either side leading down under the plinth and up another flight of steps to corridor 2a. Floating around the Temple are 5 Screaming Souls (adapted from Geoffrey O. Dale's **Inferno** module), HTK 42, 33, 23, 26, 34.

The Screaming Souls will move to prevent access to the steps at either side of the statue; if the statue itself is the subject of tampering, it will emit a scream which will cause all glass or crystal objects in the room to shatter (Save vs. Normal Blow applicable), stun any character of less than 5th level for 2D4 rounds (Save vs. Paralysis at -2), and kill any character of less than 3rd level (Save vs. Paralysis at +2).

Heaped at the feet of the statue is a pile of gold and silver objects to a total value of 8,250 GP and gems to a value of 15,000 GP. At the bottom of the pile, between the statue's feet, is a small box (soundproofed, if anyone investigates this) containing two bottles filled with a translucent white liquid. The liquid is a Potion of Silence, and any character drinking it will be shrouded in total silence for 5 - 8 turns.

3. The Dragonne Lair

This room is 75' from floor to ceiling and is littered with bones and broken, rusty weapons. It is the lair of a pair of Dragonnes (HTK 50, 38). They regard any intruders as a potential meal and will fight at +2 to protect their two eggs in 3a. Among the litter on the floor of the two rooms is a total of 5,750 GP, as well as a +1 Warhammer (+3 if wielded by a Dwarf or a Gnome), a Two-handed Sword (+2 Black Dragonslayer, no special abilities, LG), a Potion of Superheroism, and four scrolls. The first scroll is a Scroll of Protection From Undead. The second scroll is a Scroll of Three Spells, *Cloudkill, Part Water,* and *Mass Invisibility*. The third scroll is a cursed scroll. It appears to be a Scroll of Ice Storm, but the effect is centered on the scroll. The last scroll is a Scroll of Five Spells, *Light, Chant, Divination, Flame Strike*, and *Blade Barrier*.



4. The Hall of the Singing Statues

This hall is lined with statues of Humans at twice life-sized. The mouths of the statues are open and produce a rhythmic dronesong which acts as a Magic User's Symbol of Sleep (Save vs. Paralysis allowed). For each statue silenced (by blocking the mouth, destroying the head, etc.), there is a cumulative 5% chance that the remaining statues will generate a Sonic Blast for 1D6 points of damage per statue still functioning. When all the statues have been silenced, the end wall of the eastern arm of Room 7 will swing open to block corridor 2a as marked, and the 5th plinth at the western end of the hall will sink to floor level, revealing a doorway to Room 7. The Medusaurs from Room 7 will swarm into the room and into area 2a immediately to attack the party from both sides.

5. Antechamber

This area connects two of the escape stairways from the First Level.

6. Reception Room

This is a large, well-furnished room, hung with tapestries. Stoirguth will be standing in the hidden doorway behind the tapestry on the north wall and will cast one spell into the room before retreating and closing the door. From behind the tapestries in the northwest, southwest, and southeast corners respectively will appear a Groaning Spirit (HTK 43) and two Screaming Souls (HTK 23, 27) which will attack the party as Stoirguth retreats.

The table in the room is of solid gold and is worth 8,000 GP. The two chairs are silver and are worth 500 GP each. The table is set with a jeweled decanter and two goblets, all of gold, worth a total of 12,000 GP.

7. Medusaur Pen

This is the holding pen for Stoirguth's 10 Medusaurs (HTK 27, 35, 31, 33, 32, 24, 23, 28, 33) which will move to attack any characters in Room 4 when the doors open. There are seven eggs in the chamber, and the Medusaurs will fight to the death to defend them.

8. Beetle Pen

This is the holding pen for a "clean-up" crew of 9 Giant Bombardier Beetles (HTK 16, 11, 15, 15, 12, 13, 17, 17, 16) which are released into the corridors from time to time for cleaning purposes. At the back of the chamber are 12 eggs, the beginnings of a breeding scheme to replace losses on the Ground Level.

9. Stoirguth's Quarters

The main room contains a bed, a chest of clothes, a washstand, a table and two chairs, a rack holding 24 bottles of fine wine, and a bench littered with miscellaneous items of alchemical and magical equipment. Dripping slowly into a flask at the end of one set of apparatus is a clear, greenish liquid; it is a newly-developed potion which is intended to allow the imbiber to shout once with the effect of a *Power Word Stun*. Unfortunately, its present unrefined condition results in the tripling of the amount of noise created by any other activity during the 2D4 turns of its effect (-20% to Moving Silently if drunk by a Thief or an Assassin).

9a contains a chest filled with small gems with a total value of 125,000 GP. One of the gems, unknown to Stoirguth, is a Gem of Brightness. Against the back wall is a rack holding 15 glass flasks filled with an oily black liquid. This is the essence of the explosive discharge of the Giant Bombardier Beetle and will explode as a Beetle discharge when exposed to the air. Stoirguth produces these from time to time for use as stun grenades.

9b contains a locked chest holding Stoirguth's spell books. On top of the books in the chest is a separate book listing the non-standard spells which he has developed in the course of his research. The secret door leads to a passage under the Second Level to Room 14.

Each secret room is guarded by a Screaming Soul (HTK 35, 32).

10. Passage

This passage allows Stoirguth to observe events in Room 4 and to cast spells, if necessary, through the viewports. 10a is a chute leading to a trough in the Medusaur pen used to dispose of the bodies of those who failed to reach this point.

11. Viewport

A viewport here allows Stoirguth to observe events in the upper portion of 1 and cast spells if necessary.

12. All Sound - No Fury

This room is empty, but a series of *Magic Mouths* and *Programmed Audible Glamers* has been set up to convince anyone listening at the door that there is a large body of men in here arming for battle. This is intended mainly as diversion, but Stoirguth may place summoned warriors from his Horn of Valhalla in here.

13. Passage

This passage allows observation of events in the Temple and the casting of spells into the room if necessary.

14. Trial Range

The main room is empty except for a lectern immediately in front of the door. White lines are marked out at 10' intervals from the lectern on the floor and walls of the room, and, at the back of the room, a small amount of broken glass and dried blood may be found on the floor. The room is used as a firing range for Stoirguth to test his new spells and magic items using targets from 14a and 14b.

14a is a small storeroom containing glass and crystal items of all sizes and descriptions, including some very valuable pieces, to a total value of 7,500 GP.

14b contains those survivors of the Baron's expeditionary force who did not succumb to the Nixies' charm. There are 12 Level 0 troops chained to the wall (HTK 4, 5, 4, 2, 4, 6, 3, 5, 3, 3, 5, 6) with their 1st Level sergeant (HTK 10). All have been stripped of all arms and armor.

Stoirguth: 7th Level Magic User
ST: 11, IN: 17, WI: 13, CP: 16, DE: 18, CH: 15, HTK 36, ACL: -3, ALIGN: NE.
Equipment: Bracers of Defense, AC 4
Ring of Protection, +3
Horn of Valhalla (silver)
Horn of Collapsing
5 stun grenades (see Level 2, Room 9a for description)
12 Daggers
Scroll - *Power Word Stun* x 2
Power Word Kill
Scroll - *Sonic Blast* x 5 (as at 7th Level)
Silver Whistle - Described in the **Introduction**, this whistle, if sounded correctly, will summon 1D4 Screaming Souls which will fight for the summoner for up to 10 turns or may be persuaded to stay or perform some other service in the same way as summoned Demons or Devils.
Amulet of Voicemagi - This amulet can beguile up to 100 HD of sound-using creatures as a Rod of Beguiling but with the same duration as a *Charm Monster* spell, and the wearer can command the fealty of all intelligent, sound-using creatures he or she encounters.
Spells: Level 1 - *Audible Glamer* x 2, *Ventriloquism*, and *Protection From Sonics* (see description following).
Level 2 - *Deafness*, and *Shatter* x 2.
Level 3 - *Sonic Blast* x 2 (see description following).
Level 4 - *Power Word Bind* (see description following).

Stoirguth was a 1st Level Magic User when the Baron turned against him. He has now attained 7th level and has made a particular study of the magics of sound and voice. His research led him to the Amulet of the once-powerful Voicemagi, and he has rediscovered a number of their ancient spells as well as developed some new spells of his own. Using the power of the Amulet, he has gathered about him a retinue of animals and monsters which make use of sonic attack forms and has turned the Tower of Endless Victories into a trap for any that the Baron sends after him in the hope that, eventually, the Baron will come himself, or his forces will become so depleted that Stoirguth will be able to return to the capital and take his revenge quickly.

He will make use of his secret passages and their concealed viewports to watch any intruders as they try to penetrate his stronghold, taunting them or casting spells through the viewports as he sees fit. He will never stay in an area once his position has been discovered, however, preferring hit-and-run tactics and returning to taunt and plague the party as they battle their way through the next area. If his personal quarters seem in danger of being penetrated, he will gather his spellbooks, a handful of gems, and as many stun grenades as he can carry and try to escape through one of his emergency staircases, planning to return at some later time with more attendants and greater powers.

Spell Books:

Level 1: *Comprehend Languages, Message, Read Magic, Detect Magic, Audible Glamer,* and *Ventriloquism*.

Level 2: *Silence* - 15' radius (as Cleric Spell), *Magic Mouth, Shatter* (variant - verbal only), *Deafness* (as Illusionist spell), *Chant* (as Cleric spell), and *Speak With Animals* (as Druid spell).

Level 3 - *Clairaudience, Suggestion,* and *Tongues*.

Level 4 - *Speak With Plants* (as Cleric spell), *Divination* (as Cleric spell), and *Fumble* (variant - verbal only).

Non-Standard Spells:

Level 1 - *Protection From Sonics* - covers caster only, no damage if Save made, halve damage if Save failed, other details as 1st Level Cleric spell, *Resist Cold*.

Level 2 - *Power Word Weaken* - as *Ray of Enfeeblement*, verbal component only.

Level 3 - *Sonic Blast* - as *Fireball*, sonic damage, no material component. Save vs. Paralysis at -1 per 3 levels of caster or be stunned for 1 round per level of caster in addition to damage.

Level 4 - *Power Word Bind* as *Hold Person*, verbal component only.

Tremor - produces the effect of a Horn of Collapsing. Casting time is 2 segments, verbal component only, other details as Horn of Collapsing.

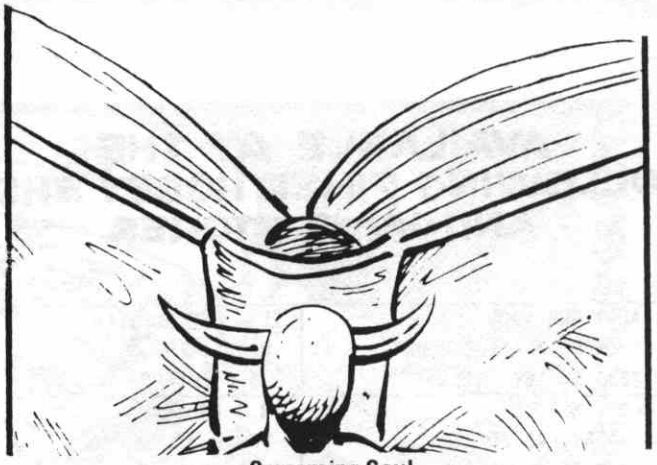
Programmed Audible Glamer - as *Programmed Illusion*, auditory components only.

Medusaur

(Adapted From **The Tritonian Ring** by L. Sprague de Camp)

Frequency:	Rare
Number Appearing:	1D4
Armor Class:	3
Move:	6"
Hit Dice:	6
% in Lair:	55
Treasure Type:	Nil
Number of Attacks:	3
Damage Per Attack:	2 Claws 1 - 3, Bite 1 - 6
Special Attacks:	Scream
Special Defenses:	Nil
Magic Resistance:	Standard
Intelligence:	Animal
Alignment:	Neutral
Size:	L (5' at Shoulder)
Psionic Ability:	Nil
Attack/Defense Modes:	Nil
Level/X.P. Value:	VI/900 + 8/HTK

The Medusaur is a lizard some 15' long with a spined crest running from its head down its back. It has a heavy body and short but strong legs, and, because of its comparatively slow movement, it has developed an unusual hunting technique. Upon sighting a potential prey, it emits a shattering, high-pitched scream, and all within a 500' radius must Save vs. Breath Weapon or be paralyzed for 1D4 turns. The Medusaur will then proceed to consume its paralyzed meal. A Medusaur can scream once every three melee rounds.



Screaming Soul

(Adapted from the Judges Guild **Inferno** module by Geoffrey O. Dale)

Frequency:	Very Rare
Number Appearing:	1D4
Armor Class:	0
Move:	18"
Hit Dice:	6
% in Lair:	10
Treasure Type:	X, Z
Number of Attacks:	1
Damage Per Attack:	1D6
Special Attacks:	Level Drain, Slow, Sleep Ray, Mind Scream
Special Defenses:	See Description
Magic Resistance:	40%
Intelligence:	Low
Alignment:	Lawful Evil
Size:	S (3' Diameter)
Psionic Ability:	Nil
Attack/Defense Modes:	Nil
Level/X.P. Value:	VII/2500 + 15/HTK

Screaming Souls are denizens of the second and third planes of the Nine Hells and may be summoned, if the correct ritual is known, in the same way as Devils. They appear as non-material balls of white light 3' in diameter with a central mouth, and their brightness increases and decreases pulsatingly, apparently at random. They are sometimes employed as guardians by powerful Devils, and, while they appear to move randomly and without coordination, they always keep between any intruders and whatever they are guarding.

They may attack physically; their touch chills the victim for 1D6 damage and drains one life energy level; any victim touched twice is Slowed as the spell. Twice per day, they may also emit a Sleep Ray equivalent to a Magic User's Symbol of Sleep (Save vs. Magic at -2 is allowed). Their most feared attack, however, is the Mind Scream which they may use three times per day. This is not a psionic attack form; its name stems from the fact that it affects the mind, not because it emanates from it. The Mind Scream acts as a *Power Word Stun* on victims of 7th level or less, paralyzing victims of 5th level or less (no Saving Throw), and acting as a *Power Word Kill* on victims of 3rd level or less. There are rumored to be Screaming Souls in the Nine Hells whose Mind Screams are even more powerful.

Screaming Souls are immune to sound-based attacks, cold, and lightning. Silver or magic weapons are required to hit them.

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Dear Sirs,

First of all, I'd like to say I have been reading your magazine, **Pegasus**, since it has been out. I have collected all the issues to date except number 1. Is it possible to get a copy of this? I would also like to comment on two **AD&D** modules you put out, **Dark Tower** and **Inferno**. I found both of these to be well done and enjoyable to play. I am curious to know if you plan to complete the second half of **Inferno** at a later date.

Sincerely Yours,
Mark P. Ruhe

Dear Mark,

I am sorry to have to inform you that **Pegasus** *No. 1 is sold out. However, for those readers who would like to have as complete a collection of* **Pegasus** *issues as possible, issues 2 - 11 are available at a cost of $3.00 plus postage and handling of $2.00 per order. The rest of* **Inferno** *is in the works, but we don't have a firm production date yet. Keep an eye on "From The Horse's Mouth" for more information on JG products.*

Editor Mike

Dear Town Crier,

I have just received my first issue of **The Pegasus** (issue 9) and was well pleased with my investment.

Here are a few things I would be pleased to see in upcoming issues:

A question and answer column with good answers to problems that many gamers have.

A Mr. Joseph Rast asked for a special issue devoted to games on the market and their appraisals. I suggest a column featuring two or three games. It would help a lot.

All in all, I think this is a worthwhile game aid, and I am glad I subscribed.

Sincerely,
Matt O. Lipo I

Dear Matt,

Thank you for the kind words, your interest, and your suggestions. We are considering a question-and-answer column for **Pegasus** *readers. All we really need are some questions.*

Our regular column, "A Stroll Through the Marketplace," frequently runs game reviews, and, from time to time, we also print game review articles received from other writers.

Editor Mike

Dear Town Crier

I picked up a copy of **Pegasus** No. 10 from a local hobby shop today and wanted to send in my comments about the issue. Overall, it looked very good. Ken St. Andre's article on "Rayguns" was interesting and looked like something long overdue for use in superhero-type RPGs. It also looks like a system similar to this one would be a big help for the Arduin Grimoire's Techno character class as far as defining weapons' capabilities. The short story, "Pawn," by Roy Cram, was fun to read and well written. "Back From the Shadows" sounds like it will draw thousands of characters and should prove to be worth looking at (hope, hope).

There was one article, though, that bothered me a lot when I read it, and some of the issues it raised need to be looked at again. This was "Traveller Tips," which seemed to have a great deal of advice that did not look very helpful for the following reasons.

Some of the skills mentioned as worthless, like Forward Observer, Jack-of-all-Trades, Tactics, Steward, and so forth, are much more useful than stated. Forward Observer allows a player to call in fire on a planetary surface from an orbiting starship using lasers or missiles or to direct artillery fire; it can be **very** useful in certain situations (we used it once to have an orbiting ship destroy the tank defenses of an armed starport; the accuracy of fire was very high because the F-O man had a level of 3 in that skill.) Jack-of-all Trades

can be very helpful, too. It might take someone with Mechanic skill a roll of 6+ to fix an ATV, and someone without that skill might have to roll a 10+; a referee might allow someone with J-o-T skill to add that skill as a die modifier to the 10+ roll, which seems very useful indeed. J-o-T, by its description, works with almost **any** other skill, and referees should take this into account.

Tactics, at the very least, allows a character to be able to oversee large numbers of soldiers without undue trouble and helps prevent being surprised. Granted, it should be further clarified as a skill, but it can still be nice to have. Steward, while apparently not much good, can be interpreted as making the character a good cook (worth a bonus in a survival situation?), might earn some positive reaction dice modifiers (Stewards are trained to get along with people), and can help the character earn $$$ (higher skills levels would be worth more $$$). Skills that one believes to be worthless might, upon closer examination, prove to be saving points in many situations.

While having skill with a pike doesn't look like it would be of much use in **Traveller tm** (and probably isn't), it is difficult to call all primitive weapons skills useless. Muskets may be very primitive, but they are still good against many sorts of targets. Having Musket skill can also be a special part of that character's history. You might have a sophisticated character with a penchant for antique firearms; maybe he or she belongs to a club like the SCA or one of those "frontier rifleman" organizations that shoot for sport. The character could be a collector of such weapons, maybe a gunsmith as well (with some Mechanic skill) who takes pride in the work he or she does. This can give a character a lot of depth in role-playing in **Traveller tm**.

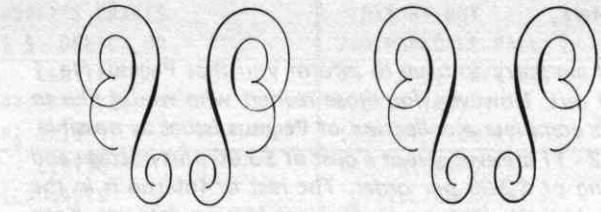
Hands, as used by the Brawling skill, are the one weapon that you can take with you to **any** law-level world. They work pretty well against poorly-armed targets, of which there are lots in **Traveller tm**.

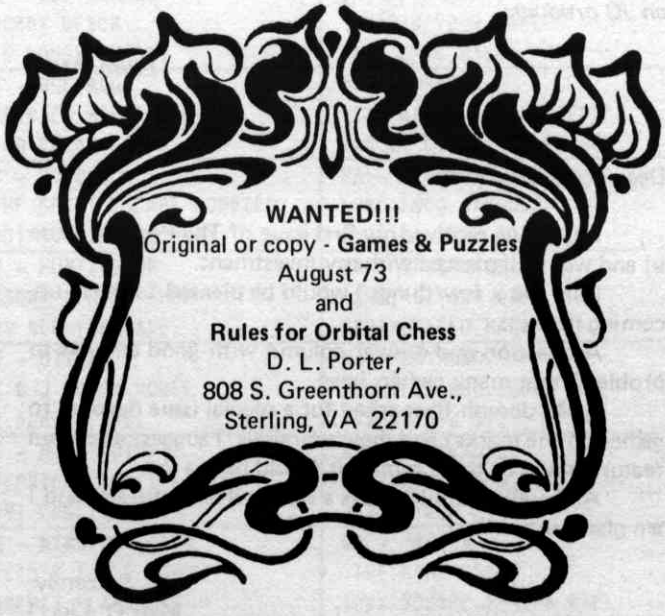
As for most of the rest of the article, it doesn't seem so much to be offering general advice to **Traveller tm** players as it does to players who like to use sociopathic, two-dimensional killers. It becomes preoccupied with the best ways of mutilating large masses of people, to paraphrase the article, and misses entirely any aspect of role-playing, character development, and so on. The methods cited for stealing starships are not very good. Any referee with a reasonably sharp mind will find some way of tearing down such simplistic ideas for ship takeovers. Does a ship captain have friends in port who will be suspicious of strange people boarding his ship without him? Is there a heavily-armed starport patrol? Many worlds with scout bases will have large military reserves close at hand, possibly Imperial Marines. A starport is a world's lifeblood, and it will be hard (if not impossible) to steal whole ships on the ground without a major firefight. As for shooting them up in space, there may be some heavily-armed ships out there who will be more than willing to fight back (without taking prisoners); many ships might travel in convoys out to jump-points to avoid such happenings. If players try to hijack a ship and manage to get past armed crewmen, ship computer security, and the possibility that the ship can be exposed to vacuum **before** the players get to the bridge, then there is the problem of selling it. No world, unless it is a completely outlaw world supporting pirates of all sorts, will just fork out cash for a ship as scrap. Police will investigate and may have records of the ship on file (if it makes regular stopovers). Processing claims takes time, enough time for a courier to jump back to another world and check out players' claims as to how they acquired the ship initially. If the players are on a pirate world, well, then, why should the pirates fork out cash to a bunch of amateurs? Why not shoot **them** first and take the ship for free?

Finally, if the players obey all of the listed prohibitions on which worlds not to visit, they won't go anywhere. **Traveller tm** is a game of strange new worlds where you put your character's life on the line for fame and fortune. It is also a game set up to show many unusual types of environments, exotic worlds, and dangerous ones, too. To avoid a planet just because one has to wear a vacc suit on it is to become a coward (yes! a coward!); to **refuse** to go where no man (or vargr, or aslan, or whatever) has gone before - what fun is that???

Time to climb down from my soapbox. In all seriousness, players of any RPG should use their imaginations to the fullest and avoid making broad, immutable decisions on what to do and what not to do. Flexibility is the key to success. The article, "Traveller Tips," says that its contents are by no means final, and I agree with that statement totally. **This** letter isn't the final word, either, of course. Players must keep an open mind and weigh carefully what they read and hear.

"Just Another Gaming Fool"
Roger E. Moore
Louisville, Kentucky





Physiker Revival For The Fantasy Trip

by Donald D. Rollins

As the rules now stand, a character is unconscious at 1 STR point and dead at 0 points. With the cost of resurrection so high and the personal loss the character suffers from this traumatic experience so great, resurrections are seldom even sought on Cidri.

This makes it very sad when your party of eight is suddenly jumped by twelve Orcs; you know that you can defeat them but at what cost? After the first round of combat, you glance around at your comrades. You can figure the odds well because you have been studying tactics for the past three months. You figure two, maybe three, of your friends are going to die at the hands of a few lousy, scum-eating Orcs. After another ten seconds of fighting and one possible fatality (Erlic dropped on the last round), an Orcish Sword pierces your armor and bites deeply into your chest. As you drop to your knees, the world going black around you, you hear one, last, unfamiliar voice in your head, saying,

"And he died by one crummy point, too!"

If you have never had that happen to you, then you haven't been playing very long. On the other hand, neither I nor any of my players have had that happen to us in the past year. How can that be, you ask? Well, it is because we have added the following module to our campaign. I call it the **Physiker Revival.**

When a character falls in combat and, to all other eyes, is dead, the Physiker will tell you differently. If a Physiker reaches the fallen character early enough and the character is not too badly hurt, the Physiker may just be able to save him.

To do this, a few steps are involved:

1. **Establish how badly the character is injured.** Find the number of points that the injured character is below 2. This is the basic number of dice the Physiker will have to roll against his IQ or DEX, whichever is lower. A Master Physiker rolls one less die. The roll is also one less die if the Physiker is using a salve (explained later). A Master Physiker using a salve would roll two less die.

2. **Determine how long it took for the Physiker to reach the injured character.** For each round over three that it takes the Physiker to reach the fallen friend, add one to the die roll. The turn after the character falls is counted as Turn 1; the turn in which the Physiker reaches the injured character, moving half his MA or less, is counted as the last turn for reaching the injured character.

After the Physiker treats his "patient" for five minutes, he makes a dice roll; to this dice roll he adds any modifiers from Step Two. If his roll is successful, the patient's STR is increased by two and no further Physikering may be attempted on the patient. The patient may, however, take healing potions or rest to recuperate his STR. If the roll is unsuccessful, the patient dies at the end of the five minutes. The Physiker that begins work on a patient is the Physiker whose stats are used for the die roll.

Further optional additions:

1. **Triage.** It takes a Physiker two turns to determine how many points the character is down. The turns used for triage are not counted in Step 2.

2. **Number of Patients.** The Physiker can normally only work on one patient at a time, but, since a one die roll cannot be blown, the Physiker can treat up to three patients which are eligible to be treated on a one die roll However, if a patient is left for five minutes without attention, he dies anyway.

3. **Non-Physiker Revival.** Non-Physikers may aid those that are at STR 1. Even then, they must use a salve or tend the victim for two days.

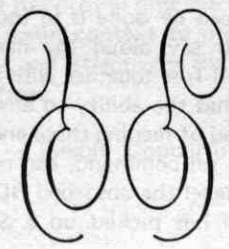
4. **Salves.** A salve is a form of healing potion but is far more difficult to make; therefore, its cost is double that of a regular healing potion. When a character reaches 1 STR, a regular healing potion will not help him (even if it doesn't choke him to death going down). Only one salve can be used per wound, and it takes four turns to apply. In the case of revival from below 1 STR, all wounds are treated as a single wound.

5. **Talking While Being Treated.** Sometimes, a character who is being treated or who is dying from wounds received may want to say one last thing to another character. If the character is at -3 STR or less, he is considered unconscious; otherwise, he can talk. However, for each turn he talks, 1 is added to Step 2. All talking must be done before the Physiker makes his roll.

6. **Mortal Wounds.** If the Judge thinks that too many lives are being saved by especially powerful or an overwhelming number of Physikers, he may add the Mortal Wounds Option. Using this option, when a character goes down, the Judge rolls to see if the wound is mortal. He rolls one die for each point the character is below 2. If the total of the die roll is over 15, the character has received a mortal wound, and no amount of Physikering can save him. Mortal wounds and the Physiker's roll are both considered Saving Rolls, so automatic makes and misses apply.

I have found, after using Physiker Revival for over a year, that a great deal of excitement is added to the game. The prospective Judge planning on using this module should keep in mind that it is going to be harder to kill characters that have Physikers in their party; in fact, you could probably add more monsters and still not kill as many characters. Battles are far more exciting when the contest is determined by the last few standing members, and the death rate will not rise, either!

A note to players: You should have more than one Physiker in your party. It would be a real shame if the Physiker were to become unconscious first.



ALL THAT GLITTERS . . .

The DearthFell
(With Apologies to Blackstar)
by Kim Kanitz

The Dearth Sword

This Sword is a single-edged weapon with a carved-in handle. The non-edged side is flat the full length, including the pommel, and is a dull grey - warm to the touch - unlike the rest of the weapon, which is a shiny silver and cold to the touch. This weapon, when held as a Shield, will absorb any magical attack sent against its wielder (no Saving Throw necessary). Further, when struck by the Dearth Sword, any Magic User type (not Clerical) will lose one level of spell use (determine attack in the usual way), which is regainable only through experience. The Sword also transmits to its wielder the knowledge of any spells it absorbs, but these are usable by the wielder only if he or she is a Magic User and is of sufficient level to use the spell. This Sword has a +1 to hit and +1 to damage.

The Fell Sword

This Sword is identical in appearance to its mate, the Dearth Sword. However, this one, on a successful hit, steals one Hit Dice and transfers it to the wielder. Determine attacks as usual. Determine number of Hit Points stolen by roll of the appropriate die for class of defender (i.e. 8-sided die for a struck Cleric, 4-sided die for Magic User, etc.). These stolen HPs are restored to the victim during normal healing, but healing does not restore them, once lost, to the wielder of the Sword. Also, the Fell Sword scores automatic hits on any life-draining creature. It has +1 to hit and +1 to damage.

The DearthFell

When combined, the Dearth Sword and the Fell Sword become the DearthFell. This fusion is easily accomplished: all that need be done is to touch the warm, flat edges together and say aloud the name of DearthFell; the two Swords will fuse together with a blinding flash. The DearthFell then has the ability to absorb spells and HD as before, but, instead of feeding these energies to its wielder, it stores them and, on command, can re-cast any spells within it at whatever level the absorbed HD can provide. Example: The DearthFell has picked up a *Sleep* spell and has drained 6 HD from various foes (note that HD used to fuel the spells is not affected by the amount of Hit POINTS drained; whether 1 point or 10, it still counts as ONE Hit Dice stolen). The *Sleep* spell may be cast at up to 6th level ability but is "forgotten" thereafter just as if a Magic User had cast it. If insufficient HD are present to cast a spell stored (i.e. a 7th level spell stored but only 3 HD stolen), the spell may not be cast. The wielder is always "aware" of what spells and how many HD are currently present in the DearthFell. Also, one need not be a Magic User to use the Sword's spell-casting ability when in this state. The DearthFell has +3 to hit and +3 to damage.

Obviously, this is an ideal weapon for a Warrior/Mage, and such it was. The great Tor-Nurdath was the most recent owner until, in a ferocious battle with an arch-foe more than 50 years ago, the blade was split into its current halves by a death's-door *Wish* spell. The foe, Ben-Sardak, had tried to *Wish* the DearthFell out of its power, but so powerful was the weapon's magic that its power was only split, and, in the collapse of Tor-Nurdath's tower, the halves were lost. Since then, Tor-Nurdath has been seeking the missing halves diligently. Any character fortunate enough to uncover either half of the DearthFell Sword will undoubtedly soon attract the undesired attentions of Tor-Nurdath's emissaries and, eventually, the very high-level Warrior/Mage himself. In this way, possession of a Sword half may be as much a curse as a blessing.

Of course, there is only ONE DearthFell!

The Horn of Battlesongs
by Edward R. G. Mortimer

This magical Horn can only be used by a Fighter, Ranger, Paladin, Valkrye, or Berserker. When the Horn is sounded, and for as long as it is being sounded, it raises Morale of allied beings within hearing distance by 20% (which means -20 on the roll), and lowers Morale of opponents by 10% (+10 on the roll). The Horn is made of a Giant Ram's Horn with Silver borders and mouthpiece.

Bracers of Missiles
By Paul Andrew Denisowski

These appear to be normal Bracers, but when touched together, they allow the wearer to catch and throw back Missiles, even Magic Missiles, but must score a successful Hit to have the strike at their owner. Suggested GP Sale Value: 35,000

The String of Mending
by Edward R. G. Mortimer

This magical String performs exactly as the spell *Mending*, except that it must be wound around the item to be mended, and the command word must be uttered. Anybody may use the String. It is 3 feet long, and, if it is broken or cut, it will no longer operate. Note that it will burn if a flame is touched to it, and it will then no longer function.

Ring of Thieving
By Paul Andrew Denisowski

Designed especially for Thieves, the Ring of Thieving is useless in the possession of anyone but a Thief. It adds 20% to the chance of Picking Pockets, Opening Locks, etc. Once per day, the wearer may turn Invisible and Inaudible for four turns. It also gives +1 on To Hit and Damage and adds +4 Damage in addition to normal Backstab Damage. Suggested GP Sale Value: 40,000

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(Continued From p. 28)

Frankly, I have to admit that it **could** become just such an endorsement. However, the only burden of proof incumbent on me is to show that it **doesn't necessarily** amount to a green light for Black Masses. And so I can.

To quote myself in my "Monotheism" essay: "In the real world, all attempts at occult experimentation are regarded by God as rebellion against Him. . . . The Fall of Man and the consequent subjection of our Earth to Satanic powers (I John 5:19) is the main reason why no occult research, even if not **consciously** intended as rebellion against God, can free itself from association with spiritual evil. But we can always im agine **another world** in which, although evil exists, the powers of evil have not been able so thoroughly to contaminate the 'metaphysical environment' as in the case of **our** world. In such a parallel world, there **could** be such a thing as **good** magic - a psychic science rather than a false religion competing with the true God. On this premise my own **D&D** campaign is built."

Having disarmed the danger of my games lending any approval to real-life occultism, can I point to any **positive benefits** from playing **D&D**? Again, so I can.

Someone - I wish I could remember who - said, "He who knows only his own side does not even know **that** very well." One of the greatest shortcomings of modern American society has been the (rather hobbit-like) parochialism of our people, a failure to take the trouble of understanding foreign cultures, expecting all foreigners (even within **their** countries!) to conform to **us**. Similarly, many modern American Christians have neglected their responsibility to understand the characteristics of other cultures, other generations. The vicarious experience of meeting (or **being**) Elves, Dwarves, and the like may help a Christian FRP gamer to imagine the application of his or her faith and ethics in a broad variety of unprecedented situations; this could then help the Christian to adapt Christian conduct more appropriately to, say, a Vietnamese refugee or a mental patient.

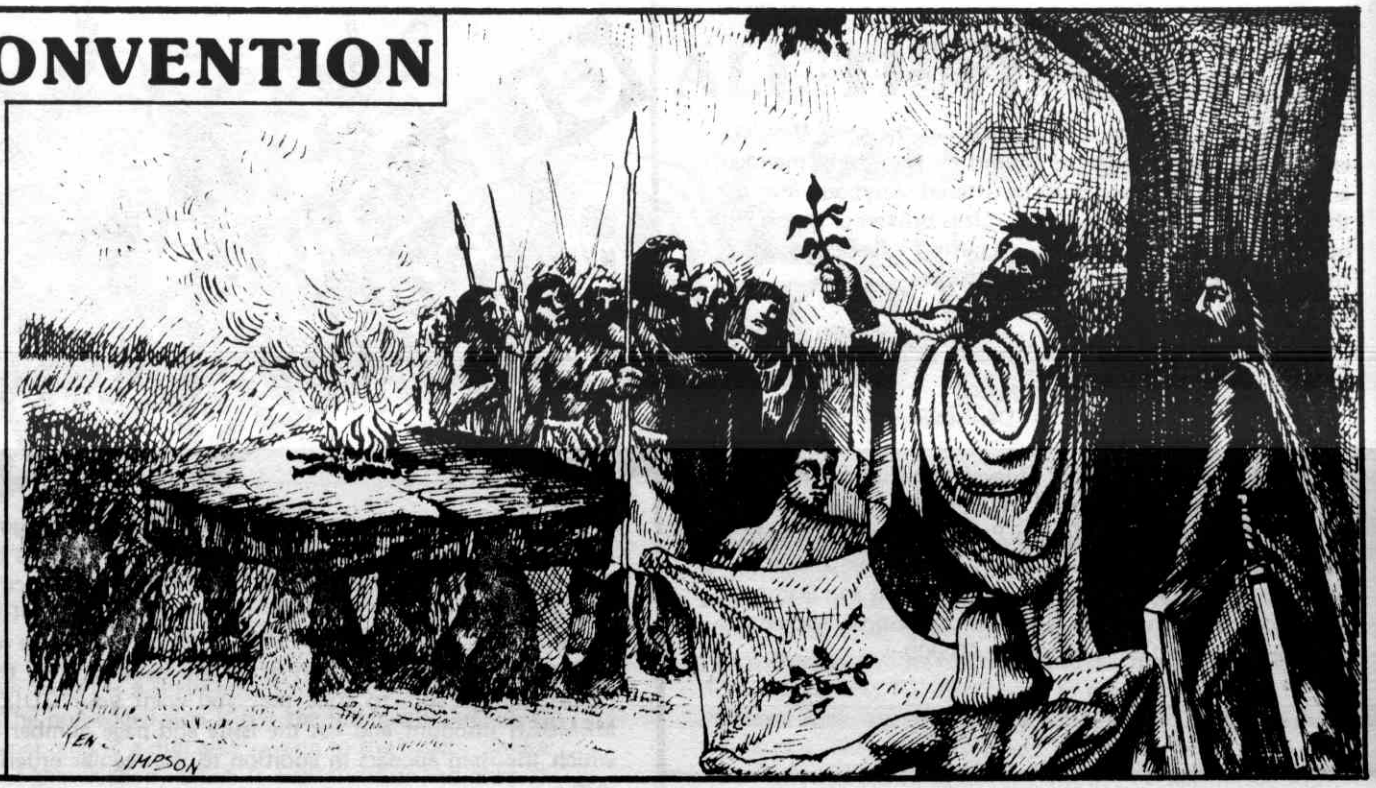
On the artistic level: I am developing a series of heroic fantasy novels, and, although the "world-settings" of these will be very different from that of a **D&Dtm** campaign, yet my **D&Dtm** games have given me many very helpful plot ideas.

Above all - for Christians who are more anxious to make their friends aware of the real spiritual problems and solutions than to organize crusades against the imagined evils of being imaginative - **D&Dtm** creates a forum on neutral ground for unlimited discussion of the supernatural. As soon as players start asking themselves, "**Is** good stronger than evil? And, if so, **why?**", the Christian participant has every right and opportunity to share his or her beliefs on just that subject, drawing on game situations for a wealth of illustrations. In exactly this way, one or two **D&D**-playing friends of mine, initially agnostic, have become Bible-believing Christians.

Titus 1:15 says, "To the pure, all things are pure, but to the corrupt and unbelieving, nothing is pure; their very minds and consciences are corrupted." Certainly, non-Christians will bring anti-Christian ideas into **D&Dtm** even as Boromir brought his flaws into Lothlorien, but that wasn't Lothlorien's fault. If anyone has an inclination toward Satan-worship or toward any wickedness, its cause goes much deeper down and farther back than what kind of games he or she plays in leisure time. The superficial "cure" of banning the games won't help. In **my** experience, on the other hand, it has proven possible **within** the fantasy-game context to proclaim accurately and effectively the truths of Jesus Christ.

Joseph "Copperfox" Ravitts

CONVENTION COMPENDIUM



TEXCON 83
July 2 - 4, Austin, TX
Tex Con 83
8028 Gessner No. 1805
Austin, TX 78753

ORIGINS 83
July 14 - 17, Wyandotte, MI
MDG
Box 656
Wyandotte, MI 48192

NANCON 88 - VI
July 29 - 31, Houston, TX
Nan's Game Headquarters
118 Briargrove Center
6100 Westheimer
Houston, TX 77057
Attn: NanCon

ATLANTA FANTASY FAIR
August 5 - 7, Marietta, GA
Atlanta Fantasy Fair
335 Terrydale Drive
Marietta, GA 30067

OMACON 3
August 5 - 7, Omaha, NE
OmaCon 3
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Omaha, NE 68130

COLONIAL CITY GAMEFEST '83
September 2 - 3, Mt. Vernon, OH
Colonial City Gamefest
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P.O. Box 846
Mt. Vernon, OH 43050

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September 1 - 5, Baltimore, MD
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Wrath of Con
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EUGENICS INCORPORATED

A New Champions Villain Group

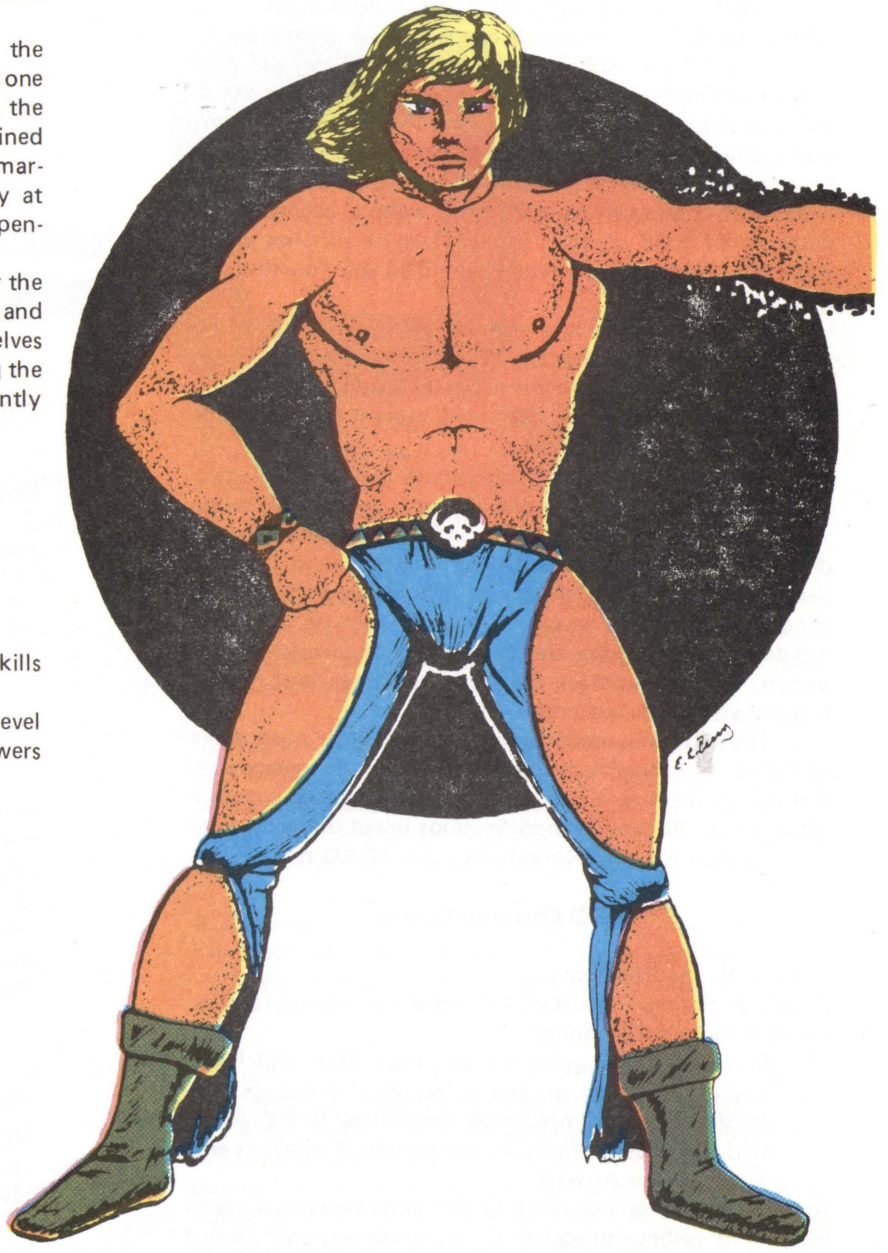
by Gary Watkins

Eugenics Incorporated was the brainchild of Dr. Todd Mathis, a brilliant biochemist with a fanatical hatred of genetically imperfect humans. In the early 1960s, he assembled a group of scientists with similar feelings and several exceptional human specimens and founded Eugenics Incorporated, a group devoted to the advancement of selective breeding.

Eugenics Incorporated has several bases around the world. Their locations are kept secret, and more than one agent has died attempting to infiltrate Eugenics. From the point of birth, Eugenics children are educated and trained in a variety of skills. All receive indoctrination into the martial arts. Any infants found to have defects (a rarity at Eugenics) are either placed in orphanages or killed, depending upon the severity of the defect.

The mission of Eugenics Incorporated is to conquer the world (of course) through the infiltration of government and industry on every level. The Eugenecists consider themselves to be superior to both normals and mutants, disdaining the former and fully hating the latter. Eugenecists are constantly on guard to combat the "mutant menace."

* * * * * * *



Agent of Eugenics Incorporated

VAL	CHAR	COST	PTS	POWERS
20	STR	10	15	Martial Arts
20	DEX	30	**	1 to 4 other skills
20	CON	20	20	Regeneration
15	BP	10	10	+1 Overall Level
15	INT	5	45 pts	= Cost of Powers
15	EGO	10		
15	PRE	5		ECV = 5
12	COM	1		CV = 7
14	PD	10		
14	ED	10		
4	SPD	10		
10	REC	4		
50	END	5		
45	STUN	10		

Characteristic Cost = 140

PTS	DISADVANTAGES
20	Overconfidence
20	Arrogance
15	Secret ID
35	Hunted by Until on an 11 or less

Disadvantage Total = 90

AMBEREYE KEEP

by Michael J. Stern

Judge's Notes

Ambereye Keep is designed for use as an all-purpose castle useable in almost any setting. This design has been gametested in several scenarios in both **RuneQuest r** and **AD&D tm**. The wall materials can be almost anything, and the scenarios have used stone, bronze, ice, adobe, and mud as the building materials. The design is based upon a typical, small, Scottish castle. It must be noted that this design is not practically suited for a seige due to lack of adequate storage facilities. At the Judge's option, a large, 20' x 40' x 30' tall wooden structure can be built in the visitors' courtyard for purposes of food storage. Given adequate supplies and a suitable location, this structure should be able to withstand even a major attack.

Since the castle is a standardized design, the Judge should provide the characters in his campaign with a price break if they decide to use this design as a base for their own castles. This will save the characters money and the Judge and player a great deal of time.

The actual cost of the structure should be based upon the campaign that is being run. If a rich campaign is being waged, and gold is flowing freely, inflationary pressures will drive up the price of the castle. On the other hand, if a copper piece is hard-won, the castle will be less expensive. A good rule of thumb to use is that the cost of the castle should equal twice the annual earnings of a very wealthy person. This should place the castle out of reach of characters just starting to adventure.

If the castle is used in a scenario, the Judge must make an effort to personalize the castle based upon the personality and race of the main occupant. The following guidelines are provided for dimension modifications based upon the race of the builder for both **RuneQuest r** and **AD&D tm**.

AD&D Character Classes

Human: No modifications.
Dwarf: 8' ceilings instead of 12'; other dimensions remain.
Half-Elf: No modifications.
Elf: Although Elves prefer forests, High Elves will build castles. In order to gain a feeling of openness, the height of the ceilings should be doubled to 24'. Areas with Arrowslits will have a second tier of windows and a catwalk for Archers.
Gnome: 7' ceilings instead of 12'; other dimensions remain.
Halfling: 6' ceilings instead of 12'; other dimensions remain. The doors and windows should be round.
Half-Orc: No modifications.

AD&D Non-Player Races

Smaller Giant-class (Orcs, Kobolds, etc.): These creatures will not build but will occupy an existing structure. Determine the original owner and make modifications to suit.
Dragons: Eliminate the servants' area and make the central courtyard a landing area. Place large double doors at the outside of the Throne Room and increase all dimensions so that a Dragon will be able to fit comfortably in any area, including secret passages. Use large ramps to provide access between floors instead of stairs.
Giants: Double or triple the dimensions according to the size of the Giant occupant.

RuneQuest Races

Human: No modifications.
Aldryami: Aldryami would not even think of creating this kind of structure. However, if the walls were made of living wood . . .
Mosteli: No modifications, but the structure would be underground. The areas can be caverns instead of open to the air.
Troll: Ceilings will be 20' high instead of 12'. The structure will be underground for all except members of Argan Argar or Zorak Zoran cults.
Giants: Dimensions should be increased to comfortably accommodate the SIZ of the Giant with room for growth.
Broo: These and other creatures closely associated with chaos do not build but will occupy castles built by other races.
Duck: Ceilings should be 8' high instead of 12'. The other dimensions remain the same.
Centaur: Centaurs prefer open spaces. If a castle for Centaurs is built, the ceilings should be raised to 24', and large ramps should be used instead of stairways.

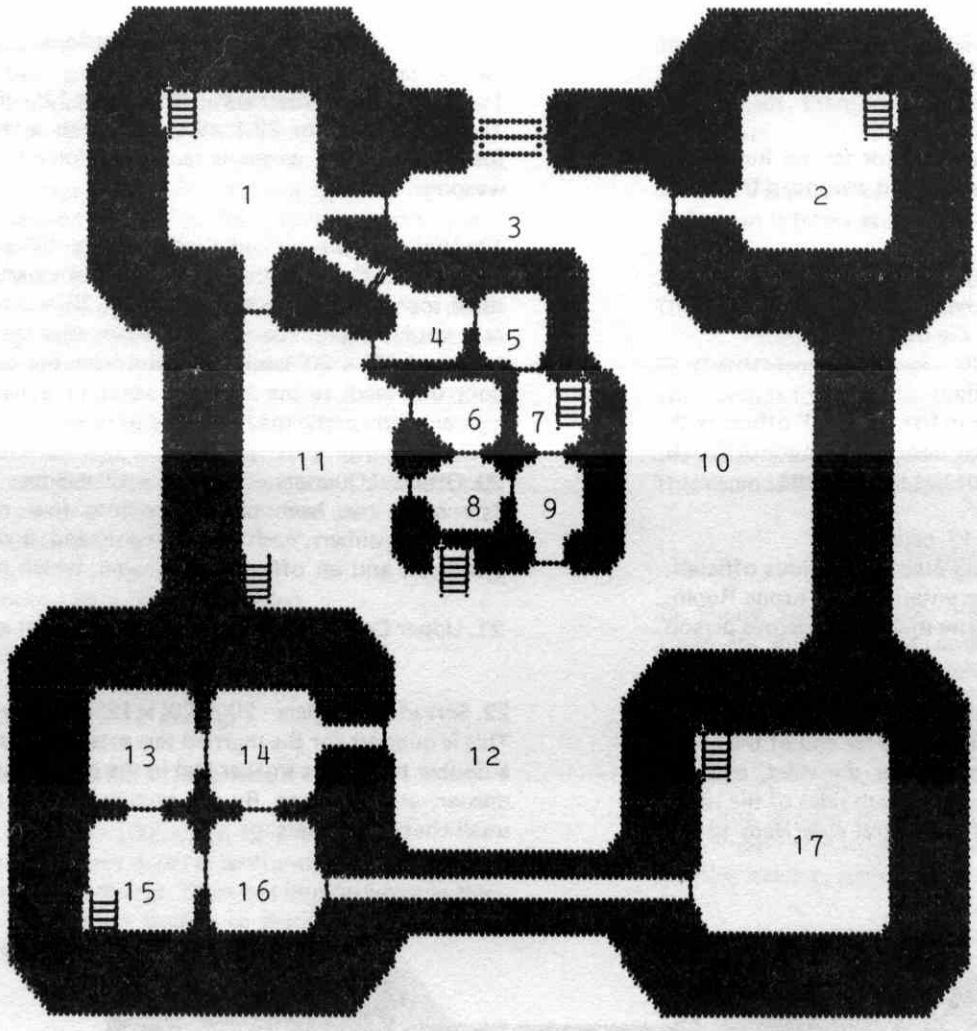
Ambereye Keep

Nortorian Castles

The Nortorian castle has a timeless design with built-in flexibility. The oldest is over a thousand years old, and the design is still being used by architects in the present. The structure can be built on a piece of level ground as small as 75 meters by 75 meters. There are few examples of the "standard" Nortorian design because architects after Nortor modified the base plans, and owners of the castles modified the structures.

Nortor

Although it is widely-known that Nortor was a great architect, there are no details available about his life. The structures that bear his name are his sole legacy. We have placed his life circa one thousand years in the past because the oldest example of his building certainly cannot be older than that. Perhaps information will be found in the future that will uncover more detailed information about this great man from our past.



The following is a description of Ambereye Keep, along with an appendix noting changes that have been made to the base plan in other structures and personalizations that have been made by various owners.

NOTE: Only the stone walls have been shown on the plans presented. Whenever internal partitions have been erected, they are noted in the descriptions. Internal partitions are made of wood and are attached to the floor, walls, and ceiling with spikes.

Level I - Area Descriptions

1. Guard Tower - Ground Floor - 40' x 40' x 12' ceilings. This area contains 20 bunks, each with its own wardrobe and footlocker, and a weapons rack with 20 Polearms. The area remains open, and no partitions have been erected.

2. Vizier's Tower - Ground Floor - 40' x 40' x 12' ceilings. The ground floor of the tower is used as the main library for the castle. Bookshelves and ancestral portraits line the walls, and there are comfortable couches arranged around a raised area in the center of the room. The raised portion is used as a stage on which performers entertain the castle's inhabitants.

3. Entry Courtyard - 60' x 20' open area.

4. Messhall - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
Three large tables provide room for feeding the 40 Men-at-Arms.

5. Kitchen - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
A large cooking area with tables and cabinets set around it provides the space for preparation of meals. A door leads to the pantry. In the center of the room is a large table with cabinet space beneath.

6. Office of the Master-at-Arms - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling. This area is divided into two rooms. The outer room serves as an office for the troop's clerk, and the inner room is the office of the guard's commander.

7. Pantry - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
This area has many shelves on which food is stored. It also serves as the quarters of the scullery maid. A stairway leads to the upper area. The maid's quarters are located beneath the stairway and are partitioned off from the pantry.

8. Servants - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
This area serves as a dormitory for the unattached male servants and contains 4 double bunks with appropriate furniture.

9. Major-Domo's Office and Quarters - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling. The area has been partitioned into two sections, each 10' x 20'. Facing the courtyard is the office containing a desk and several chairs. A door behind the desk leads to the quarters which hold a double bed, a nightstand, and two wardrobes.

10. Visitors' Courtyard - 50' x 80' open area.

11. Guards' Courtyard - 40' x 70' open area.

12. Ruler's Courtyard - 60' x 70' open area.

13. Ballroom - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.
This large area is used as a ballroom for formal functions. Comfortable couches line the walls, and a wooden floor has been placed over the stone.

14. Reception Area - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.
There are two desks here. A bell is overhead, as are four color-coded ropes for signaling the other areas.

15. Offices - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.
This area has been partitioned into five 10' x 10' offices with a hallway leading from the two doors. The minor officials work here, although they do not live in the castle.

16. Antechamber - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.
This area is used as a gathering place for various officials, dignitaries, and visitors prior to entering the Throne Room. Guards are stationed here to ensure that no dangerous person is allowed to enter.

17. Throne Room - 50' x 50' x 12' ceiling.
On a raised portion of the floor at the far end of the room are two thrones. The larger one is for the ruler, and the smaller one is for the ruler's mate. At both sides of the room are seating areas for the court. A central aisle leads to the throne area.

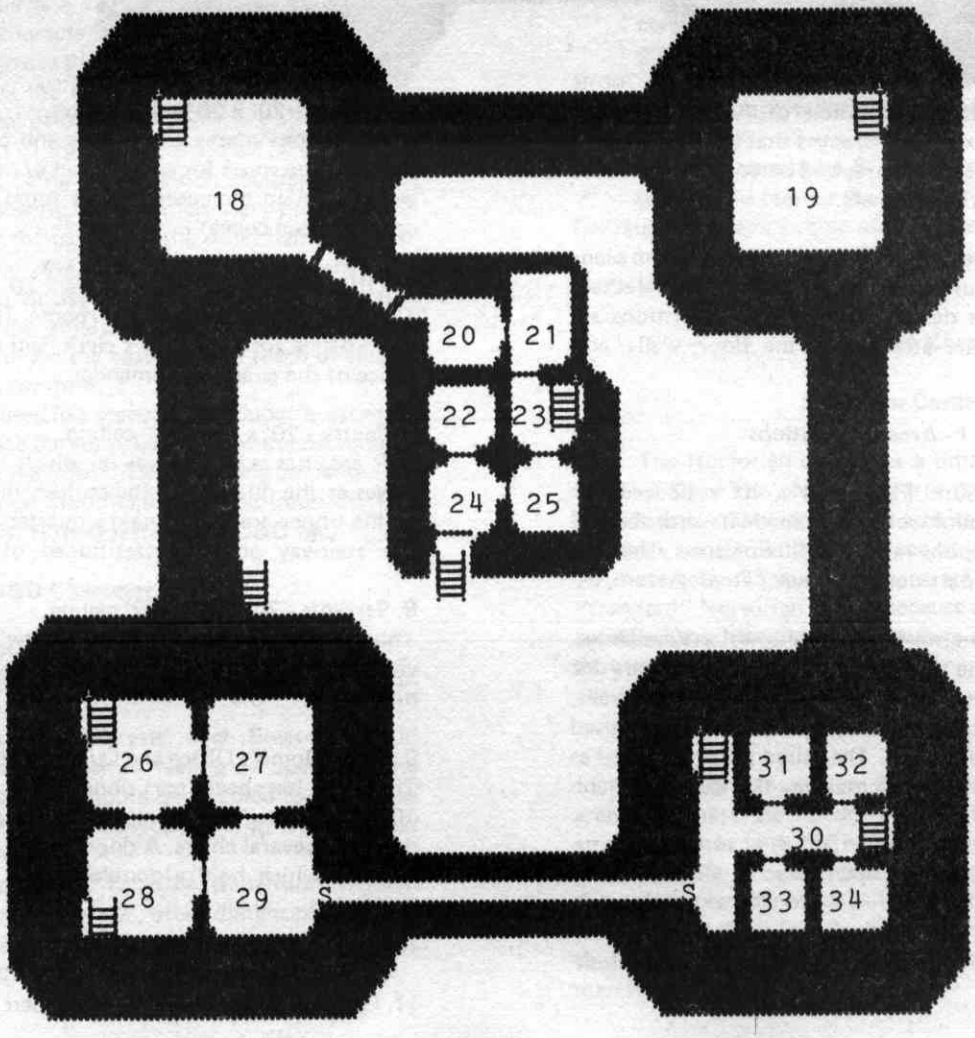
18. Guard Tower - Barracks - 40' x 40' x 12' ceiling.
This room contains 20 bunks, each with a wardrobe and footlocker, and a weapons rack with Polearms and missile weapons.

19. Vizier's Tower - 2nd Floor - 40' x 40' x 12' ceiling.
The second floor of this tower has been partitioned into three rooms. The stairs lead to a 20' x 20' room that is used as a study. From this room is a door that leads to a well-equipped 20' x 20' laboratory, and from the laboratory is a door that leads to the 20' x 40' sanctum, a place where the master of the castle may be alone to relax.

20. Officers' Quarters - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
The room has been partitioned into four rooms: three sleeping chambers, each with a nightstand, a wardrobe and a dresser, and an officers' wardroom, which holds a desk.

21. Upper Courtyard/Terrace - 15' x 25' open area.

22. Servants' Quarters - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
This is quarters for the married servants. It is furnished with a double bed and a smaller bed in the corner, a wardrobe, a dresser, and a mirror. By the smaller bed are a box and a small chest of drawers.



23. Cook's Quarters - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
The area has been partitioned into two rooms. The first is the stairway, and opposite that is the cook's quarters which contains a bed, a nightstand, and a dresser.

24. Servants' Lounge - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
This area is common to both of the married servants' quarters and is designed to be used by all servants when off duty. Additionally, there is storage for 6 folding cots, and this area can be used to bunk the servants of visitors. There are a desk and a couch against the wall. The center of the room contains a table.

25. Married Servants' Quarters - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
This is quarters for married servants. It is furnished with a double bed and a smaller bed in the corner, a wardrobe, a dresser, and a mirror. By the smaller bed are a box and a small chest of drawers.

26. Trophy Room - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

27. Nursery - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

28. Library - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

29. Gymnasium - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

29S. Guarded Hallway - 100' x 8' x 12' ceiling.
Although there are secret doors at both ends of this corridor, they are known to the guards. There are murder holes in the floor so that the corridor leading to the Throne Room on the floor below can be guarded.

30. Guarded Hallway - T-shaped, 10' wide, 12' ceiling.
This hallway accesses the visitors' quarters. If they are being used as cells, there will be a minimum of two guards posted at all times.

31. Cell/Visitor's Quarters - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
This room is fitted as a luxury room for an important visitor.

32. Cell/Visitor's Quarters - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
This room is fitted as a luxury room for an important visitor.

33. Cell/Visitor's Quarters - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
This room is fitted as a luxury room for an important visitor.

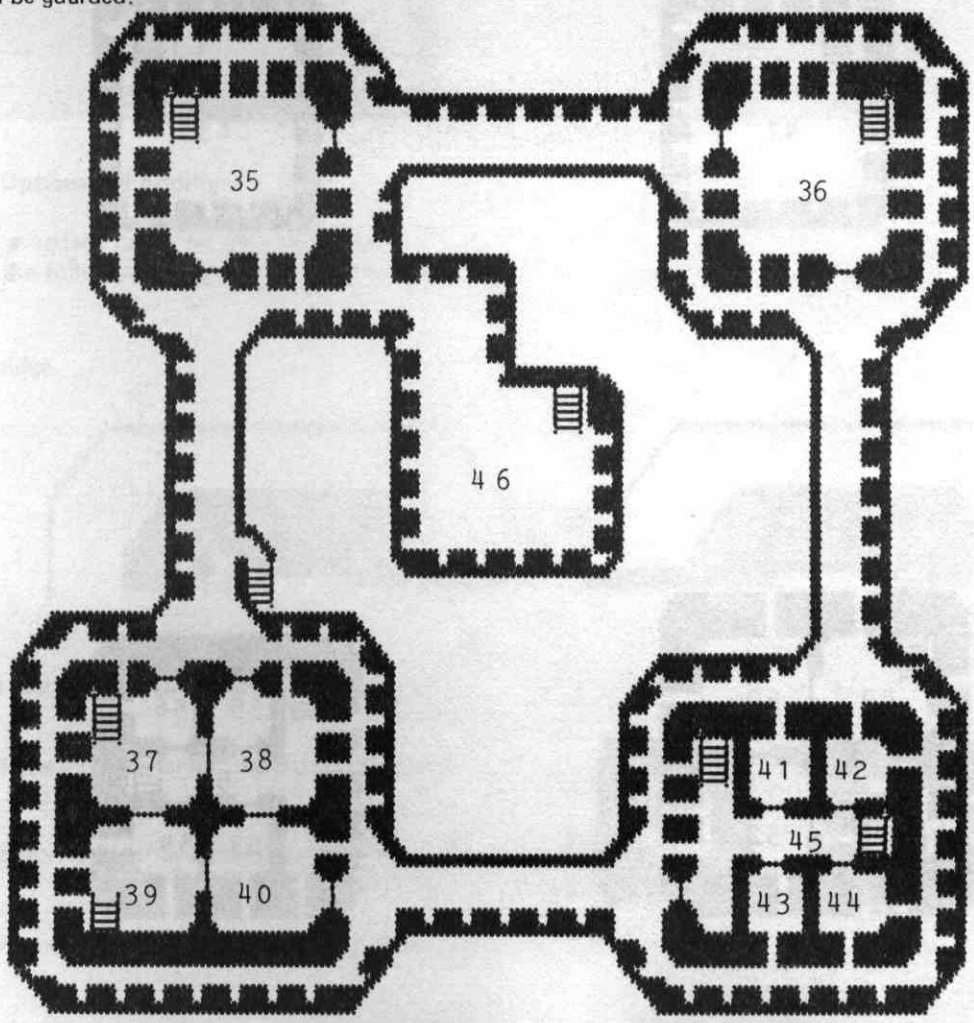
34. Cell/Visitor's Quarters - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.
This room is fitted as a luxury room for an important visitor.

Level III - Area Descriptions

35. Guard Tower - Upper Floor - 40' x 40' x 12' ceiling.
These are the non-coms' quarters. There are 9 beds here, each with a footlocker, a wardrobe, and a nightstand. Beside each bed is a weapon rack for each guard's individual weapons.

36. Vizier's Tower - Upper Floor - 40' x 40' x 12' ceiling.
This area is used as the castle Temple and chapel to the gods. Priests of many religions have blessed this area, making it a holy place to most recognized religions.

37. Loung and entertainment area - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.



38. Dining Hall - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

39. Second Lounge - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

40. Main Kitchen - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

41. Guest Rooms - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.

42. Guest Rooms - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.

43. Guest Rooms - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.

44. Guest Rooms - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.

45. Guarded Corridor - T-shaped, 10' wide with 12' ceilings.

46. Roof - Servants' Keep - 50' x 50' open area.
This is used as a lounge area for all of the castle's inhabitants. It is also used as a place of defense should the main gate be entered.

Level IV - Area Descriptions

47. Roof - Guards' Tower - 50' x 50' open area.
Used as a lounge area for the guards, this is also a lookout post, and one guard will be here at all times.

48. Roof - Vizier's Tower - 50' x 50' open area.
The Vizier's roof will have various instruments for the practice of astrology and other various sciences. There may or may not be a guard here as a lookout.

49. Princess's Sitting Room - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

50. Princess's Quarters - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.
Currently, this room is unused as quarters except for very important visitors.

51. Lady's Sitting Room - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

52. Lady's Quarters - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

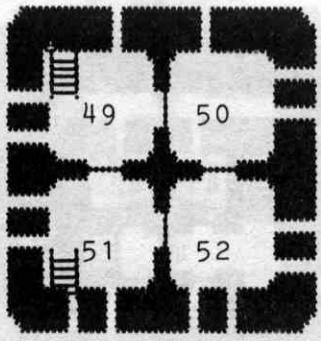
53. Guest Rooms - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.

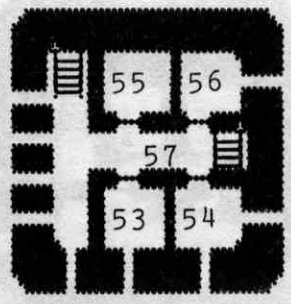
54. Guest Rooms - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.

55. Guest Rooms - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.

56. Guest Rooms - 20' x 20' x 12' ceiling.

57. Guarded Corridor - T-shaped, 10' wide with 12' ceiling.

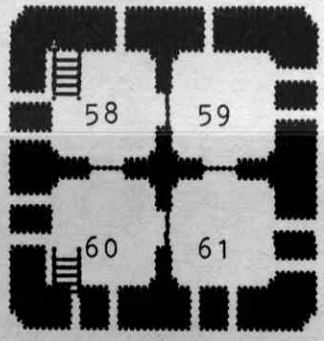




Level V - Area Descriptions

58. Chamber of Light - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.
Used as a private chamber by the Prince, this area can also be converted into visitor's quarters for very important visitors.

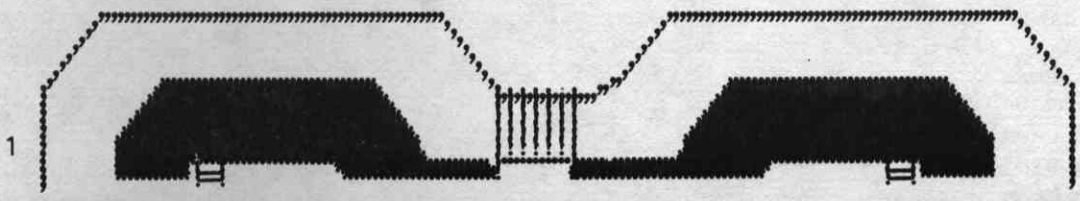
59. Blue Chamber - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.
These are the private quarters of the Prince.



Options and Additions

To generate a variant castle for your campaign, you may choose from the following options or simply roll a 20-sided die.

1. Moat and drawbridge.

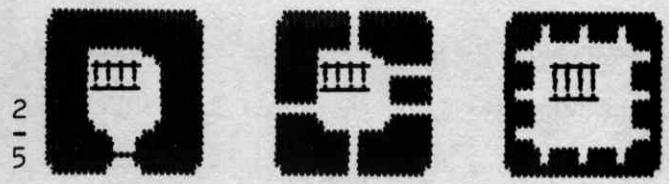


2. 20' x 20' x 1d3 stories (interior dimensions) tower over Guards' Tower.

3. 20' x 20' x 1D3 stories (interior dimensions) tower over Vizier's Tower.

4. 20' x 20' x 1D3 stories (interior dimensions) tower over Visitors' Tower.

5. 20' x 20' x 1D3 stories (interior dimensions) tower over servants' area.



60. Guardian Chamber - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.
This chamber is used as quarters for the ruler's four body-guards.

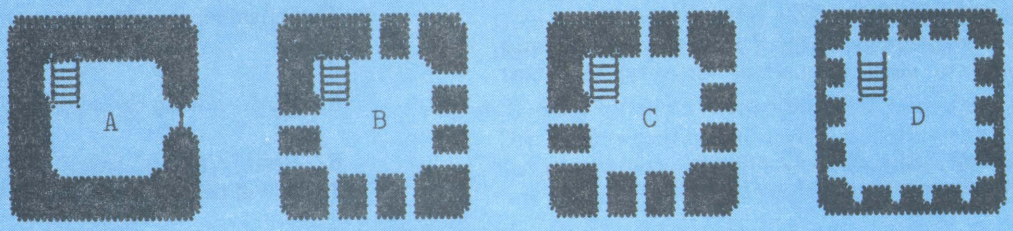
61. Ruler - Living Quarters - 30' x 30' x 12' ceiling.

62. Roof - Visitors' Tower - 60' x 60' open area.
There will be one guard posted here at all times.

Level VI - Area Description

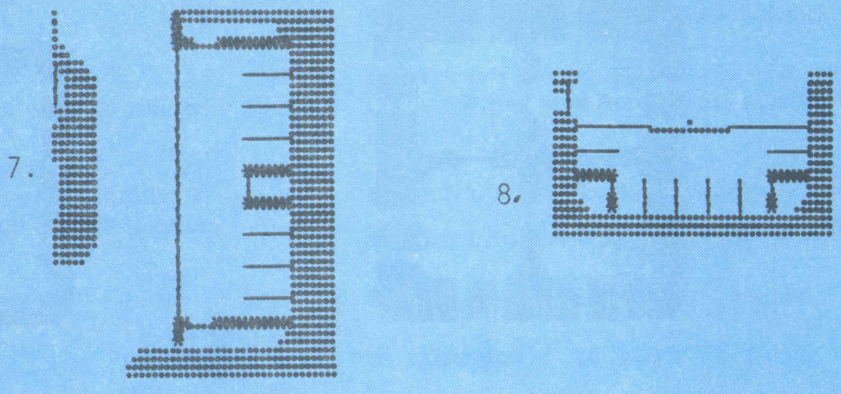
63. Roof - Ruler's Tower - 70' x 70' open area.
There will be one guard posted as a lookout here at all times.

6. 30' x 30' x 1D4 stories (interior dimensions) tower over Ruler's Tower.



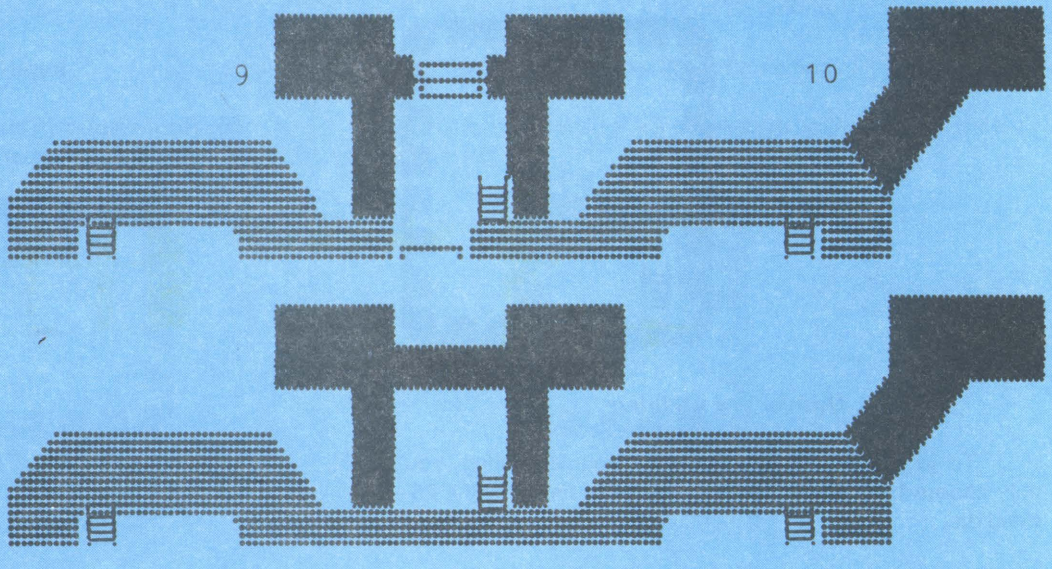
7. Stables in Visitors' Courtyard.

8. Stables in Rulers' Courtyard.



9. Gatehouses at main gate.

10. Buttress walls at 1D4 corners.



11. External Stables.

12. Additional tower (identical to Guards' Tower).

13. Additional tower (identical to Visitors' Tower).

14. Additional tower (identical to Ruler's Tower).

15. 1D3 Sally Gates.

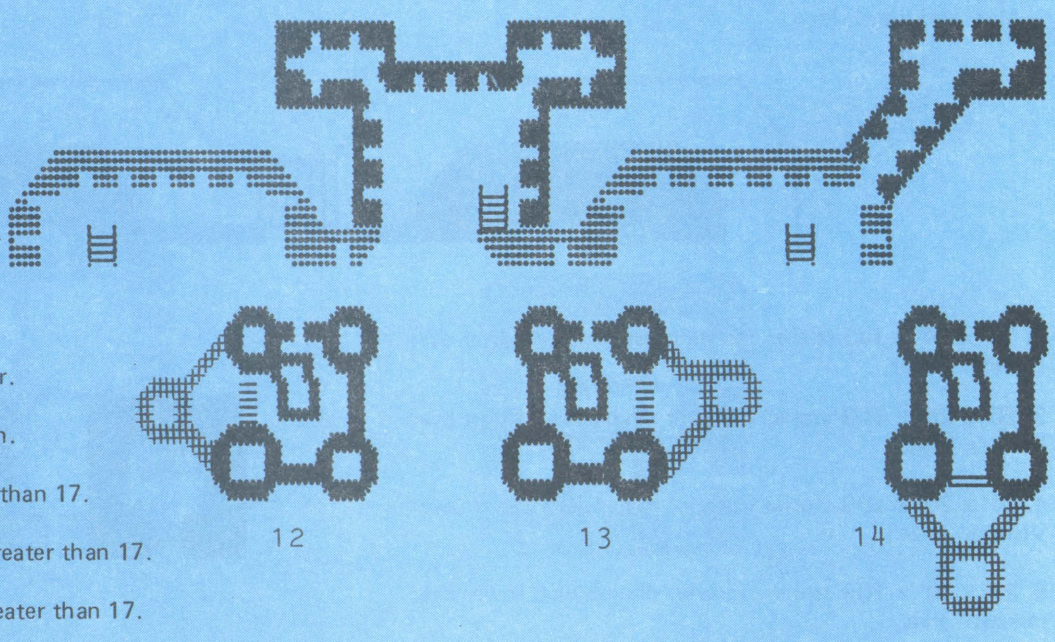
16. Secret tunnel from Ruler's Tower.

17. Secret tunnel from Throne Room.

18. Roll twice, ignoring rolls greater than 17.

19. Roll three times, ignoring rolls greater than 17.

20. Roll four times, ignoring rolls greater than 17.

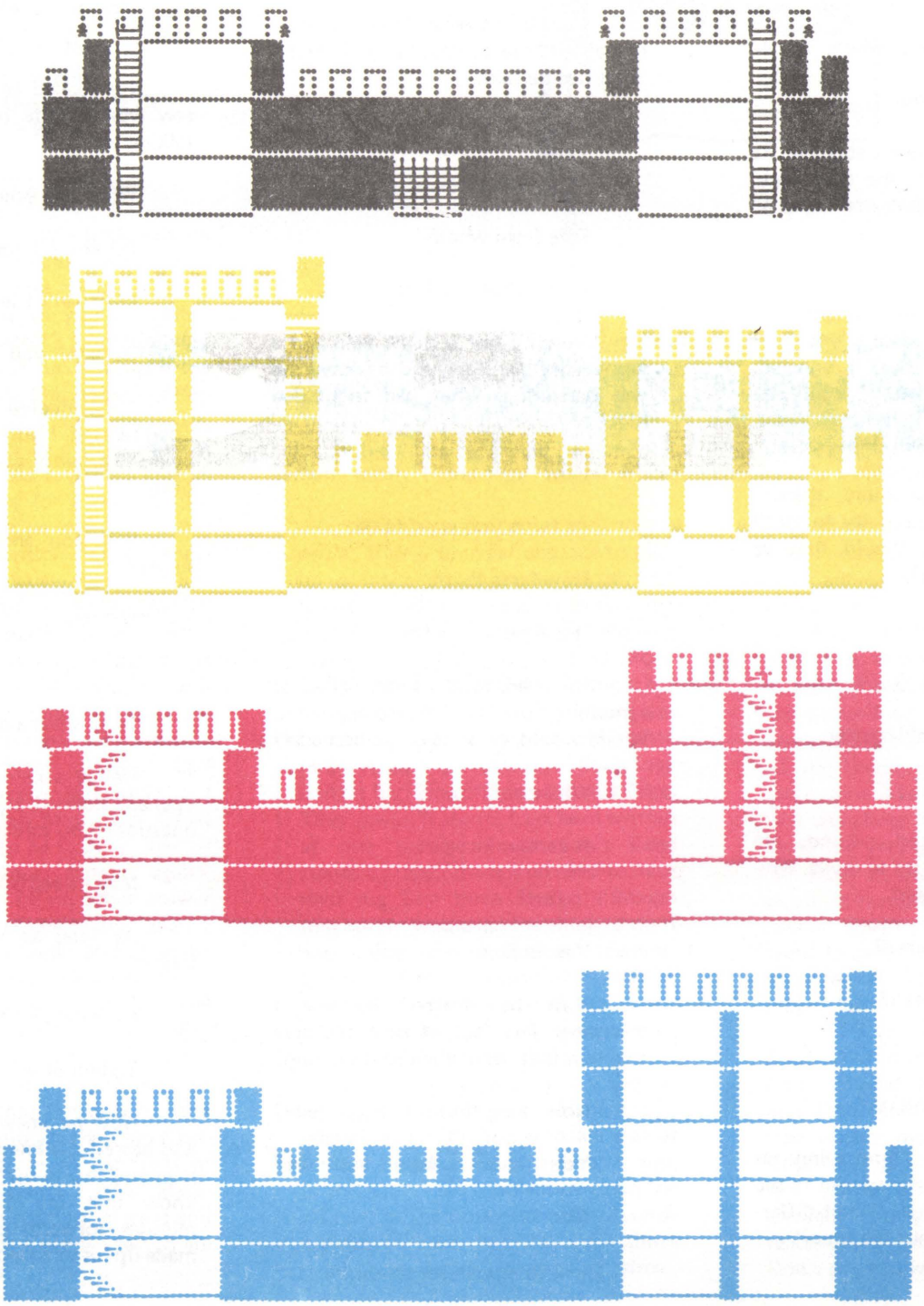


Age and Repair of the Castle

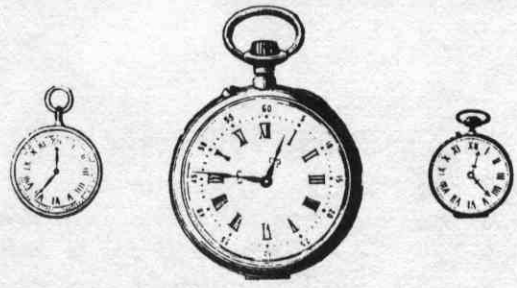
Repair (1D8)	Age (1D10)									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	0
1	a	c	c	c	c	c	d	d	d	d
2	b	c	c	c	d	d	d	e	e	e
3	c	c	c	d	d	d	e	e	e	f
4	c	c	d	d	d	e	e	e	f	f
5	d	d	d	e	e	e	f	f	f	g
6	d	d	e	e	e	f	f	f	g	g
7	e	e	e	f	f	f	g	g	g	h
8	f	f	f	g	g	g	h	h	h	i

a - Under Construction (D% for completion)
b - New Structure
c - Excellent Condition, as New (about 50 years old)
d - Very Good Condition (about 100 years old)
e - Good Condition (100 - 200) years old)
f - Poor Condition (200 - 500 years old)
g - Ruined, upper structures missing or unstable; lower areas may still be weathertight (500 - 750 years old)
h - Ruins, only the lower walls remain (750 - 1,000 years old)
i - Ruins, only the foundation remains (age unknown)

Castle Elevations



TEN MINUTES



by GEORGE W. SMYTHE

Ten minutes had passed. He knew that, exactly. Ten minutes, that life, that existence. But ten more minutes were ahead. Ten back, ten forward. But where was he?

Where am I?

Relax.

But in all this, where am I?

Don't think about it.

But he had to think about it. He had to pass the time, the time back, the time forward. What else could he do?

May I smoke?

Bad for you.

It passes the time.

It does more than that.

He wanted no more than a cigarette now. He would try to recall later where he was. Would that be enough to satisfy him?

What is your name?

Does it matter?

Something should matter.

Yes, it should.

Now he looked around. He realized he had to sit up to do so. Why had he been lying down?

Have I been injured?

What do you mean?

I'm not sure.

You're improving.

He wondered, "Improving on what? From what?" He wanted to see the time. He wondered, "What difference does it make about the time?"

What time is it, please?

You're not to know that, yet.

Who says so?

By your own words, you have said so.

He did not recall talking to anyone about time, or about anything else. What had he said?

Why am I here?

It is a safe place.

Safe from what?

From what you fear.

Now he felt a slight pain and a vague apprehension, and he knew he was perspiring. What had frightened him?

How far am I from home?

As far as you want to be.

How far is that?

It is far and it is near.

He tried to think of home, or something that might resemble that. Where would, or should, his home be?

Where am I from?

A certain location.

In fact?

Yes, in fact.

Now he realized he wasn't dreaming. The fact of pain and fear told him that. What else did it tell him?

How long have I been here?

You know where you are?

No.

Then, to repeat, forget time.

He put time out of his mind, but he thought of distance. Why is that?

I must know where I am.

You demand to know?

Yes.

You are where you have wanted to be.

He looked around again. All he saw was a white room. Who was he talking to?

Where are you?

All around you.

Why can't I see you?

Because you do not want to.

He wondered what he had willed upon himself. Had he brought about his own uncertainty about time and location?

Will you answer one question, surely?

One only.

Who am I?

That is not a question.

He lay back down and closed his eyes and nodded. He knew it was not a question. Who told him that?

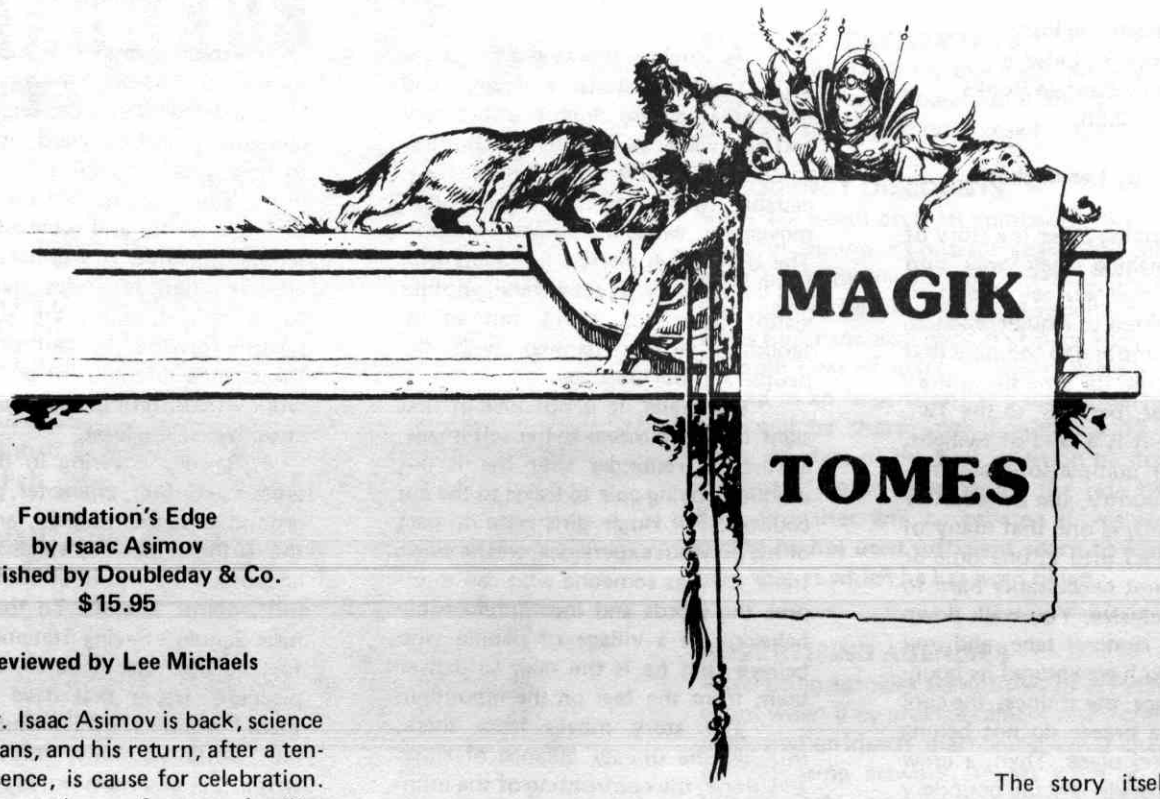
May I sleep now?

As long as you like, but no longer.

How long is that?

Ten minutes.

Now he knew that ten minutes had passed. He knew that exactly. Was it enough to know? Was it enough to know that ten minutes back, ten minutes forward, composed his life, made up his existence?



Foundation's Edge
by Isaac Asimov
Published by Doubleday & Co.
$15.95

Reviewed by Lee Michaels

Dr. Isaac Asimov is back, science fiction fans, and his return, after a ten-year absence, is cause for celebration. If there are those of you unfamiliar with the good Doctor's work, unlikely as I find that, please do not make the mistake of thinking that he has written nothing in the last ten years. Dr. Asimov is, in fact, so prolific that at least one writer has suggested that he is actually a front for a writing conglomerate because no one man could possibly be responsible for the enormous body of work over the wide range of topics (over 260 books in nineteen categories, according to his autobiography) that bears his name. His recent books have been mostly nonfiction, explaining clearly to the nonscientist such mysteries as physics, math, time, and the universe. Carl Sagan, no amateur at writing well about science, has called him "The Great Explainer," and so he is. Why, then, is he writing science fiction again?

There may be no other answer than that he is coming home. Science fiction is where he began and where he made his name. Year after year, polls show him to be one of the top three science fiction writers along with Robert Heinlein and Arthur C. Clarke. Yet there are a number of younger readers who cannot remember a **new** Asimov novel although they have certainly seen his name on the front of **Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine**, and the Foundation series is still finding new readers every year, as are the Robot stories.

When a writer comes back to the *genre'* after a ten-year absence to pick up a series to which he wrote *finis* twenty years ago, readers expect the best. **Foundation's Edge** is not the best unless you think the Foundation trilogy is the best. I don't, but I think the trilogy is very good, indeed, and, unbelievably, there is very little difference in Dr. Asimov's treatment of the trilogy and his handling of **Foundation's Edge.** They could, it seems, have been written at one sitting. **Foundation's Edge** stands by itself; there is no need to have read the first three books, although that surely would be the thing to do if you enjoy science fiction. However, because of the necessity of explaining what went before to the uninitiated or those who have forgotten things during the intervening years, there is a lot of history lesson passed off as conversation, exposition, and whatnot. Explanations are the thorn in the side of science fiction writers in general, and, in this story, the problem takes on the proportions of a porcupine. Dr. Asimov handles it well, but there are times when the strain begins to show.

The story itself picks up at a reasonable point, perhaps 100 years after the "total destruction" of the Second Foundation. A bright, young politician, Golan Trevize, believes that the Second Foundation was not destroyed but simply retreated more deeply underground than it had been before. The story becomes a series of cat-and-mouse maneuvers, move-and-countermove, thrust-and-parry, and none are what they seem. The ending cannot be disclosed without spoiling the effect, but I would like to go public with this demand for an immediate sequel; otherwise, there is no excuse for the conundrum on the last page of the story. Something is missing, and none of the groups involved in this story removed it. The hook is clear - is someone watching the watchers? Unless there is a very good reason for leaving the story at that point (like the publisher threatening Dr. Asimov with sudden death if the story went one word longer), it is a device unworthy of a writer who has always before played fair.

This is a must-read for fans of the Foundation trilogy, and, for those who have not read the trilogy, do that first and then read **Foundation's Edge**. If you simply must read **Foundation's Edge** first, go ahead and enjoy it, but, like salted peanuts, one won't be enough, and you will just end up reading the books out of sequence. Don't say you weren't warned!

The Beginning Place
by Ursula K. LeGuin
Published by Bantam Books
$2.25

Reviewed by Lee Michaels

The Beginning Place is a story of two people making their way into adulthood. On that journey, they find themselves diverted to a quiet, enchanted land. It is tempting to compare that land to Brigadoon, for time flows more slowly there, or, perhaps, to the Twilight Zone, for it is a land of twilight. However, such comparisons are misleading. This country, the ain country (aid - one, own), is one that many of us have stumbled into at one time or another. It is not neccessarily hard to find, but it is elusive. You walk down a tree-shaded, summer lane, and you realize that you have entered its boundaries. The peace, the stillness, the cool suggestion of a breeze do not belong to this time and place. Then, a crow caws, or a car passes, and the boundary shifts, excluding you again.

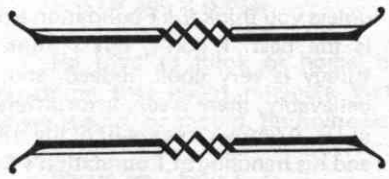
Ursula K. LeGuin has seen into the ain country with greater vision than is common and found it to be a great place to visit, but, perhaps, you wouldn't want to live there. The people of the village of Tembreabrezi are blocked from the trade path over the mountain and are stagnating in their village. Something sleeping on the mountain has awakened, and the people are constrained by their fears and guilt to take no action. Perhaps, too, the quiet twilight existence has sapped the villagers' will to action, for few seem especially bothered by this barrier to contact with the rest of their world.

As readers, we are introduced to the ain country gradually through the incursion of Hugh Rogers, known as Rodge or Buck to his co-workers at the supermarket. A large, overweight, man-boy, out of high school, vague about the future, living with his mother but not happily, Hugh strikes a familiar chord. He is real in the way dirt under the fingernails or a perspiration-stained shirt is real and unremarkable. When alone in the rented house he shares with his mother, his life's lack of meaning closes in on him, and he reacts with near-psychotic flight. In that flight, he discovers the ain country, although, on his first visit, he does not recognize it as out of the ordinary.

As Hugh explores the ain country, it seems quite ordinary and believable because Hugh is so ordinary and believable. But, in the ain country, of course, Hugh is not ordinary. He is capable of movement, purposeful movement, while the villagers are not. The only other person he meets who has the capacity to act is Irene, another visitor from our world, but an established visitor, familiar with the people and the language.

For Irene, it is not love at first sight. Hugh is a threat to her self-image, a forceful reminder that she is not unique in being able to travel to the ain country. For Hugh, girls were no part of his previous experience, and he views Irene only as someone who can interpret the words and incomprehensible behavior of a village of people who believe that he is the man to deliver them from the fear on the mountain.

The story moves from there, through the uneasy alliance of Hugh and Irene, the confronting of the monster, and the return from the ain country. Ms. LeGuin is too skilled and subtle a writer to have the story end happily ever after, for this is, after all, a real story, but Hugh and Irene have learned to move and to act in the ain country, and it looks in the end as though they will not forget that ability on their return. It seems likely that this ability will be treasure enough for the two of them.



On Writing Science Fiction
by George Scithers, Darrell Schweitzer, and John Ford
Published by Owlswick Press

Reviewed by Lee Michaels

For those of you interested in writing science fiction, or even if you are only interested in becoming a more informed reader, this book is for you. Written by the editors of **Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine** and sub-titled, "The Editors Strike Back" this book is a delight.

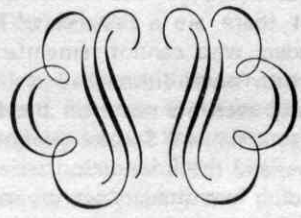
From Chapter One - On Being a Writer - to Chapter Eleven - Summing Up: Laws Not Wisely Broken - the book contains straightforward information to help you get your story idea into print. The ideas are not too complex, they are clearly and succinctly presented, and, wonder of wonders, the ideas are illustrated by stories, twelve in all, to make the points the authors are putting forward. The author even gets the chance to comment on his or her work. The differing perspectives are instructive, at the least.

Besides covering in detail such areas as conflict, character, plot, background, science, tragedy, and humor, the authors make a valiant effort to encourage the would-be writer to submit, submit, submit. To this end, we have Scither's Saving Statement - "Editors do not reject people; they reject pieces of paper that have typing on them," Heinlein's Five Rules - "You must write, you must finish what you write. . . ., you must put it on the market, you must keep it on the market until it is sold," and numerous other words of encouragement.

What this book will not do is teach you grammar, punctuation, and spelling. Possession of the tools is assumed; **On Writing Science Fiction** tells you what to do with them once you have them.

The appendices are of continuing usefulness even after the message of the book has been thoroughly absorbed. They contain a standard manuscript format, information on rights, word count, cover letters, and copy editing symbols. There is a list of rules for writing science fiction, taken both from within and without the book, and there is an excellent annotated bibliography for those wishing to read further.

If you aspire to be a science fiction writer, if you are writing and wish to improve your rate of sales, or if you simply want to see how it should be done, this is one of the best available guides to writing for this particular, peculiar *genre'*.



Pegasus

Published by **Judges Guild Incorporated**, R. R. 8, Box 9, 1221 N. Sunnyside Road, Decatur, IL. 62622, Ph. (217) 422-1930. All correspondence should be sent to this address.

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ADVERTISING RATES

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Full Page	$150	$135	$120
3/4 Page	125	112	100
1/2 Page	90	81	72
1/4 Page	48	43	38
1/8 Page	25	23	21

COLOR

Standard run of publication red, yellow or blue, $50.00. Color Rate apples only if color separations are provided.

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Issue	Reservations Due	Camera-Ready Copy Due
Feb. - Mar.	Dec. 1	Dec. 14
Apr. - May	Feb. 1	Feb. 14
June - July	Apr. 1	Apr. 14
Aug. - Sept.	June 1	June 14
Oct. - Nov.*	Aug. 1	Aug. 14
Dec. - Jan.	Oct. 1	Oct. 14

* Last Issue developed before Christmas.

MECHANICAL SIZE/REQUIREMENTS

Size	Width	Height
Full Page	7"	9 1/2"
3/4 Page	7"	7 1/8"
1/2 Page		
Horizontal	7"	4 3/4"
Vertical	3 1/4"	9 1/2"
1/4 Page		
Horizontal	7"	2 3/8"
Vertical	3 1/4"	4 3/4"
1/8 Page	3 1/4"	1 3/16"

Magazine Trim Size: 8 1/2" x 11"

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4) All contracts are accepted with the provision that rates are subject to change.
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7) Advertising invoices are due upon receipt. No cash discount.

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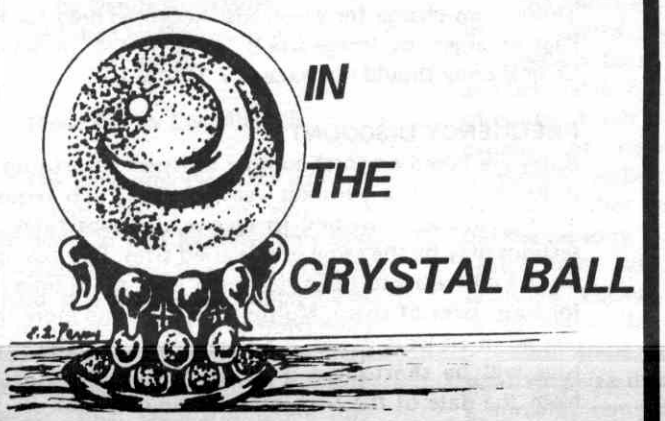

Video Role-Playing

by Robert Fuqua, editor of **Video Images Magazine**, reviews four T.V. games of possible interest to the RPG enthusiast who can't get a group together but still wants to fight Dragons and outwit Wizards.

Dragon Tale

by D. L. Varner is the story of an encounter between a Gold Dragon and a young Paladin whose first mistake was to swear before the High King that he would rid the land of what the King called an evil Dragon. The results of his oath provide a story that is several cuts above the usual "shoot and loot" adventure tale.

Pirate Off the Starboard Bow

by Paul Andrew Denisowski is a how-to article for those who have wanted to run some scenarios involving naval combat but couldn't find enough information to get started.

Say, DM, Can My Magician Cast a Cloudkill?

by Paul Kocourek offers a way of handling requests from players to cast spells from scrolls that are beyond their ability. Can they succeed? What will happen if they fail? The answers are in the next issue of **Pegasus.**

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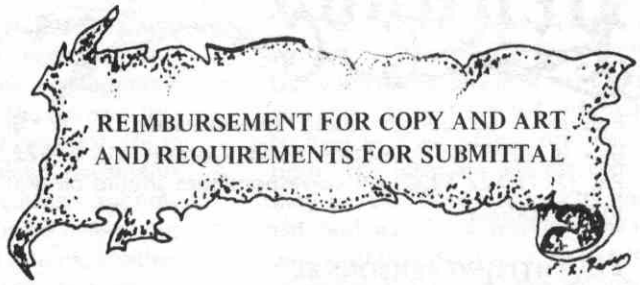

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Artists unfamiliar with the 'fake' color process will find an excellent article on it, with required charts, in issue 12 of **The Dungeoneer,** available as a back-issue. Black and White Artwork which we add color to is paid for at Black and White rates. Artwork may have to be reduced or blown-up to fit our needs. All Art is paid for at published sizes. We reserve the right to determine type, size and style, published size for art, and all other editorial rights. Full page size is between 8½" x 11" and 7¼" x 9½" (full page of copy).

Payments less than $2 are not mailed out. We do credit your account for that amount, though. Special for Guildmembers: Guildmembers will be paid at a rate 10% higher than shown on charts. Special on Judges Guild Products: If payment is made in products which Judges Guild produces, you get 20% more than shown on chart. Special on Judges Guild Products and Special for Guildmembers combined gives you a rate 32% higher than shown on the chart.

	$10	$8	$7	$6	$5	$4	$3	$2
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Fiction				CR		MS	T	
Reviews				CR		MS	T	
'Fake' Color Art*	H		A			F		
B & W Line Art			H		A		F	
Half-toned Photo				H		A		F
B & W Photo/Art**					H		A	

* Or Color Separations provided

** Black and White needs to be Half-toned

CR = Camera Ready; MS = Manuscript; T = Typed; HW = Handwritten; H = High Quality or Detail; A = Average Quality or Detail; F = Fair Quality or Detail.

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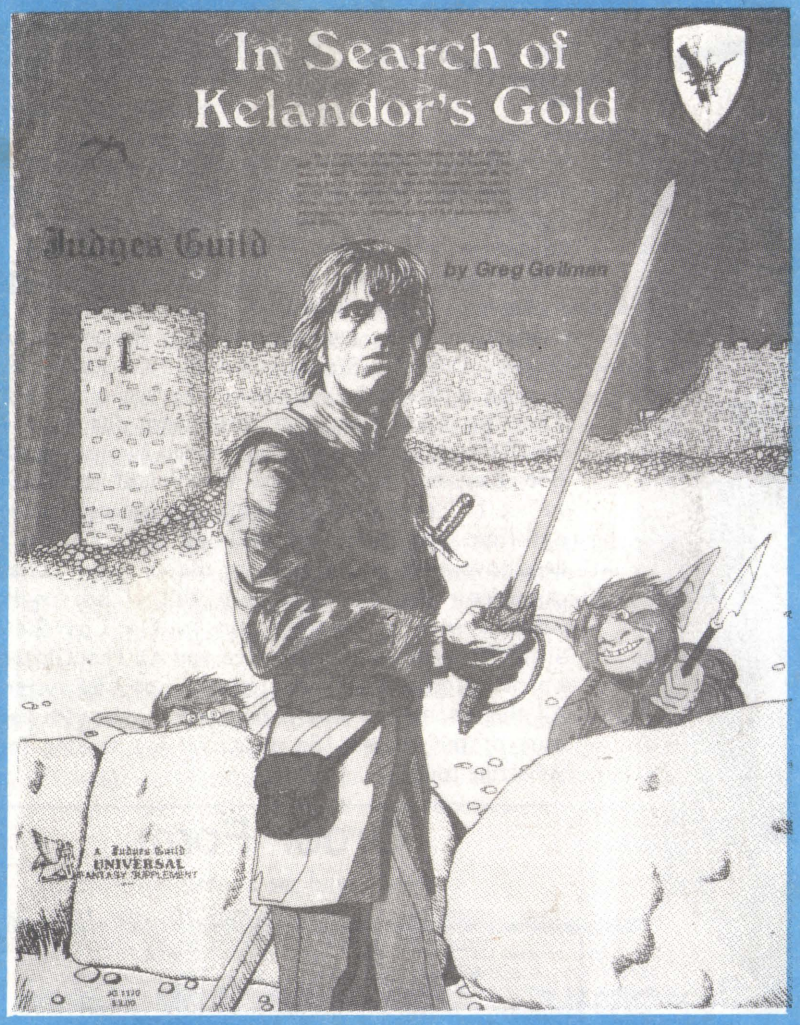

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